

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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SIR ADOLPHE P. CARON, Q.C., K.C.M.G., MINISTER OF MILITIA.

From a photograph by Topley.

The Dominion Illustrated.

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3rd NOVEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Our engravers having disappointed us, we are prevented from publishing this week, as announced, Lady Stanley's portrait, as well as those of Ald. Hallam and the Toronto Reception Committee. We hope soon to make such arrangements as will not only place us beyond the reach of such delays and disappointments, but will enable us to give our readers portraits, views and sketches of actual and immediate interest, as connected with passing events. This will add the attraction of novelty and freshness to that of pictorial excellence, which all acknowledge to have been attained by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

We hope to give in our next issue the portraits above mentioned.



Montreal is to be congratulated—and we are pleased to see that the Toronto papers join in the greeting—on having, by a bold and sagacious move on the London market, succeeded in broadening and heightening the credit of Canada there and abroad, at the same time that it has secured an uncommonly favourable loan for itself. The *Globe* does not doubt that, in five years, Montreal 3 per cents will be selling at par, whereas, only a few years ago, it had to pay 7 per cent—a reduction of over one-half.

Of all small fruit cranberries are the scarcest, and, as a result, the highest in price. A barrel is worth \$7 to \$10; in Winnipeg, from \$9 to \$12. As an accompaniment to brown meats and game, it is unrivalled, being cool, tart and stomachic. A small farmer, in Rouville, made a little fortune with cranberries some years ago, having the top of the market. In British Columbia this fruit, the gem of bitter-sweets—*dulcamara*—has been lately found in great plenty, and during the cranberry season Indians and Chinamen make good wages picking them.

Nathaniel Mackay has been publishing harrowing accounts of the wretchedness and hardships of the British workman. The story is unfortunately too true, but American writers are wrong in the conclusions satirical of England which they draw from it. They had better look nearer home. No less a man than Grand Master Workman Powderly gives a fearful description of life among the labourers in the coal mines of Scranton, Pa., who have been imported from Europe, and whose women, living in filth and poverty, wear not enough wherewithal to hide their nakedness.

The famous Greenock toad, referred to last week as having been found in a bed of clay belonging to the ice period of 20,000 years ago, and still distinctly breathing, has unfortunately been lost to further scientific research by the bungling of a local surgeon who cut a slit across the mem-

brane which closed the batrachian's mouth, in order to feed it. The toad had not strength enough left to stand the modern knife and died. There was much regret over the event, and the next best thing was done—the animal was steeped in alcohol for keeping in the Greenock Museum.

The turmoil in Manitoba, which has been going on for the past six months, is sovereignly distasteful and fraught with bad example. Indeed, there is a danger in it. High-handed measures will not do, on the one side or the other, when there are laws and precedents to meet every emergency. The fame of these doings is working the Northwest no good abroad, and the remembrance of like scenes in the American wild west, which have not been wholly outlived, should be used as a curb. Of course, all will be well at the end; but, meantime, experience may be too dearly bought.

It is a grateful thing to see the happy results of President Cleveland's Retaliation message on the whole internal economy of the Dominion of Canada. What was meant to stagger, and even put us down, has straightened us and added to our consciousness of right and strength. The New York *Herald*—a fair mouthpiece of American good sense—has been studying our geography and publishes a map of the famous Lime Kiln crossing, and shows that the only navigable channel for large vessels is in Canadian territory, and if the channels are to be closed by anybody, "Canada holds the trump card."

The address of Sir Daniel Wilson, at the opening of Toronto University, was a scholarly review of the progress of higher education in Ontario, and contained valuable thoughts on the work of his and kindred seats of learning. Having just returned from Princeton and its academic grove of elms, he welcomed the contrast of Toronto University amid "the hum and shock of men," and reminding his youthful hearers of the great future of their lives spread out before them, he reminded them how much the country depended upon their efforts and that "The history of a Dominion larger than Europe lies as yet unenacted in the coming time."

The above was the end of the illustrious President's discourse. His opening was no less happy. He recalled the pregnant fact that, upward of a quarter of a century ago, the young heir of the throne was welcomed in the same hall, where he spoke, by the undergraduates of the time with the graceful and significant greeting: *Imperii spes spes provinciae salutatur*. And then he launched forth into the years that followed when the men of Toronto University were truly the hope of their native province, and did their share, each within his sphere, to strengthen the union with the Empire.

A hair dresser of St. Louis, Missouri, says that bald-headed women are far more numerous than people suspect, and that the tendency to lose their hair is more marked among women of society than among working women and shop girls. That is idle talk. No one ever saw a thoroughly bald woman. It is only men that are thus depilated. Old women, or others, through special causes of disease, may come to very sparse hairs, but to a whole denudation they never come. God meant the hair to be woman's crown, and He will not allow her to be uncrowned. A bald man may be made to look like a monkey; but a bald woman would have the aspect of the devil.

The *Economiste Français* admits that the public debt of France is not less than £1,200,000,000. The yearly charge for interest and sinking fund on the whole debt, including life annuities, is £51,600,000. Of the funded debt, about £600,000,000 are perpetual three per cents., £271,500,000 perpetual four and a half per cents., and £193,000,000 redeemable bonds of various descriptions. Annuities to divers companies and corporations of \$95,000,000 and £40,000,000 of floating debt make up the balance. This is by far the heaviest debt borne by any nation in the world, one-third greater than that of Russia and England who come after, and more than double that of the other European peoples. How France will manage to carry the burden is a problem.

There are signs of national awakening among the modern Greeks. The Hellenes are ambitious to be Athenians and Spartans once more. The kingdom proper contains barely 2,500,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly one-half are Albanians and the other half pure Greeks or Hellenes, but in all the surrounding countries, to the north and north-east, there are 6,000,000 Greeks—Pan-Hellenists, all of them—merchant princes of Stamboul, Trieste, Smyrna and Alexandria, who have already spent \$1,000,000 for schools, colleges, gymnasia, and other schemes of culture in Greece, making thirty-five seats of learning in the kingdom. Within a generation Greece will be educated in all its ancient literature, and Hellas will take the place occupied by its fathers, in the palmy days of 400 B.C.

The Sackville letter is another flagrant instance of political demoralization among our neighbours. The incident is disreputable all around. The newspaper trap laid for the British Minister at Pomona; the barefaced publication of the letter and crowing thereon; the undiplomatic comments of Senator Bayard; the outrageous speech of Mr. Blaine at New York, and the impertinent language of the American papers—all these present a spectacle which no other nation could give. As to Lord Sackville, it is mighty hard lines that an English gentleman cannot write a private note, by request, on current events, to another presumed English gentleman, without having his correspondence violated and ruthlessly spread before the groundlings, for the lowest party ends. And, which is the most ridiculous of all, there is nothing in the letter to warrant this wretched row, and, when the fuss is over, Lord Sackville will be none the worse of it. In the meantime, it is to be hoped the English papers will keep their heads level.

TWO BATTLE FIELDS.

Lundy's Lane and Chateauguay! Here are two fields of battle, at which none may sneer—not even the vanquished—because, although the forces engaged were not very considerable, the fighting was fierce and heroic, and the result, in both cases, decisive of the ultimate fate of the war of 1812-15. The victory of Lundy's Lane was a powerful check to the American march on the Niagara line, and the feat of arms at Chateauguay saved Montreal and Lower Canada.

But it is not with these battles, as such, that we are concerned to-day. Our object is to call attention to the spirit which they have brought out—a spirit of pride, of patriotism, of historic remembrance to the glory of brave deeds, and the memory of brave men. Three or four times

already, the columns of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED have been open to the accounts of the late celebration of the day of Lundy's Lane, and the doings of the Historical Society bearing that distinguished name. We were among the first to publish the names of the promoters of the movement, and the project by which such similar societies should be established elsewhere, in the different military grounds of Ontario.

To-day, passing from the west to the east, we have the pleasure of announcing the formation of a new body called the Chateauguay Literary and Historical Society, whose aim is to promote patriotism by perpetuating in particular the memory of the brave men who won the victory of Chateauguay, and by encouraging in general the study of Canadian history and Canadian literature. At the representative and influential meeting held at Ormstown, on the 26th of last month, it was resolved to have a great yearly celebration on the anniversary of the battle, the 26th October, and, by way of due preparation, to have as well a series of meetings during the winter season. For the furtherance of that object, while the local talent may very properly be secured, it is intended also to invite the services of public-spirited men from other parts. It is pleasant to learn that the movement is quite popular throughout the country, which emboldens us to suggest that the site of the old stone house, which could be seen, only three years ago, from the bridge at Bryson's, may be preserved, were it only by a memorial stone, with a suitable inscription thereon. There is no better place in the province for an historical monument than this battlefield, on both banks of the beautiful river, winding through a beautiful valley.

Thus the good work goes on. The value of historic research has at length begun to be appreciated. The people are awakening to the glory of Canadian history, than which there is nothing more likely to foster the national spirit and make our young people worthy of their fathers. The future of this country is in the hands of its youth—male and female—and there is no more powerful incentive to work for it than the example of those who did and died in its defence.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

On several occasions already we have spoken of this important question, in our editorial paragraphs and literary notes, keeping our readers posted on the progress which it was making. To-day we have something much more important, because practical, to lay before them. On the 18th of October a general meeting of the Copyright Association of Canada was held at Toronto, with the object of endeavouring to secure such Canadian legislation in the Copyright, as shall best maintain all interests connected with the book-printing and publishing business of the country. On opening the matter in hand the President went over the situation, showing that what is called the Berne bill—from having been adopted at the late international conference in that town—which was laid before Parliament at the last session, would result in dire injury to the book-printing and publishing interests of Canada. If it became law, every British copyright book would be copyrighted in Canada, without requiring to be manufactured in Canada, as is made imperative by our actual legislation to secure Canadian copyright. The bill furthermore excludes all foreign (that is, American), reprints of British copyright

books, thus throwing our markets wholly into the hands of British publishers and printers, whose first editions are always high, and who never, in any case, issue their so-called "cheap editions" at less than six shillings, while we can get the same in the twenty-five cents American editions.

The draught of a new bill was then submitted to the meeting, the chief clauses of which are here set down:—

I. The condition for obtaining the Canadian copyright shall be that the work shall be printed and published in Canada within two months after the first publication elsewhere.

II. Any work intended to be copyrighted in Canada shall, before publication elsewhere, or simultaneously with its first publication elsewhere, be registered in the office of the Minister of Agriculture by the author of his legal representatives, which registration shall secure the exclusive Canadian copyright to the author or his legal representatives.

III. Should the person entitled to copyright under this Act fail to take advantage of its provisions, any person domiciled in Canada may print and publish the work in question, provided registration of intention to do so has been duly made with the Minister of Agriculture, and the necessary license obtained; but in no case is the said license to convey exclusive rights to print and publish the work in question. This license is to be granted to all applicants agreeing to pay the author or his legal representatives a royalty of 10 per cent. on the retail price of each copy licensed to be sold.

IV. From and after the passing of this Act the importation into Canada of foreign reprints of works of which the copyright is subsisting in Great Britain and which have been registered under sections three or four of the act for republication in Canada, shall be prohibited, provided the provisions of the section enforcing the printing and publishing in Canada have been complied with.

A few days after the meeting, and in pursuance of the will of the meeting, the president of the Association, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, and Mr. Bunting, of the *Mail*, went to Ottawa and held a preliminary meeting with the Honourable the Minister of Agriculture, to whose department the question belongs. This will soon be followed by a representative deputation going to the capital and settling the main features of an equitable Copyright Act. To enable the reader to appreciate still further this interesting matter, we shall publish, in our next issue, a paper descriptive of the historical and legal features of Copyright.

WHAT DO THE SMASHERS PROPOSE?

The *Globe* puts forward this common sense view of a point out of which some people are trying to manufacture a bugbear:—The *Stratford Beacon* observes that the smasher organ's political charge against French Canadians is that "their early marriages, which result in large families, more than offset the natural increase of the English population and its gain from immigration from the United Kingdom. This happens to be untrue. In 1871 there were in Ontario 292,221 families, including 1,060,234 "children and unmarried," or 3.63 of these to each family. In Quebec there were 213,503 families, including 779,923 "children and unmarried," or 3.55 of these to each family. In 1851 there were in Upper Canada 448 children under 15 and 108.8 unmarried persons between 15 and 20 in each 1,000 of population. In the same year there were in Lower Canada 446.2 under 15 and 20 to each 1,000 of population.

In 1861 there were in Upper Canada 427.7 under 15 and 111.2 unmarried between 15 and 20 to each 1,000. In Lower Canada there were 427.3 under 15 and 113.8 unmarried between 15 and 20 to each 1,000.

In 1871 there were in Ontario 443.9 under 15

and 102.5 unmarried between 15 and 20 to each 1,000. In Quebec there were 442.2 under 15 and 101.7 unmarried between 15 and 20 to each 1,000 of population.

In 1881 there were in Ontario 366,444 families, including 1,232,866 "children and unmarried," or 3.37 per family. In 1881 there were in Quebec 254,842 families, including 873,727 "children and unmarried," or 3.42 per family.

Of persons "15 and under" Ontario in 1881 had 379 to each 1,000, and Quebec 402 to each 1,000. But the infant mortality in Quebec is so great that Ontario had 24.7 children of the age of 15 to each 1,000 of population, whereas Quebec had only 23.4 to each 1,000. Of persons "from 15 to 20" Ontario 116 to each 1,000 of population, and Quebec only 108 to each 1,000 in 1881. These figures prove that Ontario people raise more children per family than Quebec people, though the birth rate in Quebec is a little higher. What becomes of the Smasher allegation that "the French" are ousting the English Canadians by mere force of fecundity? It is as senseless as the greater part of the Smasher rant.

But suppose the Smashers were correct. What would they do about it? That is what the *Stratford Beacon* wants to know. If the fecundity of "the French" were a danger to English Canada, how would the alarmed Smashers proceed to avert that danger? Would they make a rule that English speaking married couples should produce more children or come under a penalty duly made and provided? Would they rule that each "French" pair should have only so many children, and that those in excess of the regulation number shouldn't count? Would they employ the method by which the Hounhymms thought of ridding themselves of too-fecund neighbours? Or would they resort to something like the Australian device for keeping down rabbits and spread among the French some swift plague? We have already shown that annexation would be no preventive of French Canadian increase, but rather the contrary. What do the Smashers propose?

LITERARY NOTES.

Alexander Dumas is the richest writer in the world.

Laval's fine quarterly *Le Canada Français* has just completed its first year by an able number.

Alphonse Daudet is going to London to make arrangements for a satisfactory English translation of his novels.

Charles Mackay, the English song writer, is sick with old age and financial distress. Lord Tennyson is getting up a fund for him.

M. Dulau, of the British Museum, has written to the manager of *La Revue Canadienne* to send the full files of that periodical.

"Seranus," or Mrs. Harrison, has opened a couple of Culture Classes in Toronto. Her Montreal friends wish her every success.

Mr. Clarke, M.P.P., and mayor of Toronto, was largely instrumental in securing the endowment for two new chairs in Toronto University.

Dudley Warner is giving his views to Canadian reporters in advance of his written impressions to be published in Harper's publications.

"B. C. 1887" is the odd title of a volume of travels in British Columbia, by the authors of "Three in Norway," Messrs. Lees & Chatterbreck.

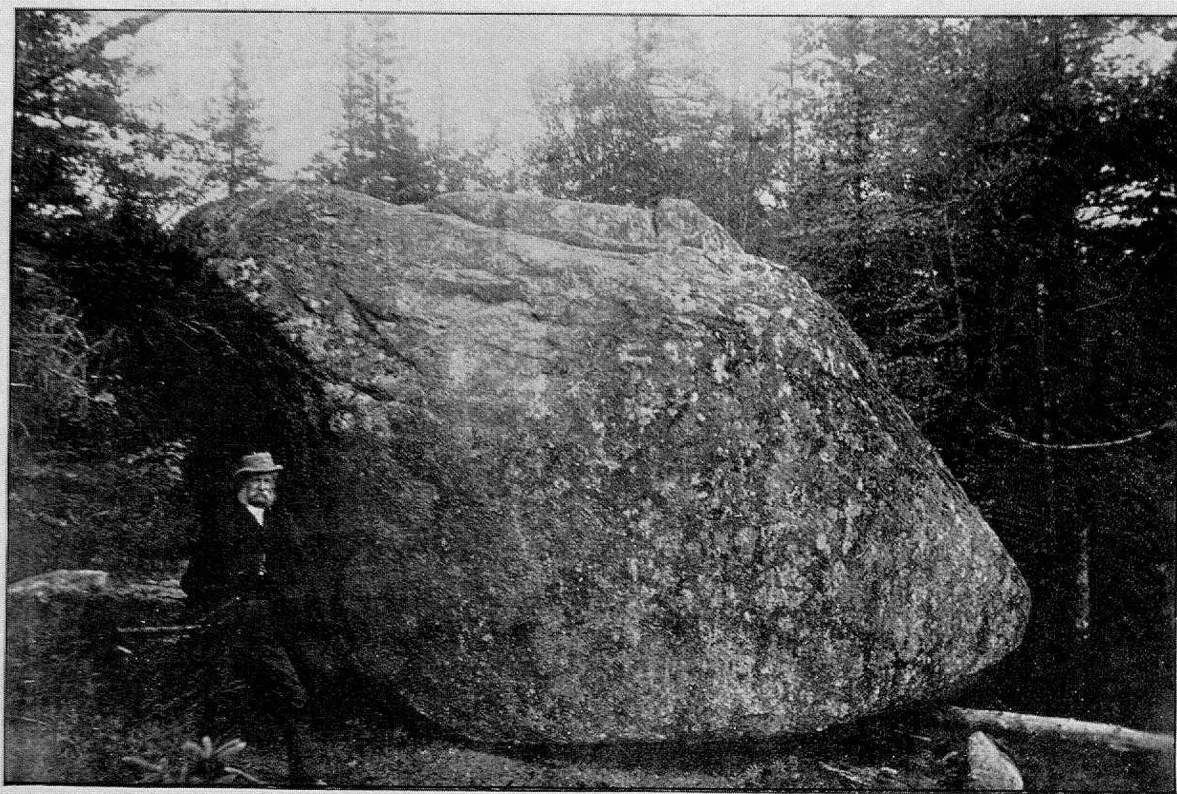
Mr. Evans McColl, the Gaelic bard, sold some three hundred copies of his last edition in Montreal. At 80 odd, the bard is still full of bodily and mental strength.

Mr. J. Hunter Duvar, of Hernewood, near Charlottetown, the distinguished poet, and contributor to the columns of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is Inspector of Fisheries for P. E. Island.

The Kingston *News* rather tartly takes Sir Daniel Wilson, president of the Toronto University, to task for calling that institution the "national university." The editor holds that it is no more national than Queen's.

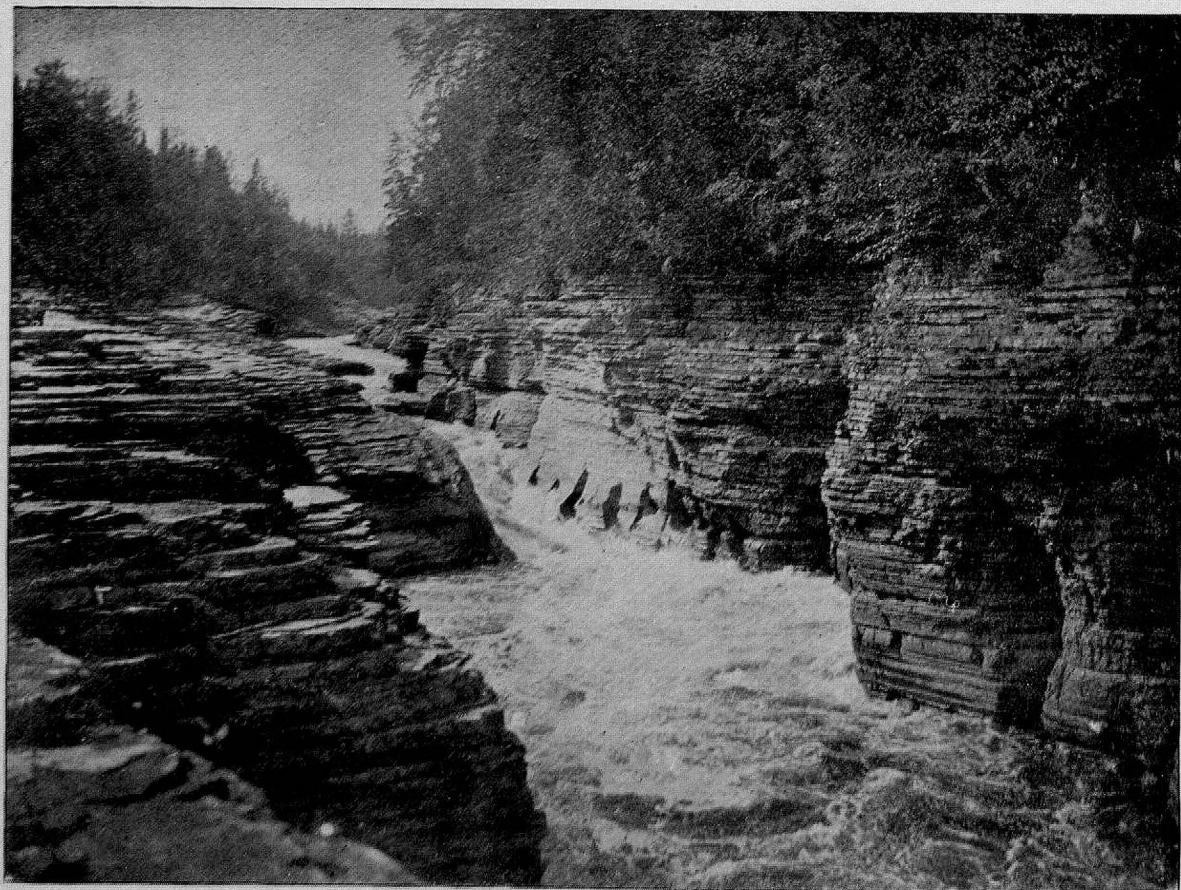
Now that the very important copyright question is coming up before the country and Parliament, it may be well to state that perhaps the best source of information on that subject is in a lecture delivered before the Law School of Bishop's College, in 1882, by Mr. S. E. Dawson, the well-known publisher and author.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, of Hoopeston, Ill., will begin a serial story, entitled "The Romance of Dollard," in the November *Century*, founded upon this remarkable incident, in Canadian history. The historian, Parkman, has written a preface for Mrs. Catherwood's novel, and Mr. Sandham, lately of Canada and now of Boston, has made illustrations for it.



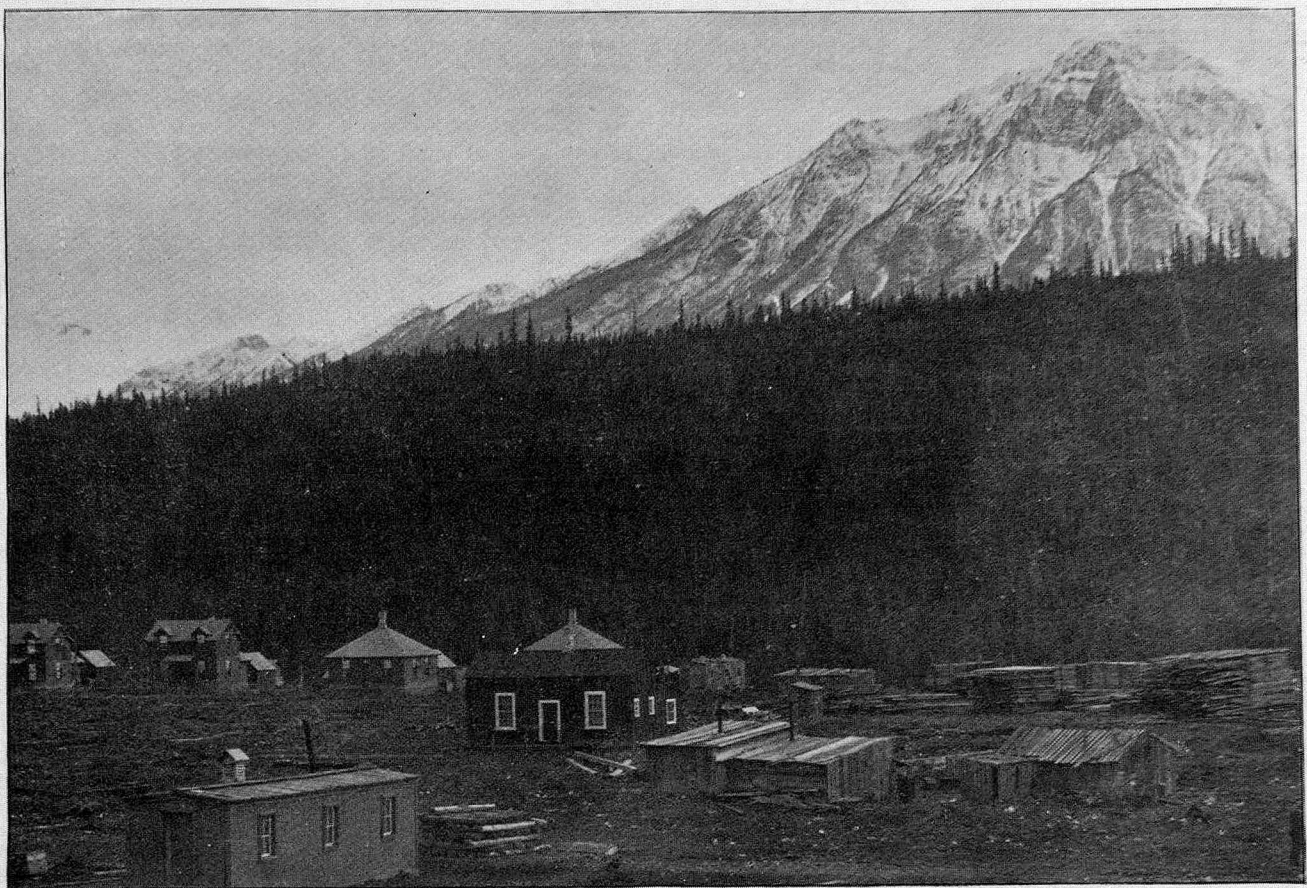
THE ROCKING STONE, NEAR HALIFAX.

From a photograph by an amateur.



THE NATURAL STEPS, MONTMORENCI RIVER, NEAR QUEBEC.

From a photograph by Capt. Imlah, Regt. Can. Artillery.

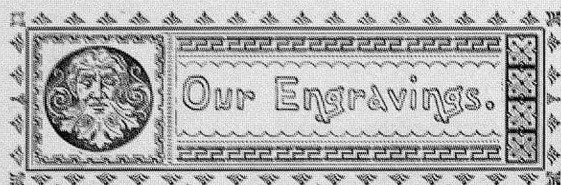


MOUNTAINS AT DONALD, B. C.

From a photograph by Notman.



HEAD OFFICES OF THE BANK OF TORONTO, TORONTO.



SIR J. P. R. A. CARON, K. C. M. G.—The Minister of Militia is the eldest surviving son of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. He was born at Quebec in 1843, and got his schooling at the Seminary of Quebec, Laval and McGill Universities, taking the degree of B. C. L. at the latter in 1865. He took to the bar in the same year, having studied law first at Quebec, and later at Montreal, with the late Sir John Rose. He reached the purple in 1879, and is a member of the extensive law firm of Andrews, Caron and Andrews, of Quebec. He first entered Parliament in 1873 for Quebec County, which he has represented ever since through six electoral trials. He was sworn of the Privy Council and made Minister of Militia in November, 1880. He has held that portfolio to the present, and for his services during the rebellion of 1885 he was created a K. C. M. G. The Minister's name may be given in full—as the families of French Canada fancy the enumeration—Joseph, Philippe, René, Adolphe, and in the circle of intimates he is known as Adolphe.

THE ROCKING STONE, situated on the property of Archibald Kidston, Esq., at Spryfield, five miles from the city of Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, is composed of granite and is estimated to weigh 464 tons. There is a lever placed under one corner by which it is easily rocked. On the opposite side it can be moved without the aid of a lever by a boy of 12 or 14 years of age.

THE NATURAL STEPS OF THE MONTMORENCY.—A byway through the fields from the Falls of Montmorency leads the tourist to the Natural Steps which, as the reader may judge for himself from the engraving, is a scene of the wildest grandeur. Here the eddies of the Montmorency Falls are stronger, swifter, and thicker with foam. The strata of rock, forming the walls of the river, and bearing the likeness of stairways, are composed of thin layers, and are worn into all manner of fantastic shapes, with arched ways, colonnades, and rounded masses that bear the shape of towers. The noise is deafening and the churning of the spray has the ominous simpering of impending fate. And yet the tables of these rocks are the pastimes of fishermen in quest of speckled trout, and many is the scene of love and courtship enacted there, in which young people from all portions of America have taken part.

MOUNTAINS AT DONALD.—Donald is a charmingly situated town in the shadow of the Selkirks, the headquarters for the mountain section of the railway, with repair shops. It is an important supply-point for the mining country about it and at the great bend of the Columbia below. Leaving Donald, the railway crosses the Columbia to the base of the Selkirks. A little further down, the Rockies and Selkirks, crowding together, force the river through a deep, narrow gorge, the railway clinging to the slopes high above it. Emerging from the gorge at Beaver-mouth, the line soon turns abruptly to the left and enters the Selkirks through the Gate of the Beaver River—a passage so narrow that a felled tree serves as a foot-bridge over it—just where the river makes its final and mad plunge down to the level of the Columbia. A little way up the Beaver, the line crosses to the right bank, where, notched into the mountain side, it rises at the rate of 116 feet to the mile, and the river is soon left a thousand feet below, appearing as a silver thread winding through the narrow and densely forested valley. Opposite is a line of huge tree-clad hills, occasionally showing snow-covered heads above the timber line. Nature has worked here on so gigantic a scale that many travellers fail to notice the extraordinary height of the spruce, Douglas fir and cedar trees, which seem to be engaged in a vain competition with the mountains themselves. One sees ahead, up the Beaver valley, a long line of the higher peaks of the Selkirks, *en échelon*, culminating in an exceedingly lofty pinnacle, named Sir Donald, with which our readers made acquaintance in former views, at Glacier House. Again, from Mountain Creek bridge, a few miles beyond, where a powerful torrent comes down from high mountains northward, the same view is obtained, nearer and larger, and eight peaks can be counted in a grand array, the last of which is Sir Donald, leading the line. This stately monolith was named after Sir Donald Smith, one of the chief promoters of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Farther to the left, looking from the hotel, are two or three sharp peaks, second only to Sir Donald. Roger's Pass and the snowy mountains beyond (a member of the Hermit range, which is called Grizzly, from the frequency with which bears are met upon its berry-bearing slopes), are in full view. Again, to the left, comes Cheops, and in the foreground, and far down among the trees, the Illicilliwaet glistens. Somewhat at the left of Cheops a shoulder of Koss Peak is visible over the wooded slopes of the mountains.

THE BANK OF TORONTO, of whose building in Toronto we give an illustration this week, is one of our flourishing banking institutions. Its charter was obtained in the year 1855 with an authorized capital of \$2,000,000. Up to the year 1870 the paid up capital remained at \$800,000. In 1874 it was increased to \$1,500,000, and in 1875 to \$2,000,000. The Rest has gradually increased until it has now reached \$1,350,000. This Bank does a large and in-

creasing business at Toronto and other places in the Province of Ontario, and at Montreal, in the Province of Quebec. It is ably managed, and may be classed as one of the most stable of our monetary institutions.

MONTREAL PORT FROM THE C. P. R. ELEVATORS.—The elevators of the C. P. Railway are situated on the river side at the Dalhousie Square Station, and from their great altitude they afford wide views of the harbour of Montreal and the whole city. In front, looking west, you have the wharves and Commissioner street, with the outline of the unsightly dyke; on the right is the freight shed of the railway, its stone offices, old Bonsecours Church and market, Notre Dame Church, the Custom House, and the head of the Lachine Canal; and to the left we have the broad St. Lawrence, with the market boats of the Richelieu and Ontario Line, dredges, elevators, and the lines of the railway connecting with the ships.

VIEW FROM THE RICHELIEU PIER.—This pier is at the foot of Jacques Cartier Square and hill, and there it is that the Quebec boats of the R. & O. line are moored when in port. In summer this wharf is crowded with freight. In front lies the immense, but swanlike "Vancouver," queen of the Dominion Line. In fact there are two Dominion steamers in the picture, as you can tell by the bands on the funnels. Beyond, where the dome of the Customs rises through the smoke, is the outlet of the canal and headquarters of the Allan Line, a scene of bustle and activity, night and day, in the height of the shipping season.

SECRETS.—We trust our young readers will like this picture. There is a scene of hearts from nature, which few girls have not gone through, whether high-born or simple maids in their flower, as we have them here. Janet and Lizzie have got through their household work. Or rather, Janet has finished her work and, having lit her taper, is slipping off to her room, when Lizzie overtakes her in the lobby, where she had been watching from an open door, and then and there pours the sweet, pretty story into her comrade's ear. The features of the two girls are open and full of genuine feminine expression, stamped with honesty. The play of the light upon the eyes is admirable in effect, bringing out the latent mischief that lurks in those innocent orbs. Ah, well, girls! It is not much that makes you happy; go to, now, and dream of your golden secrets.

DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION COMPETITION.—These views were sent us from near Toronto, where the firing took place, by Mr. W. W. Fox, of the *Mail*, to whom we beg to tender our thanks. The competition was completed by the firing of the two batteries of the first brigade at Woodbine. Number one represents a trial shot; number two, a detachment of the London Field Battery waiting its hour to fire; and number four, another group of the chief officers of the Artillery Association.

FRENCH COURSING.—One English sport after the other is being adopted in France, and the English words employed in each are pretty well kept also. The full page of views which we give to-day represent the coursing of greyhounds after hares, at a place called Bagatelle, outside of Paris. The harriers are French, but neither their names nor any account of the pedigrees are published in the report. The reader will be able to review the several well-known scenes—the dogs in leash; the slipper who, by the skillful twist of his double leash, starts the hounds well together; the central event, where the two best, having outrun or out-generalled the others, are making for the last plunge; they fly, they leap, they curvet, and the umpire follows on horseback; at length one dog gets the better of his rival; he reaches the hare; seizes him; kills him outright at one jawbreak; the flag corresponding to the colour of the winner's woollen collar—red or white—is raised aloft on a signal from the umpire, and the coursing is over. The French do not pretend to have any such coursing events of greyhounds and harriers as take place yearly at Liverpool, for the Waterloo Cup, or at Kempton Park, near London, for the Champion Stakes, but they have taken up the sport for the past ten years, and the new Paris Coursing Club means to have a number of meets during the coming winter. Neither are there such hounds in France as the invincible Master MacGrath, owned by Lord Lurgan, and for which he refused seven thousand sterling; or Coomassie, the lady who fetched two thousand at her master's death. There are several kinds of harriers—the Russian, the Persian, the Spanish or "Galgo," and the Arabian of the great tents on the sands, but none of them can rival the English greyhound in pluck, instinct and speed.

LOVE'S SUMMER.

How like the summer is our love so sweet,
Fulfilling those fair promises of spring,
Convey'd by Hope in happy whispering,
When days dragg'd slow that now fly all too fleet.
The rare heart-rapture, when our spirits meet,
Charms as the echo-music zephyrs bring
Across the pines when neighbouring woodlands ring
With joyous hymns, harmoniously complete;
The tender thoughts and fancies bright, that flow
In waves of sympathetic feeling, gleam
Like rippling splendours in a meadow-stream,
Bank'd with gay blooms that, bending soft and low,
Kiss their fair images in Nature's sparkling glass,
And smiling raise their eyes to watch them as they pass.
Montreal. SAREPTA.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

My dear friend, Mr. George Johnson, the Dominion statistician, has discovered that the plan of Imperial Federation is as old as 1764, at least, there being a book in the National Library at Ottawa, entitled "The Administration of the Colonies," by Thomas Pownall, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Provinces, Massachusetts Bay and South Carolina, and Lieut.-Governor of New Jersey. He held that "the British Isles, with our possessions in the Atlantic and America, should be united into one grand marine political community."

We have two or three books in the English language that are vast storehouses of erudition, and from which the scholar can draw forever, without ever reaching the end. One of these is Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." That was Byron's constant resource. Another is Kenelm Digby's "Ages of Faith," a new edition of which, in four large and splendid volumes, is being published by O'Shea, of New York. Every conceivable event belonging to the Middle Ages is in this monumental work. What will add to the worth of the new edition is a full table of contents, which was unfortunately wanting in the first issue.

As an instance of Canadian scholarship, the reader will be pleased to have Dr. Bonar's well-known hymn set before him, in order to judge of the translation into Latin, by a Canadian:

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water. Thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me—thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun!
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

The translation which follows is from the pen of W. H. C. Kerr, one of the learned men of Canada:—

VOX JESU.

Vox Jesu clamat: "Huc veni,
Hic tibi requies!
Recumbe meo pectori,
Tu qui defessus es."
Cui adsum, qualiter siem,
Et quam miserimme,
Et Hunc probavi requiem.
Beatus unice.

Vox Jesu clamat: "Ego siem
Viventis fons aquae;
Procumbe bibe, agedum,
Et vives tu in Me."
Mihi bibenti igitur
Reversae animae;
Nam sitis mox restinguitur
In vivo calice.

Vox Jesu clamat: "Caeci sum
Hujus mundi lux;
Nunc adspice, itinerum
Sol orietur dux."
Adspexi, en! vaganti jam
Sol Jesus emicat!
Quo duce iter peragam,
Dum vita maneat.

—KERR.

The address of Sir Daniel Wilson, at the opening of Toronto University, which the papers of that city published in full, will doubtless be reprinted in more lasting shape, as it deserves, being a masterly review of the aims, needs and results of the higher education. In the list of wants, however, which the learned president gives out, I look in vain for an allusion to a course of

Canadian History. Toronto University has two new chairs endowed this year. Let us hope that an endowment for a professorship of our own history may be soon forthcoming.

Canadian literature is drawing attention abroad, and in England the appreciation is taking a practical and business turn. No less than three books will appear before the holidays, containing selections from the verses of our own poets. The first is "Poems of Wild Life," edited by the poet Charles R. D. Roberts, and issued at London, in the Canterbury series; the second is "The Young American Poets," by Douglas Sladen, of Australian fame; and the third is "The Poets of Canada," edited by another poet, W. D. Light-hall, of this city, and making part of the Windsor series, published by Walter Scott & Company, of London.

In the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of the 13th October we published a full page engraving of "La Bella Mano," by the poet-painter, Gabriel Dante Rossetti, and, in our account of it, stated that the author had doubtless a sonnet on the subject upon which we could not lay hands at the time. Sure enough a literary friend, on reading this, sends us two beautiful sonnets—one the translation of the other and both found in Rossetti's works. In perusing them the reader will please turn up the picture, at the date aforesaid:—

LA BELLA MANO.

(PER UN QUADRO.)

O Bella Mano, che ti lavi e piaci
In quel medesimo tuo puro elemento
Dove la Dea dell' amoroso avvento
Nacque, (e dall' onda s'infuocò le faci
Di mille inspiegabili fornaci):—
Come a Venere a te l'oro e l'argento
Offron gli Amori; e ognun riguarda attento
La bocca che sorride e te che taci.

In dolce modo dovo onor t' invii
Vattene adorna, e porta insieme fra tante
Di Venere e di vergine sembiante;
Umilmente in luoghi onesti e pii
Bianca e soave ognora; infin che sii,
O Mano, mansueta in man d'amante.

LA BELLA MANO.

(FOR A PICTURE.)

O lovely hand, that thy sweet self doth lave
In that thy pure and proper element,
Whence erst the Lady of Love's high advent
Was born, and endless fires sprang from the wave:
Even as her Loves to beg their offerings gave,
For thee the jewelled gifts they bear; while each
Looks to those lips of music measured speech
The fount, and of more bliss than man may crave.

In royal wise ring-girt and bracelet-spanned,
A flower of Venus' own virginity,
Go shine among thy sisterly sweet band;
In maiden-minded converse delicately
Evermore white and soft; until thou be,
O hand! heart-handsel'd in a lover's hand

The Copyright question is going to be passed this year. Toronto is at the head of the work, having established a League, with branches in all the provinces. At the last meeting, a few weeks ago, the draught of a bill was approved, and two of the officers were despatched to Ottawa, where they had a preliminary interview with the Minister of Agriculture, in whose department the case lies. Later, a representative delegate will go to the capital and see the whole Ministry. The new Canadian measure is meant to be fair to printers, publishers and booksellers, and, possibly, the poor authors may be remembered. TALON.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

—*Johnson: Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Somewhere I seem to have read that men used in the remote past to shave themselves with broken shells. Had Mr. Bailey been living at that period, he would, no doubt, still have requested his barber to "go tip-toe over the pimples." But the razor has superseded the broken shell, and in its turn has been succeeded by an implement somewhat after the fashion of a grass-cutter. Thus, in quite a literal sense, all flesh is grass. To the contemplative mind even

the barber shop will yield food for reflection. What can more forcibly remind one of the flight of time than to have the barber's watch ticking in his ear? The other ear is otherwise engaged. The conversation of the tonsorial artist is well known to be cheerful and unremitting. Mr. Austey, in his "Tinted Venus," has introduced this additional character into literature, and has wreathed a wreath of romance about the well oiled and carefully brushed head of the barber. Thus does the arspoeta pay a compliment to her tonsorial sister. Speaking of hair, they tell of an amusing piece of repartee that passed between Senator Reed and Senator Alexander in this connection. The latter said that Senator Reed should not take long to dress, because he had no hair to brush. "No," said Senator Reed, "but I have more face to wash."

The question is frequently asked, What becomes of the pins? Well, some of them are doubtless on the floor, and will probably be discovered by persons in their stocking feet who are not looking for them. To pick up a pin from the floor of one's room may prevent bad luck, if it does not bring good luck. Numerous pins have, no doubt, been swallowed by various fish, for whose benefit a hook has been improvised out of a bent pin. And various other pins have been bent in other ways and cast aside by bachelors wrestling with a refractory collar, or trying to supplant a missing button. With the bachelor the query is not so much what becomes of the pin? as it is "button, button, who's got the button?" If we were to rip up our pin cushions, we would probably find that some of the pins have gone in to a warm bed out of the cold. That would indicate, if nothing else did, that a pin has a head on it. Still this leaves myriads of missing pins to be accounted for. By the way, it seems rather appropriate to discuss pins in a column headed "Points."

Young readers sometimes feel a little shy of undertaking Dickens, because they think so accomplished a classic must necessarily be very deep. And in selecting the story with which to begin, they are sometimes unfortunate. For example, the "Tale of Two Cities," although an excellent story, is hardly in Dickens' characteristic style. And the first chapters of some of his stories are by no means indicative of the good things beyond. For my part, I began "Martin Chuzzlewit" twice without getting past the first chapter. Those who anticipate reading this story for the first time might as well begin, I think, at the second chapter; the story really begins there. And they will there have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the immortal Pecksniff. Perhaps the best stories with which to begin are "David Copperfield," "Pickwick Papers," and "Old Curiosity Shop." I have read threadbare "Pickwick Papers," in two or three editions, and I have a friend who, I am informed, sleeps with it under his pillow. There is no novelist like Dickens. While the ability of an author is usually much admired by his own peculiar class of readers, the esteem in which Dickens is held amounts almost to affection.

In one of Hawthorne's "Note Books," among the hints for future literary work, is "to personify winds of various characters." This hint, so far as I am aware, was never followed up by this exquisite writer. But Dickens, in this second chapter of "Martin Chuzzlewit" which I have mentioned, gives a very fine personification of the winds. After a glorious romp inland, they hurry off to sea and "make a night of it." Winds might be personified, as being luxurious, such as those that play upon Æolian harps; or as labouring, such as the trade winds. They might be represented as affectionate, such as those that fondle with tresses of hair. Also they might be characterized according to their voices. Some are asthmatic and wheezy; some bellow in a deep bass; others whisper.

A gentleman who had travelled very widely, and whose facilities for observation had been excellent, once remarked to me that there seemed to be an average of intelligence among the masses

of mankind; and that those whose minds possessed the general proportion would be called "well balanced," while if one faculty preponderated over the others, among the others there would be a corresponding deficiency. This theory will, I think, explain what is commonly called the "eccentricity of genius." I think it will explain also a modern conflict between Science and Literature. Classical scholars frequently manifest an incapacity for scientific subjects; and scientists think, like George II, very lightly of "bainting and boetry." For my part, I am not a classical scholar nor a scientist; but I am fond of "bainting and boetry," and I cannot bear algebra. It was partly for this reason that, a year or two ago, I took up the cudgels on behalf of a young lady who was hampered in her studies owing to an incapacity for mathematics. It seems a pity that one weak faculty should be a bar to the development of other faculties which are strong. And yet under our present educational system this seems to be the case. There are, however, I am glad to say, one or two colleges in which respect is paid to individual peculiarities. President Eliot thinks a boy of eighteen has a better apprehension of what will be necessary to his success, and "can now select for himself a better course of study than any college faculty can select for him." The wise way would seem to be to try to devolve the natural bent of one's ability. The born musician will certainly not take kindly to civil engineering, however much a fond father's or zealous teacher's ambition may be blasted.



Mr. F. A. Acland, city editor of the *Globe*, was married to Miss Lizzie Adair.

Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of India, has received the title of Marquis of Dufferin and Earl of Ava.

The Countess of Testeferrate, wife of the late Spanish Consul General at Quebec, enquired, by telegraph, for particulars from Malta.

St. Hilda College, for ladies, in affiliation with Trinity University, Toronto, was opened, last week, with a good attendance of students.

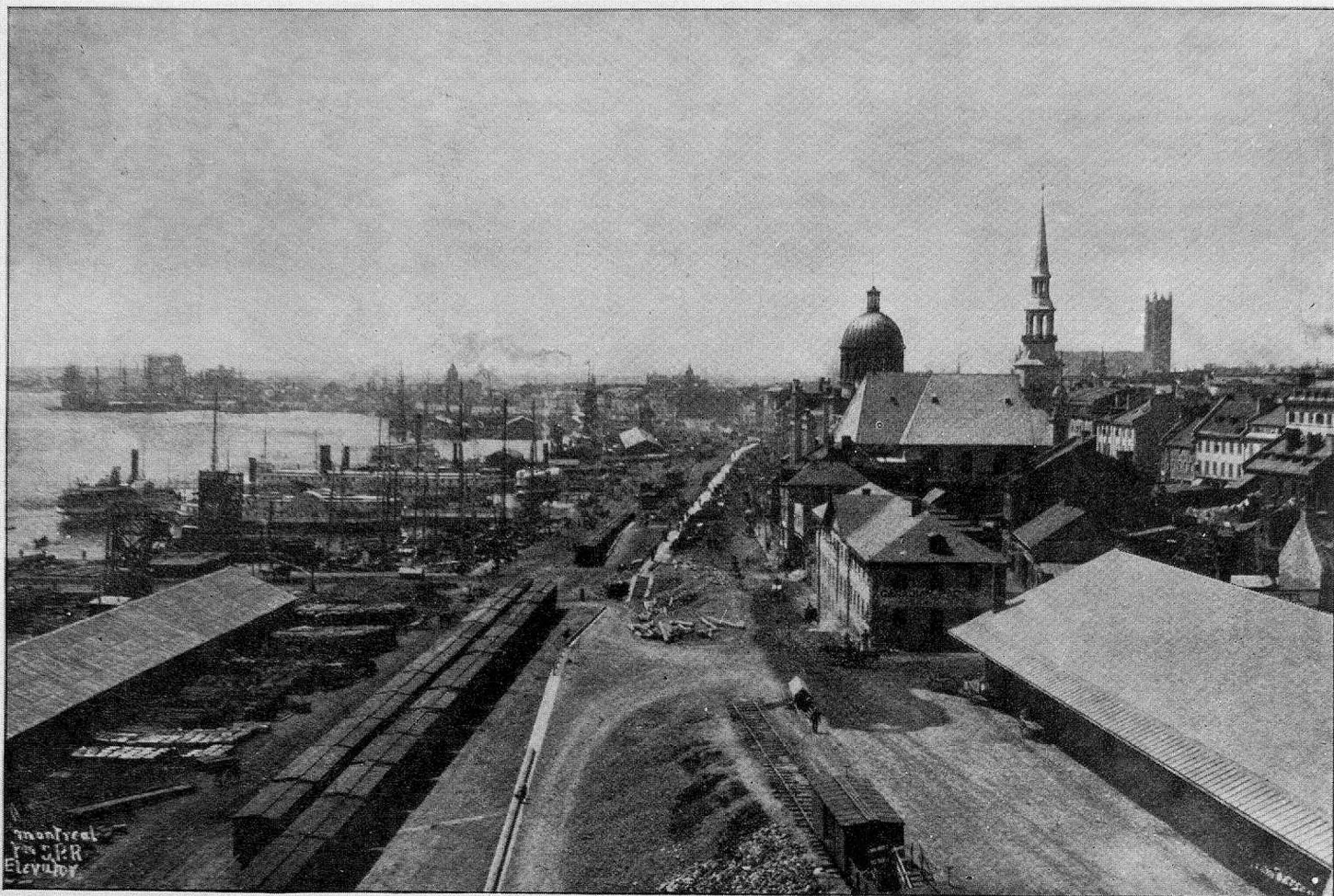
Dr. R. P. Howard, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, was recently elected in Washington to the presidency of the American Medical Association.

FROM AMATEUR TO PROFESSIONAL.

One of Montreal's fairest daughters, well known for some years as a distinguished amateur, has become a professional actress. Miss Marion Kilby has been considered, in the highest social circles, as one of the prettiest and most attractive belles of Montreal. Those who were fortunate enough to rank among her acquaintances will freely acknowledge, besides her undoubted beauty, her many accomplishments, her powers of fascination and her extreme sweetness of disposition. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that Mr. Augustin Daly, the proprietor and manager of Daly's Theatre of New York, celebrated for the finest comedy company in the world, should have offered the young lady a position in his company. That Miss Kilby's fame had reached New York is not surprising, for she has long been a favourite with the patrons of amateur drama in this city. She appeared first, when almost a child, under the auspices of the "Montreal Social and Dramatic Club," and received her first training from Mrs. Buckland, at one time a professional star of the first magnitude. Subsequently she joined the "Irrational Club," under the management of Sir Wm. L. Young, Bart., where she scored some successes. Perhaps her best role, and the one reflecting most credit upon her histrionic ability, was that of *Florence Morigold* in "Uncle's Will," which she played with Messrs. Lane and Raynes, in aid of the Catholic orphans of Montreal. On this occasion she was without professional coaching, and will be remembered as having achieved a theatrical triumph or an ovation. Her last performance was under the auspices of the Garrison Artillery, in aid of the Victoria Rifles armory, Mr. E. A. McDowell, professional, managing. The play, "Our Regiment," will long be remembered by Montrealers as a colossal venture and success. Miss Kilby's role was *Oliver*. In the new military dance she fairly charmed the audience, and was largely instrumental in securing a triple recall. We, in common with a host of admirers, wish our fair young *comédienne* every success in her new walk of life, and may safely predict for her, under such favourable circumstances, a bright career.

MONTREAL RIVER FRONT.

From photographs by Henderson.



GENERAL VIEW FROM C. P. R'Y ELEVATORS.



VIEW FROM R. & O. CO'S WHARF.



"SECRETS."

From the painting by G. Hom.

Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

Guilt and Death.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Alick?"

The request came from my little golden haired niece, sitting on my knee, on Christmas night.

I was staying at Christmas time with my only sister in England, and we were sitting round the large log fire, talking about all sorts of Christmas reminiscences, of relations and friends dead, some married, and various other memories, which always crowd round one at Christmastide, more especially to one who, like myself, had been away from the old country some years, and had spent Christmas in the delightful cold of Canada, in the heat of Egypt and other parts of the globe.

"You ought to have had some rum experiences, travelling about as you have," chimed in the gruff voice of my brother-in-law.

It was quite true what my brother-in-law said, I have had some "rum experiences," so, after thinking a bit, I told them the following peculiar one, the effect of which, though time has somewhat dimmed it, will, I think, always remain with me till my dying day.

I.

"You remember," I said, "that October I started for Canada, I daresay? Well, I won't trouble you with my experiences of the voyage, because I suppose that they were like what other people's generally are, but I never told you about a young fellow, named Willie Hewson, who was on board.

Willie was a big, strapping fellow, tall, and very good looking, and, like myself, came out to Canada to see if he could not better himself. We at once became great chums, more especially as I had been able to render some slight service (as I thought) to him. He was ridiculously grateful, and thought far too much of it, more especially when he said to me one day:

"No, Alick, old boy; whatever you may think of it, I will always stick to you through life, and after it, too."

I told him that sticking to me after life was an affection I did not care for, and would rather be without. I remembered what he said, only too well in the aftertime, however.

However, I am digressing, and must go on with my little tale.

We in due course arrived in Montreal, and, after a little time, settled down in a nice boarding-house there. It is needless to mention the exact spot, but it was not far from Victoria Square.

We were very comfortable, and there were some nice people staying in the house, who made us feel very much at home. One of these I must mention, as he has a great deal to do with my story. His name was Victor Grant. He was very tall, dark, with a sallow complexion, and very deep-set eyes, and, I must add, from the very first moment I set my eyes on him, I took an instinctive dislike to him. Willie, on the other hand, seemed rather to like him, or was fascinated by him.

Victor Grant certainly had plenty to say for himself, seemed to have travelled a great deal, could sing well, acted very creditably in some private theatricals we got up, and one evening surprised us all with some experiments in mesmerism. He tried his experiments on me, but with very partial success, though I felt the whole time that there was something very uncanny about the man. The effect upon Willie was very different. He sent him to sleep, and seemed to make him do anything he pleased, and, as Willie told me afterward when we were in our bedroom:

"Alick, old boy, I wish I had never seen Grant. He can do anything with me, and, if he chooses, can have me quite under his will."

Victor Grant made himself very friendly with Willie. Myself he seemed to dislike, and I can assure you the feeling was quite reciprocal.

He was in the habit of coming into our bedroom (for we slept in the same room), a very cheerful room, with French windows opening on to a balcony, from which steps descended to the garden; and one night, I well remember, he came

in, just as we were going to bed. Willie had just taken off his money belt, which he had on. Victor Grant noticed it and asked him if he always slept with it.

"Yes," said Will. "I think it is safer under my pillow."

I did not think much of the circumstance at the time, though I felt annoyed, as I did not trust Victor in the least.

II.

Things went on in an ordinary sort of way for a week or two longer, until winter came and the first fall of snow as well. Willie and I went to business every day and were very happy together, until an extraordinary event happened.

Willie and myself had gone up to our bedroom and he had thrown himself on his bed and said he would read a bit before undressing. I soon fell fast asleep, and, no doubt, slept for some time, when I thought I was half awake, with my face toward the window, and, looking through the window, fancied I saw a pair of hands making passes or signs. The next thing I saw, in my dream, was Willie very restless in his bed (for he had gone to sleep whilst reading), then slowly got up, like one walking in his sleep, and go to the French windows, slowly open them, and go along the balcony after the hands.

I remember no more, but suppose I must have slept. I woke up in the morning, with a confused idea of the dream, and looked at Willie's bed. Great heavens! he was not there. The window was open, the snow falling very fast, and Will was gone. Then my vivid dream came back to me. "Whose hands were those I had seen at the window?" A sudden thought struck me. Could they have been Victor Grant's trying to mesmerize Will for some purpose of his own? I may here mention that Victor Grant's room was next ours and opened on the same balcony. So without losing a minute I went there and knocked at his door. He sleepily said:

"Come in," and I went in.

"Have you seen Will?" I said, watching him closely.

"No. Why should I? Isn't he up?"

"No, he isn't, and what's more, I believe you mesmerized him out of our room, and now, perhaps, you will tell me where he is?" I said, angrily. I was sorry afterward that I spoke so, for it put me at a disadvantage.

"May I ask why you make such a serious assertion?" he said, coolly. "Do you really give me credit for having such mesmeric power that I could get your friend out of bed and out of the room? Tush! you talk like a child, and do not know what you are saying."

If there is any one thing more irritating than another, it is to be told by a man of your own age that you are acting like a child, however true it is—in fact, if it is true, it makes it all the harder to bear. In this particular case the remark had the effect of making me bounce out of the room, slamming the door.

When I got to my own room I cogitated, and came to the conclusion that I had not gained much by my interview.

I looked at Willie's bed and saw that it was only ruffled and had not been slept in; the lamp had burned itself out, and the book was on the floor, all pointing to the fact that he had gone to sleep while he had been reading.

I went out on the balcony and saw the staircase at the end, which Willie could easily have gone down, but the snow was lying so thick that I could not tell whether he had gone that way or not.

III.

To cut a long story short, I waited throughout that day, and many days afterward, but Willie never came back. I wrote to his people at home, as I thought that possibly he might have gone to the old country. I caused every enquiry to be made in Canada, but could get no clue as to his whereabouts.

Within a week of Will's disappearance Victor Grant left us, and as I had nothing but the barest suspicion against him, nothing could be done.

He told the people in the house that he was going West to make his fortune.

I must say that during all this time I missed Willie dreadfully. Christmas had just passed, and I could not but help thinking that the poor boy would have enjoyed himself immensely in the winter sports. I myself entered thoroughly into them, and went to many snowshoe tramps over the Mountain.

One evening we started on the tramp, but before we got to our destination I, being new to the sport, felt tired and determined to return.

"Which is the nearest way home, boys," I said. "Across the Pines," they shouted "take the first turn to the left."

I waited a short time to see them all going away, and watched them till I lost sight of them entirely, and then set off home. I had not been in that part of the Mountain before, and I thought that in the moonlight it looked very beautiful. I walked on till I came to the darkness of the pines, and as luck would have it a cloud crossed the moon and made it very dark indeed all round.

Just at this moment I seemed to notice a figure in front of me. The first thought that struck me was that I should have a companion to walk home with, so I got nearer to it. The figure still kept on walking a steady pace in front of me, in fact it seemed to glide. I got nearer, and then I noticed it left no footmarks in the snow.

I am naturally of a courageous nature, but this startled me, and I felt ashamed of myself that I saw anything at all. I put my hand in front of my eyes, and told myself that I was a fool—and it seemed to have no effect whatever; whenever I stopped, that stopped, beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead, and I thought that I would turn back, when the figure moved and turned its face, and a very sad face it was.

It was the face of Willie Hewson!

The figure then waved one of its arms slowly, as if beckoning me to follow, and in a short time it stopped, pointed first to its breast and then to the ground.

I suppose I must have lost consciousness, for I remember no more until some rather rough handling woke me up. It proved to be my friends of the Snowshoe Club returning who had found me lying on the path.

I told one of them what I had seen; he said it was very strange, and made at the same time some rather opprobrious remarks about "rye whisky and cold air not agreeing," etc., very funny indeed, but not agreeable.

However, I thought the events of the evening well over and came to the conclusion that Willie Hewson had been murdered, by whom I did not know, but I could not help feeling that his spirit had come to tell me.

The next day I went up the Mountain with a man and a shovel, and dug at a spot the figure pointed to, and finally came across a body which I had little doubt in recognizing as the body of my poor friend, and close by I found a knife with a red stain on it, and on the haft were the initials of Victor Grant.

IV.

A year or so passed away, and the events never faded from my memory. It seemed to me an undoubted fact that Victor Grant had killed poor Will, and no doubt had killed him for his money, but the man was gone, who could tell where, and could neither hear or find any trace of him.

I often thought about the apparition I had seen, and when an opportunity came to me to leave Montreal, I must say I welcomed it with pleasure; the memories of my dear friend, his awful death in the snow, and his appearing to me afterwards, had produced such an effect upon my nerves that when my medical adviser suggested change of scene, I willingly accepted his advice and went travelling.

I will not weary you with my travels, as they can have but little interest to you except for one event which happened to me.

I had arrived at a little western town, where I had to stop till next day to make railway connection; and finding the best hotel in the place, had

dinner and proceeded to make myself comfortable in an armchair in the reading room. I asked one of the men if there was anything in the way of amusements that night. He said he thought that Hamlet was being played at the theatre. I was glad of the information, and soon found my way there.

It was a small place, and for a moderate sum I found myself seated in the front row of the orchestra stalls. When the curtain drew up I noticed that the characters in the play were taken by persons unknown to fame.

When Hamlet appeared his face seemed somewhat familiar to me, and his voice as well, but I could not for a moment recollect where I had seen him. I noticed as well that his eyes kept looking at me.

During one of the acts, when the lights were turned down, I felt a horrible cold chilly feeling pass over me, and I thought it must be a draught coming from somewhere, so I turned round, and you may guess my awful surprise when I found that the seat next me was occupied by Willie Hewson!

Remembrance at once flew back to me, and I saw the figure of Hamlet, and then recognized the actor as Victor Grant.

Shortly afterward came Hamlet's speech,

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy,"

and Hamlet's eyes seemed to be drawn toward the spot where I was sitting. He gave one look, and throwing up his arms in the air, uttered a piercing shriek and fell down.

It took but a moment for the stage manager to come forward to say that the gentleman who was impersonating Hamlet was very ill, and unable to appear any more that night.

I went round to the stage door, and representing myself as a friend of Victor Grant, went and saw him. It needed not the eye of a doctor to tell one that he was dying. He saw me and said in a whisper:

"Have you come here to persecute me, too?"

I told him that I had not, but I wanted to know why and how he had murdered Willie Hewson. He then told me all; how he had mesmerized poor Willie, beguiled him up the Mountain, robbed and stabbed him, and taken his money. I could see that he was sinking fast, and he then turned round to me and said in an awe-struck voice:

"Did you see him sitting next you?"

"Yes."

"He has come to tell me my last hour has come. Look!"

I turned round, and saw the figure of Willie Hewson come slowly toward his murderer, and place his finger on his heart.

"Poor fellow, he is dead," said the doctor.

Montreal.

PERCY J. EVANS.

VILLANELLE.

Out of the deep I cry to Thee
Who notest e'en the sparrows fall,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

I may not rise unless set free
From burdens that my soul enthrall,
Out of the deep I cry to Thee.

I strive, yet fail, and seem to be
The sport of fate while doubts appall,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

Dark is my path; I may not see
How good is yet the fruit of all,
Out of the deep I cry to Thee.

Oh let my way with Thine agree,
My way o'erhung as with a pall,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

Incline Thine ear unto my plea;
Break not the reed but hear my call,
Out of the deep I cry to Thee,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

—Oscar Fay Adams.

THE URN OF TEARS.

It is related that in times past a poor widow, who had been left without means, concentrated all her affections on her only child, a little girl named Odeta. She was the widow's only comfort. God had enriched the child with rare gifts both of nature and of grace, and bestowed on her so many charms that her mother almost idolized her. Odeta never caused pain to anybody, though when she was grown up her mother sometimes gently reproached her. When night was coming on, the child would sit for a long time gazing fixedly on the heavens with a tender melancholy in her beautiful blue eyes.

"You are thinking of something, my child," her mother would say.

"Yes, mamma; heaven is so beautiful!" answered the little angel.

A species of terror seized upon the mother.

"What if my Odeta should be taken from me!"

The day arrived when the child was to make her first communion. The happiness that filled her soul, the emotion with which her heart was stirred, cannot be described. When the night arrived, full of joy, she looked up again to heaven and was plunged in thought. But the lively transports of her soul and the ardor of her heart caused her to become feverish, and the fever soon increased alarmingly. The doctor could do nothing to arrest the malady, and soon Odeta died.

Who can describe the sorrow of the poor mother, now doubly desolate? She wept as if she would weep all her tears away. But how fervent were her prayers, and how beautiful her resignation to the will of God.

When the sun went down the desolate mother, shutting herself up in her little cabin, far from the sight of men from whom she could receive no consolation, looked up to heaven and prayed. Every morning before dawn she was on her knees praying. She could sleep but little, now that the tiny bed was vacant beside which she had so often knelt and prayed over her sleeping child.

Late one night the mother was still praying, her sobs and sighs ascending to heaven; the moon in its last quarter, with its feeble rays, barely rendered visible the sorrowful picture, when suddenly the door opened and a gentle but dazzling light burst into the room.

"Odeta!" screamed the mother, recognizing her child in the glory of the vision. "Odeta, my child!"

The child carried in her hands a golden urn, which she bore carefully, because it was full to the brim.

"Mother," she said, "God has sent me to you. Here are your tears; He has thus preserved them, because you were resigned to His will even whilst you wept most bitterly. Oh, mother! If you only knew how happy I am! Weep no more, because if you do the urn will overflow, and then God will send me back to the earth in answer to your prayers. I have so much happiness that I do not wish to lose it, and it is better for me to wait for you in heaven, and for you to merit it by your resignation."

The vision disappeared, leaving the room filled with heavenly odours. The widow fell upon her knees in a kind of terror, and returned hearty thanks to God, repeating over and over again, "Oh my God! how beautiful—how much happier is my daughter in heaven!"

One more tear escaped from her eyes; it was not a tear of sorrow, but of gratitude, so it did not cause the urn to overflow, and Odeta remained in heaven.

NOTHING LIKE THE DINNER HORN.—Japanese gongs melodiously summon guests to dinner, and are considered a great improvement upon the dinner bell. Of all devices, however, which have been invented to call people to meals, including the bugle, the gong, strings of bells suspended from the portiere rod, and the soft spoken waiter, no arrangement sends such a thrill and awakes such an appetite as the farmer's horn.



Robert Allison, living southeast of Moose Jaw, lately threshed no less than 182 bushels of wheat from three acres of land, this being machine measure. Allison is ready to make affidavit to this yield.

Mr. T. C. Weston, of the Interior Department, accompanied by Mr. Topler, has gone to examine the supposed fossil trees occurring in the Trenton formation of limestone rocks near Kingston. After making a thorough examination they will take photographs of the supposed trees.

The mean depth of Lake Superior is 475 feet; of Lake Michigan, 300 feet; of Lake Huron, 250 feet; of Lake Ontario, 70 feet. A writer in the *Engineering News* says that when the great Falls break away a little more, Lake Erie will be so far drained that it will shrink to the dimensions of a river, leaving the towns now on its shores far inland.

To show the richness of the Fraser river, B.C., Delta lands, it may be stated that at the Delta exhibition, turnips were shown which weighed over forty pounds each. This is about two-thirds of a bushel to a turnip. Oats weighing fifty-five pounds to the bushel are vouched for as being shown at the exhibition, and said to have yielded 120 bushels to the acre.

SCIENCE TEACHING IN CANADA.

It was pointed out lately in the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* that there is not a Chair of History in any of the Canadian universities. History is a science, or, speaking more correctly, the methods employed in historical study are the methods of science. The student of history pursues his enquiries in the same manner and with the same spirit that a chemist, a geologist and a comparative anatomist pursue theirs. But if it is to be regretted that this branch of science, including, as it does, Canadian history, is, to some extent, neglected in our universities, it is a matter for congratulation that the teaching of other branches of science, having more direct bearings upon the progress of the Dominion, is advancing with rapid strides. The expansion has been observable, during the last five years, in three at least of our universities, viz., McGill, Toronto and Queen's. The movement is one which cannot but have a healthy influence in time upon our collegiate institutes and public schools, which in its turn will react upon the universities, and if, as Mr. Huxley says, "science is simply common sense at its best," the effect upon the national habits of thought shall not be inconsiderable.

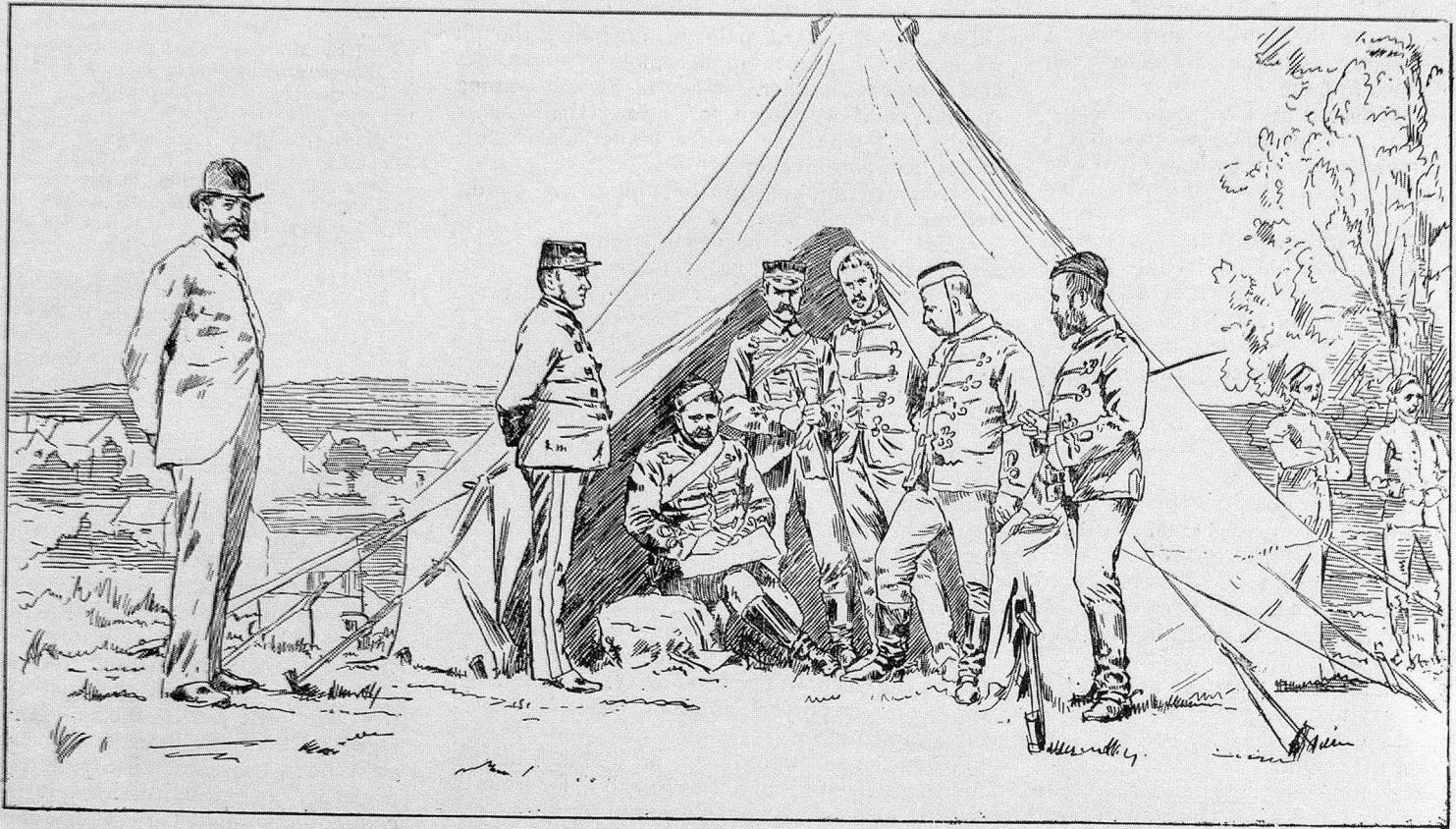
If, however, "science is simply common sense at its best," it is far from being taught generally in the schools by common sense methods. Nasmyth, the engineer, speaking of some of the young men who studied mechanics at Maudsley's, in London, remarked that kid gloves were non-conductors of mechanical knowledge. The same thing has been said in a variety of ways by different men, and has been enforced, with a thousand illustrations, by Tyndall and Huxley with regard to science teaching in England. It may be whispered that in some of the Canadian schools where the sciences of chemistry and botany, for instance, are taught, there is need of a more lively realization of the truth of Nasmyth's remark. Chemistry and botany cannot be taught by means of the text-books alone. The text-books are invaluable, but they must be supplemented by experiment and observation if real knowledge is to take the place of smattering. This may seem trite to many, but it is a truth which still needs enforcement. One fact in science learned by actual experiment, or actual observation, is worth a hundred definitions of scientific laws learned merely by rote. It is to the teachers we must look for a more practical and more interesting system of science teaching in our schools. Some of them, it is true, already realize the value of their opportunities and make the most of them, but the proportion is still far from being large. They are hampered, indeed, by the modern demand for "highly successful examinations," but it may be hoped that the science movement in the universities will shortly have its influence upon the schools.

Richmond, Que.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Nicholas Flood Davin has his library of Greek, Latin, French, German and English books in his editorial sanctum at the *Leader* office in Regina. Nicholas Flood is essentially a man of letters and a scholar.

SKETCHES OF THE RECENT DOMINION ARTILLERY COMPETITION.



MAJOR KING, WELLAND; F BATTERY.

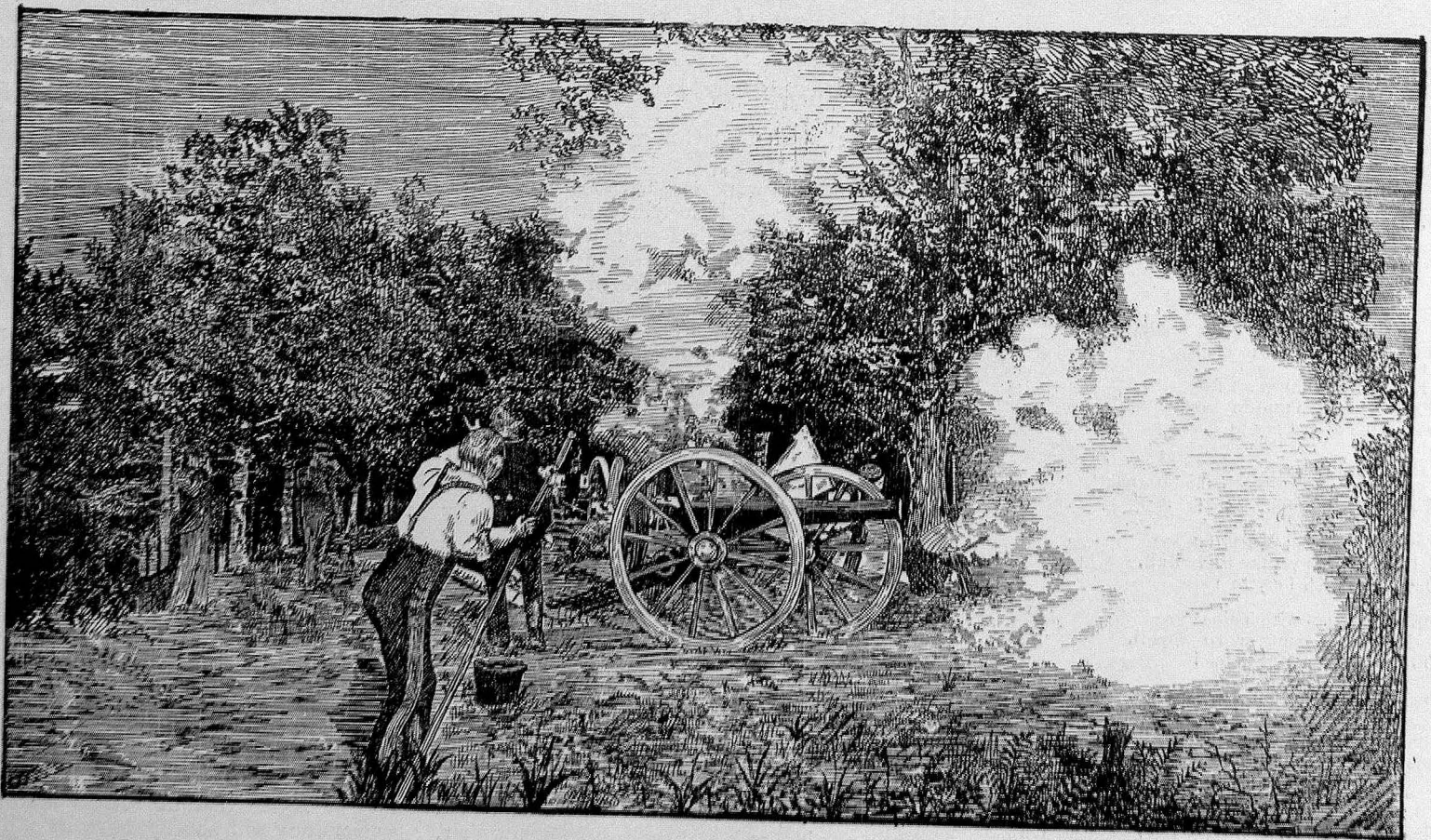
COL. PETERS, LONDON; SURGEON ELLIOTT. LIEUT. HASCOTT.
PRESIDENT ONTARIO ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION.

COL. MACDONALD, GUELPH;
PRESIDENT DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION.

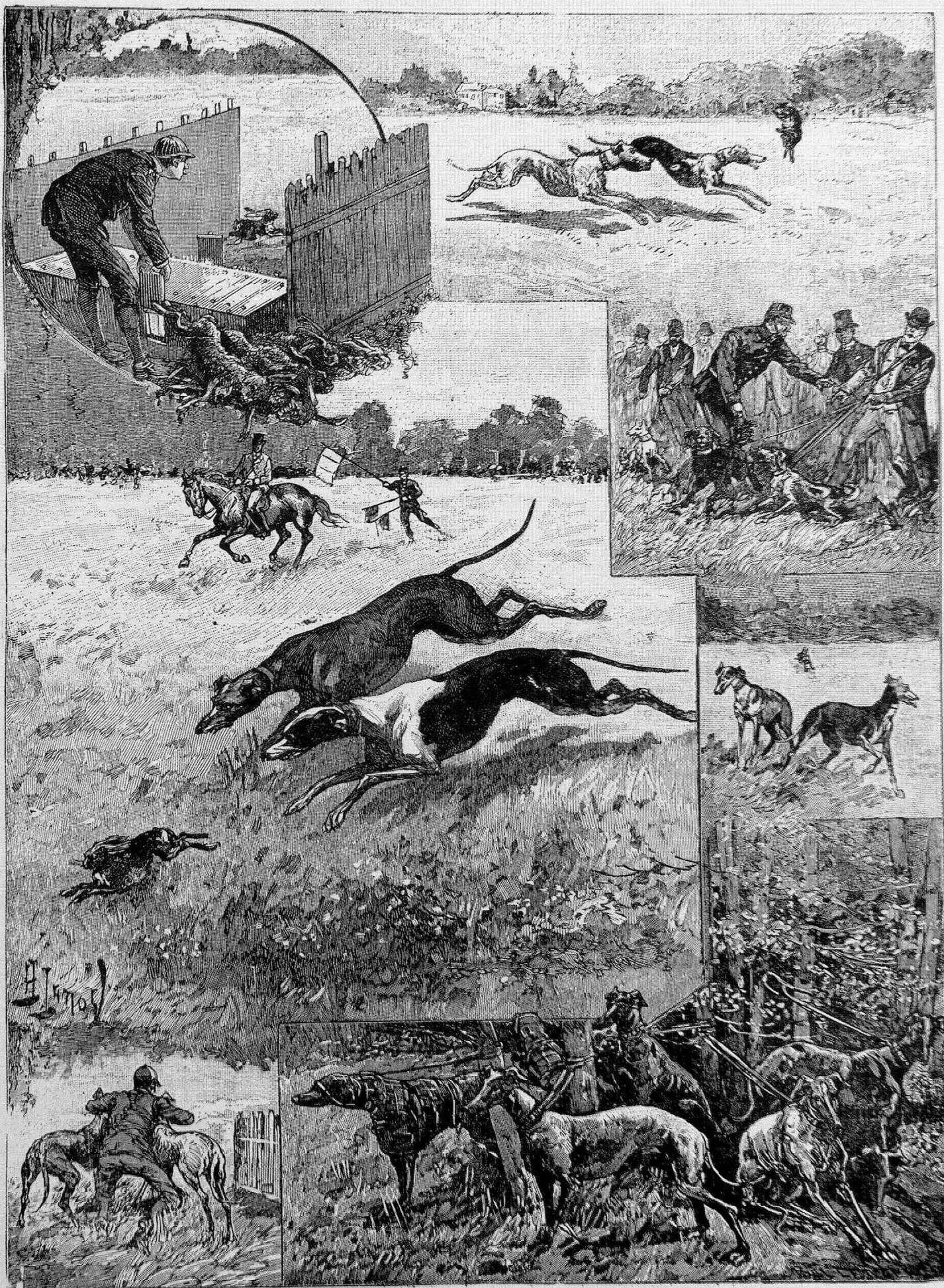
MAJOR WILSON, KINGSTON; A BATTERY.

CAPT. DAVIDSON,
1ST BRIGADE FIELD ARTILLERY.

A GROUP OF NOTABILITIES.



A TRIAL SHOT.



RABBIT COURSING AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

1. The losers. 2. The spring trap. 3. Want to join in. 4. The run. 5. Lost scent. 6. The slipper. 7. The victors.

From *l'illustration*.



TIRED MOTHERS.—As we said, editorially, last week, we find in the daily papers, sometimes, poems that strike home and which would give fame to the writers if their names were known. We have met the following lines, off and on, for years, and having seen them lately, clipped them and submit them to our lady readers, especially those mothers who know what it is to have carried their children through the first helpless stages of infancy, and then lose them as they become interesting in speech and gesture, and companions to their fond parents. The verses are very beautiful, and if some of the weak lines were retouched, would be simply perfect.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of golden hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine, till it slips away.
And so it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
The lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hand had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your headache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gowns;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world would say,
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdie from its nest is flown,—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

LIVES BY COOKING.—A lady of good family, whose fortunes were suddenly broken, instead of repining, at once called her cooking skill into requisition. She has quietly let it be known among her old-time friends that she will serve them in their kitchens on occasion. When any one of the circle in whose parlour she once was, and still might be, a social ornament, desires to give a specially nice dinner or tea, they send for her. She brings her cooking wrapper in a little hand-bag, takes charge of the kitchen as the pilot does of a steamship on entering port, relieves the mistress of all care, anxiety and concern, and sends up a charming meal, such as a less cultivated cook could not provide. She is in such great demand that her prices have already doubled.

STOP IN BED.—A writer in a medical journal remarks: "The surest, quickest, and most sensible way to cure a cold is to go to bed and stay there." But he adds, with a touch of sarcasm: "Not one American (and, he might add, not one Canadian) in fifty will apply the remedy. We are too busy. We would rather risk losing our whole life than lose a single day. Therein we are fools." For other things than colds a day in bed is a most excellent specific. For certain forms of nervous impairment, nothing will more readily restore the balance than the forced rest and quiet of a few hours in a recumbent position.

MACHINE NOISE FOR NERVES.—It has been suggested that the noise of machinery has a beneficial effect upon the nerves of girls and women employed in factories. For the first few weeks of her work, amid the ceaseless clatter, the employee generally has headaches, a tendency to deafness, and suffers considerably from insomnia. Later, when she has become accustomed to it, the headaches disappear, hearing is remarkably acute, and her nervousness is much abated. The result is the reverse of what would be expected, but statisticians and hygienists say that it is what is found in the majority of cases.

FRUIT FOR LUNCHEON.—Few people realize the benefit to be gained from a free use of fruit. Now, we would suggest that the child, rather than the mother, be held responsible for the preparation of the daily lunch, but instead of sending him to the pantry for bread, meat, cake, etc., we would suggest that he be sent down cellar or out into the field for some ripe apples, pears or grapes. A moderate supply of sound, ripe fruit, together with one or two graham gems, make a luncheon far more healthful and appetizing than most of the luncheons that find their way into the baskets of many of our school children.

AT A SUMMER HOTEL.

At the commencement of the season everything about the house is redolent of cleanliness, fresh paint and pleasant anticipation. The warmth with which the landlord welcomes the earliest arrivals is quite touching in its generous fervour; his affectionate smile is the concentrated essence of benignity; evidently his one object in life is to please his guests. All their idiosyncrasies are studied, their wants anticipated; the propitiatory precipitation of the waiters is almost overpowering. Agreeably conscious of conferring a favour, the guests take the place, the hotel, the landlord under their own special protection. Feeling quite a proprietary interest in the subject, they "talk it up" enthusiastically. Never before were there such views, such sunsets, such rocks and bathing, such comfort and such charming people. Harrowing tales of various startling experiences at different watering places are related with dramatic effect, all throwing into vivid contrast the peculiar merits of Seagull Beach. People are in a condition of effervescence; geniality flavoured with a ready optimism is the order of the day. The ladies display their fancy work, are generous in sharing the benefits of new stitches, exchange opinions upon dress, disease and domestics; the older people gravely discuss theology, the children swear eternal friendship, invalids are delighted to have found a fresh audience to whom they can describe their pains and aches, several promising flirtations are inaugurated, to which the surroundings lend a romantic and idyllic charm, and in which the whole house takes the most kindly interest.

The second week the confidential relations existing between the people collected at the Seagull House become decidedly more effusive. As intimacy increases, egotism expands. Reticent persons wonder for the punishment of what particular sin they are condemned to listen to the endless enumeration of the grandeur of other people's connections, the magnificence of their establishments, the perfections of their children, and their own personal merits, and are slightly disposed to resent the minuteness and redundancy of the recital. The nurses are liberal about imparting all the information, real or imaginary, they have been able to glean regarding their respective employers. Some people display quite an extraordinary faculty for picking up unsavory details concerning their new acquaintance: events of immemorial antiquity are revived by brilliant imaginations and biographical notes, mostly of a depreciatory character, are dispensed with keen enjoyment of the subject. There is considerable interest tinged with emulation concerning the display of dress. There are two or three black sheep in whom the public interest is inconveniently emphatic. Several unoffending persons have such rôles assigned to them by the popular imagination; they are in-

cessantly examined with abnormal interest, and in order to test the melancholy accuracy of the suspicion, are subjected to endless ingenuities of cross-examination conducted with occasional qualms as to the lawfulness of the process.

During the third week the children, who until now have been lambs and sweet pets, develop into imps and ghouls. A boisterous acrimony, destructive alike to life and limb, and to the repose of the older guests, pervades their pastimes. The servants' quarrels, which have become frequent and furious, are conducted with spirit and vivacity. Regarding other people's troubles from an abstract and philosophical point of view, the public at large has made the discovery that most of the ailments with which they have sympathized are the direct result of either hysteria or hypochondria, and many can talk with scientific precision on the subject. The theological discussions are enlivened by a spirit of acrid self-assertion. After assuming various tragic phases, the flirtations have either expired from inanition or assumed a flavour of latent levity that affords gossip to the whole house. Conversation tends more to amusement than edification, and a doctrine regarding the imbecility and worthlessness of the public at large propagates itself. There is a current tendency to drift into little groups, and these coteries are pervaded by an Ishmaelitic impulse which prompts every woman to raise her tongue against her neighbour. Some display daring peculiarities, developed into huge size by absolute abandonment to their influence. The delirium of impatient sensation, galvanized by perpetual contact with the personal pronoun, creates jar and discord in chaotic minds, viewing all things in relation to its own crochets, ruled by freaks of impulse and passion, making for itself innumerable laws of wilfulness and whim. The attendance is pronounced miserable, the table wretched, and the people whose housekeeping is characterized by the most rigid parsimony cannot be content with anything that is not at least two months before due season. The house is crowded to excess, the landlord assumes a haughty and truculent bearing, indicative of his entire independence of patronage.

The distinct characteristic of the fourth week is a deep and dark depression. The moral and mental atmosphere is saturated by a distaste amounting to fanaticism for all its surroundings. The cheap fares have commenced. Crowds of brisk and hungry tourists pour in, devouring all before them like a flood of devastating locusts. Caustic severity, plaintive reproaches, wrathful denunciations are all alike wasted upon the landlord to whom his guests seem simply like a flock of sheep to be fed and tended with the least possible expenditure of trouble and expense. The nurses, who have almost all given warning, have drifted into an armed neutrality, and children roam wild as young hawks. The fancy work is all finished, there are no more fascinating costumes to be displayed, the black sheep (not so very black) have proved tame and uninteresting creatures, even gossip has lost its charm. Husbands and fathers, who all summer have been bewailing their confinement to their city offices, scarcely display the enthusiasm their families expected on their emancipation from business cares. They talk a great deal about the sea air, the boating, the fishing, with a hypocritical assumption of enjoyment, but they wander about disconsolately and then suddenly discover that business of importance requires their presence in town immediately. It is hard that a man should not be allowed to enjoy his holiday in peace. No power on earth will prevent him from catching the evening train. With shriek of whistle and clamour of bell, morning, evening and noonday trains arrive, but no trace of the absentees who have clearly shirked their responsibilities. The women are all bored to extinction. Then it rains steadily for two or three days in succession, the trunks begin to fly around in a very lively manner, farewells are uttered with gushing cordiality, and, like birds in autumn, the summer guests depart.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

Montreal, P. Q.

STATUE TO SHAKESPEARE.

On the 10th October was unveiled at Stratford-on-Avon the statue of Shakespeare, presented, designed and executed by Lord Ronald Gower, brother to the Duke of Sutherland. It has been several years in preparation, and is entirely Shakesperian in character, with a life size figure of the poet on a pedestal surrounded by four of his greatest creations—namely, Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Falstaff and Prince Hal. The statue is placed in the grounds surrounding the memorial buildings, within a few yards of Shakespeare's residence. The pedestal is of Bath stone, sixteen feet high, and elaborately carved. A life-size seated bronze figure of Shakespeare surmounts it. The face bears a striking resemblance to the portrait shown at his birthplace, and the effect is rendered more striking by the sculptor having adopted as a costume a doublet covered by a loose, sleeveless gown, such as distinguishes the portrait. Shakespeare's gaze is directed toward the church where lie his remains.

The four Shakesperian figures stand on projecting bases. Hamlet is seated, with a dejected expression of visage, musing over Yorick's skull. The other seated figure is that of Falstaff. An empty wine cup is in the left hand, the right being raised, with the forefinger extended. Lady Macbeth is represented rubbing her hands to remove the indelible bloodstains. The face is hard and cruel, but a shadow of remorse is to be remarked in it. Prince Hal is trying on his father's crown. The memorial is decorated with four laurel chaplets and masks typical of comedy and tragedy. It is the generous tribute of a true artist to a poet's fame.

There was an immense gathering, including many visitors from London and the large provincial cities, and a perfect multitude from within a radius of twenty miles. The monument was gracefully unveiled, amid cheers and music, by Lady Hodgson, wife of the Mayor of that city, who is a daughter of the Chief Justice of New South Wales. Sir Arthur Hodgson, the Mayor of Stratford, who was once a distinguished official in Queensland, where he made an immense fortune, felicitously accepted the statue, and was pleasantly seconded by Sir Philip Canliffe Owen.

Oscar Wilde, the orator of the day, made a terse and poetic speech. Lord Ronald Gower made a few modest, neat remarks in thanks, and then a large number of invited guests were given a princely luncheon by the Mayor, in the picture gallery of the memorial hall.

Miss Ada Rehan dominated the entertainment, gorgeously dressed as Katherine—that is to say, her portrait recently presented by Augustin Daly looked down upon the table, surrounded by pictures of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Charles Kean, John Philip Kemble, Farren Phelps, Edwin Booth and others. Mr. George Augustus Sala responded to the toast "The Drama."

Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of the county, spoke for Shakespeare's birthplace, and remarked, "Since the visit of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly here our people have read more about Bacon and loved Shakespeare better than ever." Oscar Wilde recited an ode of four lines, which, referring to the bronze figures, read thus:

Hear Royal Henry chide his self-crowned heir,
The guilty Queen moan for her white hands' stain,
Or Falstaff troll some roystering refrain,
Or Hamlet play with his whole soul's despair.

The newly elected member for Montreal East, Mr. Lepine, will be the youngest member of the House of Commons, 28, yet he will represent the most populous constituency in the Dominion, and the largest manufacturing centre. He is a printer by trade, but being a pledged prohibitionist, takes no "stick" in his drinks, though he may have several "sticks" in his "takes."

The Right Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., formerly Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada, and who is an honorary canon of Canterbury Cathedral and the writer of many devotional books, the only surviving brother of Sir Henry Chudleigh Oxenden, the oldest living baronet, who is in his 94th year, was born at Broome Park, near Canterbury, and has just completed his 80th year.

MILITIA NOTES.

It is reported that the invention of Captain Greville Harsten, of the Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, for converting the Martini rifle into a magazine weapon, has been adopted by the Small Arms Committee for the British Army.

General Goodenough, who has come to Canada to advise the British Government as to the best way of defending Victoria and Vancouver against invasion, passed through Montreal, accompanied by his A. D. C., Capt. Fox, R.A.

Lieut.-Col. James Poyntz, of Windsor, aged 90, who is one of the few remaining veterans of the Peninsular war, has just received a letter from Gen. Ponsonby, at the command of Queen Victoria, inclosing one of Her Majesty's jubilee medals.

Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, the centenarian father of the British navy, has sent to Judge Shannon, of Halifax, an enlarged photograph of himself, done in oil, which he has presented to Judge Shannon as a token of his regard, and also as a souvenir of his attachment to his native city, "dear old Halifax," as he calls it in his accompanying letter. The veteran admiral, the sole survivor of the victors of the Shannon in its famous engagement with the Chesapeake, is still at the head of the navy list of England, although now nearing the 99th year of his age.

THE IDYL OF BRENT FARM.

No father, no mother, my kinsfolk afar,
And so to my lot it befel
A hireling to be to her father for pay;
But I faithfully served him and well.
I loved her, just budding to womanhood then,
But neither by gesture nor words
Did I show of my love for the daughter of one
Who was master of farm lands and herds.

I toiled all the day, and I toiled half the night,
And diligent ever I wrought;
In daytime I deeded in the broad fields of earth,
And at night in the wide fields of thought.
For I said to myself in the depths of my soul:
"The fair and the blossoming rose
From the clod that is trampled in scorn at our feet
Right stately and beautiful grows."

As the spirit enlarges the body refines,
And knowledge creates self-respect;
So I looked unabashed upon others around,
And I carried my body erect.
Men noted the growth of my manner and mind,
And Brent, tho' to others so grim,
Gave me smiles and his confidence, till at last
I managed the farm lands for him.

In Beauty and sweetness Elizabeth grew;
I worshipped her, but from afar,
As a shepherd Chaldee his devotion might pay
To some bright and particular star.
Rich suitors were many who wooed her in vain—
Her gaze went right over their heads;
And Brent said to me, with a queer, crabbed smile—
"Joe, she'll pick out a man when she weds."

Yet the eye speaks the words that will shrink from the tongue;
She knew that I loved her, and she,
By blushes and tremor whenever we met,
Showed her growing affection for me.
It was madness. I felt he would never consent
She should wed with a penniless youth;
And I feared by the glance that he gave us one day,
That he knew or suspected the truth.

I could bear it no longer, the woe and despair,
The torture that gnawed at my breast;
I would leave the old farm, and its memories all,
And fortune pursue in the West.
I would grow with its growth, winning riches and name,
Would suffer no hindrance or let;
And in scenes that were new, and in sights that were strange,
My wild, hopeless passion forget.

So one night after supper when Lizzie sat nigh,
I told them my purpose and plan—
"My year will be up in a fortnight," I said,
"And the West is the place for a man."
Lizzie paled; but her father serenely observed,
"Your plan will not suit me, I fear;
For whenever you marry Elizabeth, Joe,
I expect you to both settle here."

She blushed, and I stammered—"I never have dared—"
Her father he nodded his head—
"I have watched you two young ones for six months or more,
And laughed at your folly," he said.
"If you will ramble West, ramble West if you will,
But better stay here while you may;
Talk over the thing with Elizabeth there—
The girl may have something to say."



Magistrate (to woman)—"You admit that you hit your husband with a stove-lid, and yet you claim that there are extenuating circumstances governing the case."

Woman—"Yes, sah, deh was a extenuatin' sarcumstance. De stove-lid warn't hot."

"What's the name of this play?" asked a young lady of her escort at Albaugh's last night at the close of an act.

"Siberia," he replied, as he started to go out.

"Thanks," she said, sarcastically, "I thought possibly it was Twobeeria." Then he didn't go out.

Mr. Chesley—"Quick, your decision, Louise!"

Miss de Leigh—"Why do you hurry me so?"

Mr. Chesley—"For two reasons. Professor Barnard says that a comet is approaching the earth at the rate of three million miles a day, and—er! ahem! I think I hear your mother coming too."

Smith—"Pretty good thing I overheard to-day. I must tell it to you." Jones—"Let's see. You overheard it." S.—"Didn't I say so?" J.—"You did. But I want to be sure. If you simply heard it, I don't care to hear it—" S.—"I overheard it." J.—"Then peg away, my boy, and give us the whole thing. I expect it's something rich."

A country editor publishes the following: "We hereby tender our heartfelt thanks to Dr. Pellet for his prompt and satisfactory action in our rather critical case last evening. Doc., you are a good one." "Our thanks are also due to our esteemed townsman, James Hawbuck, for a very luscious watermelon which he left on our desk at an early hour yesterday morning. Come again, Jim!"

Addle—"What kind of a hat?"

Fuddle—"Well, that wasn't stated, but I suppose an ordinary hat."

Addle—"See here, Fuddle, don't take any chances. Make it a man's hat. Suppose you should lose and your man should demand a hat for his wife. Where would you be?"

Caller—"I see that the house next door is closed, Mrs. Hobson. Have your neighbours gone to the country?"

Mrs. Hobson—"Oh, I haven't the faintest idea. I never give a thought to my neighbours; but I imagine so. An express waggon called yesterday and took away four trunks, two packing boxes, seven satchels and a baby carriage, and it was the shabbiest lot of baggage I ever saw."

"Shall our boys be whipped at school?" is the momentous question that has taken the place of "Is marriage a failure?" The fact that our boys are our boys and are here to whip proves that marriage is not a failure. As to whether the boys shall be whipped, that depends largely upon whose boy it is. Now, our neighbour's boy ought to be whipped, doubtless; but our boy—be careful how you strike our boy!

Maud—"Are you really engaged to Mr. Hawkins, Ethel?"

Ethel—"Yes. I hardly know whether I love him or not, but he was so earnest that somehow I could not refuse him."

Maud—"Yes, I know. When I refused him last summer he told me he was going to marry somebody or bust before Christmas."

"Wildred," said he, while his larynx quivered with tremulous pathos. "Have I offended you?"

"No, George, you have not."

"Then why are you so silent?"

"Do not ask me."

"But, darling, think you have spoken scarcely twenty words in the last hour. I cannot bear the gloomy quiet. Why do you not speak? Why do you not talk?"

"Because, George, I want fame. I am a woman, and I am trying to make a record."

"Amelia Sassafras," said Marcellus Roddy, with an accent of pain in his rich voice, "do you realize the anguish you have caused me by your refusal of my heart and hand? No, you are cold and passionless. You realize nothing."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Roddy," said Amelia, haughtily. "Do you remember the ring you gave me? And the opera glasses? And the bracelets? And the gold thimble?" "I do remember them," moaned the wretched young man.

"Well," said Amelia, "I have realized on them all. I give you the pawn tickets and this bundle of letters. Farewell forever, Mr. Roddy."

The roses from the wild rose trees

Upon the grass are falling,

And geese in happy argosies

Fly southward, wildly calling,

Upon the top rail of the fence

The squirrels madly chatter,

And in the forest deep and dense,

The chestnuts gayly patter;

And Mary Jane will soon commence

To make the buckwheat batter.



QUITE NATURAL.

MAMMA: Don't you think, Emma, you are getting a little too old to be playing with the boys so much?

EMMA: I know it, but the older I get the better I like 'em.

It was the late Judge Thomas Russell, of Boston, whose wit was spontaneous, who once said that "Know all men by these presents" might be changed to "Know one woman by these presents," for if one woman knew it, all the rest of the world would."

There is truth in the remark that a bag, if empty, hangs loosely by its string, but the more there is put in it the closer is the mouth drawn and the harder it is to get anything out. So, often, as men have more means to give, is it more difficult to obtain money from them.

Jawkins—"Want Softleigh to join our literary club? Why, I don't believe he ever read anything but Mother Goose and the Book of Etiquette in his life!"

Hogg—"Ah, but then he has such a high forehead, you know, and wears his eyeglass with such a very intellectual air!"

Railroad dining station proprietor—"If the new superintendent of this road ain't discharged pretty soon I'll be bankrupt."

Friend—"What's he doin' to ye?"

"He's running the trains so regular that the passengers get plenty of time to eat their meals, hang him!"

Myrtle—"Florence, is that Fred. Dumley's handwriting?"

Florence—"Yes, dear. I'm engaged to him, you know."

Myrtle—"Yes, I know it. I was engaged to him last summer."

Florence—"The dear boy. I wonder who will marry him eventually."

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked one of the neighbour's boys, as his companion came out of the alley gate. "Ain't finished your dinner a'ready, have ye?"

"Nop."

"Didn't ye get any?"

"Yep; but I didn't wait to finish it."

"What made you leave so soon?"

"Well, I said something at the table and everybody but pa laughed."

A labourer in a shipyard was one day given a two-foot rule to measure a piece of iron plate. Not being accustomed to the use of the rule, he returned it, after wasting a good deal of time.

"Well, Mike," asked his superior officer, "what is the size of the plate?"

"Well," replied Mike, with the smile which accompanies duty performed, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and the breadth of my hand and arm, from here to there, bar a finger."

THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:

To Banff and return. - \$90 00

To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return, 125 00

To San Francisco and return, - - - 140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

COMPLIMENTARY AND WEDDING PRESENTS

Useful Articles in great variety. Electro Plate, Brass Ware, Clocks, etc.

AT WATSON & PELTON'S,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL. 53 ST. SULPICE ST. MONTREAL.

SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE WORKS for the construction of the canal, above mentioned, advertised to be let on the 23rd of October next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Wednesday, the 7th day of November next.

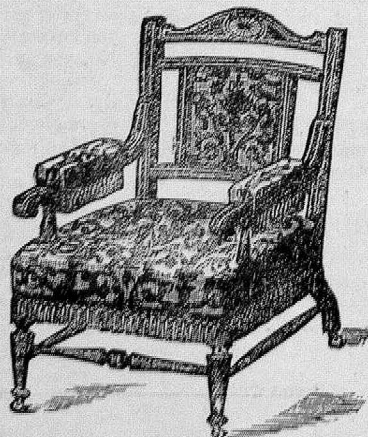
Plans and specifications will be ready for examination, at this office and at Sault Ste. Marie, on and after

Wednesday, the 24th day of October next.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 27th September, 1888.



Save Time and Money
BY USING
HALL'S
Adjustable
Dress Forms.

Dressmakers and private families should have one.

JOS. L. GURD, Sole Agent,
81 St. Francois Xavier St., Montreal.
P.S. — Closes up like an umbrella.

DRINK LIFE-GIVING ST. LEON WATER.

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TORONTO: JAS. GOON & Co., 220 & 67 Yonge St.,
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DINING ROOM and BEDROOM

FURNITURE

Are Wonders of Beauty and Cheapness!

WM. KING & CO.

Furniture Manufacturers,

652 CRAIG STREET,

MONTREAL.

CASTOR-FLUID.

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,

144 St. Lawrence Main Street.

St. Lawrence Canals.

Galops Division.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on Tuesday, the 30th day of October instant, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications, will be ready for examination at this office and at the Lock-Keepers house, Galops, on and after Tuesday, the 16th day of October instant, where forms of tender may be obtained by Contractors on personal application.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$5,000 must accompany the tender for the works.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 11th October, 1888.

THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1888, by G. E. Desbarats & Son, at the Department of Agriculture.

VOL. I.—No. 19.

MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 10th NOVEMBER, 1888.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM.
10 CENTS PER COPY.



Constance Stanley & Preston

LADY STANLEY OF PRESTON,

WIFE OF HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,

163 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,

127 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

10th NOVEMBER, 1888.



The ceaseless rains of the last three months—beginning in August and not over yet—have drawn so much damp from the high heavens that there will not be vapour enough left for early snow. So speak some scientific men. The French farmer forecasts a late and open fall, owing to the second crop of tufted grass which the rains have brought, and whereon the kine will graze. The Indians—the best seers of them all—foretell a mild winter, because furred animals have not soothed their coats, and the birds of the air are sparse in feather.

It sounds like blasphemy to ask whether marriage is a failure, and answers are being poured in upon the American papers from thousands of pens, some of them steeped in scepticism, some in scorn, some in sneers, and almost none in submission to first principles. And yet no rule of life is so elementary. Marriage is a rite or a sacrament. It is indissoluble except for the one cause set down in the Bible. The family and society are rooted in it. The morals of the Christian world are fastened on the sanctity and inviolability of the wedding tie.

Although the returns for the month of October will soon be forthcoming, we think it well to publish the mortuary statistics of our chief towns for September, the last known up to date: Montreal, 526; Toronto, 226; Quebec, 158; Hamilton, 73; Ottawa, 71; London, 27; Winnipeg, 60; Belleville and Kingston, 22; Brantford, St. Thomas, and Gault, 16; Guelph, 21; Peterboro, 14. The mortality of Hull, 17, was the greatest for its size, Winnipeg, Montreal and Quebec following.

Archdeacon Farrar finds time to forward the fancy of vegetarianism, holding that it improves health and tends to simplicity of life; is a practical remedy for poverty, and an absolute check to the curse of drink. Vegetarianism would promote the cultivation of fruit and the distinguished divine grieves that English apples are not so delicious as when he was a boy. Mr. Gladstone is also urging English farmers to grow fruit for jam, whereupon the Archdeacon must have his joke, saying that thus would be fulfilled in two senses the words of the Roman satirist: *Jam dabitur jam-jam.*

The French themselves are awaking to the fact that they are fast declining through decrease in population. We have the warning of several of the chief Paris papers. One of them admits that the tendency of the population is to run down, while England and Germany run up by half a million a year. The Anglo-Saxon race, originally much inferior to the old Gallic race, is now two or three times more numerous. Within a century, for one man speaking French there will be ten speaking English. The increase of the sur-

rounding nations ought certainly to open the eyes of a military people who are obliged to keep up a great army.

La France passes in review all the proposed remedies, and concludes that the only one is to revive the old spirit of the nation. This is true. That spirit is religion. This, however, cannot be done by decree. True again. It can be done only by early marriages, the "cult" of children, and fidelity to wives. The *Univers* says: "We can fix the day, not distant, when, by the perennial falling off of births, France will have lost one-third of its population. The result is fatal. Within half a century France will have fallen below Italy and Spain to the rank of a second-rate power. There is no denying the figures. If this continues, in addition to other causes of decadence, we are a lost nation."

If there is an excess of women in Europe, let them come over here and get married. The Romans want more Sabines. According to the report of the Society for Promoting the Employment of Women, there are three million more women than men in the United Kingdom. About half of them are married, indeed, but over 60 per cent. are single and dependent on their own handiwork for livelihood. Whereupon a Victoria paper calls them to British Columbia, where the wages asked for by the Chinese would seem to these British spinsters as beyond their most sanguine hopes.

Sir Adolphe Caron, whose portrait we published last week, spoke within our hearing, at Ottawa, on the unveiling of the Sharpshooters' Memorial, and took the opportunity of naming most, but not all, the chief monuments of Canada—about sixteen—a respectable number. We shall give them in their chronological order:—Nelson's column, at Montreal; Brock's pillar, at Queenston Heights; the Wellesley and Parker statue, at Halifax; the Wolfe-Montcalm shaft, at Quebec; the Wolfe column, on the Plains; the monument of the Braves, at Ste. Foye; the De Salaberry statue, at Chambly; that of the Queen, at Montreal, and in the Parliamentary Library; the Volunteers' memorial, at Winnipeg; the Brown statue, at Toronto; that of Cartier, at Ottawa; of Laviolette, at Three Rivers; that of Dr. Ryerson, at Toronto; the Brant Memorial, at Brantford; that of the Sharpshooters, at the Capital; the projected colossal figure of the Virgin on Cape Trinity, and the monument to the Iroquois virgin and saint, Catherine Tegakwita, the gift of Canon Walworth, of Albany, which lies uncovered near Caughnawaga because Customs dues have not been paid!

It is not generally known that there are still pelicans in the Mississippi valley and our Northwest. Lately two big flocks flew over St. Louis, Missouri, hovering above the Father of Waters for a time, then slowly sailing, single file, and in a bee line, for the southeast. In olden times the sight of those birds, with a pouch under bill, would have been regarded as a holy token, recalling the fine lines of the eucharistic rhythm:

Pie Pelicane * * * * *
Me immundum munda tuo sanguine,
Cujus una stilla saluum facere
Totum mundum quit ab omni scelere.

The plea for union and the feeling of good fellowship among all the people of Canada dates back over one hundred years, to the very days of the Conquest, when Murray and Guy Carlton set

the example. In 1790, when the Duke of Kent, father of Her Majesty, was commanding his regiment at Quebec, having opportunity to address the Grand Lodge, on an important occasion, and amid peculiar circumstances, he made use of these words, with deepest feeling: "Let there never more be heard among you 'the King's old and new subjects,' 'the French and English inhabitants.' You are all the King's Canadian subjects." We could not say better to-day.

The Mormon question has been settled in the Northwest Territories, through the voluntary renunciation of polygamy by the new settlers there. These people were as good as driven away from Utah by the Congressional suppression of a plurality of wives on the one hand, and the dissolution of their church, with the confiscation of all their property for school purposes, on the other. After that the waters of Salt Lake became bitter of a truth, and the far-seeing faithful are hieing to better lands of promise. The Northwest colony is already doing well, the Twelve Apostles having established the new church, and the Aaronic Priesthood having been conferred on worthy heads.

Now that all the returns from the crops have come in; that the harvest has been moved from the farms to the rail and shipping, and from these to the warehouses, we are in a position to estimate that the whole yield of the soil, throughout the whole provinces, is far better than was feared, rising even above the standard of the average. The public feeling, in consequence, will be one of trust, in spite of the dullness, which is usual at this season. Two or three articles of food have risen only a little—bread, through artificial causes, which must collapse—but the working-men all over the country will work full time the whole winter, with no rebate in wages, and will thus manage to live without hardship till the revival of spring.

COPYRIGHT IN BOOKS.

According to promise, we lay before our readers an account of the question of copyright, from the beginning to our day. The material is drawn from a lecture given by Mr. S. E. Dawson, of Montreal, before the Law School of Bishop's College. The author's views are strongly one-sided, but he presents both sides with fairness, and hence we are safe in drawing from his stores.

Copyright is the right of multiplying copies of literary and artistic works. It is regulated by statute, and begins at the instant of publication, but there is a party holding that copyright is a *natural* right, embodied in Roman Law, and quite independent of government grants in the interests of literature. In 1469 the Senate of Venice began issuing privileges to printers, thus giving authority to the Printers' guilds which existed during the Middle Ages, and the Stationers' Company was established in England, under Philip and Mary, with privilege to license and regulate the printing and sale of books, as well as the monopoly of multiplying copies. As far back as 1530, Henry VIII. issued something similar to "Master Jehan Palsgrave Anylois, natyf de Londres et gradué de Paris," for the imprinting a book called "*Lesclaircissement de la langue francoise*"—a coincidence interesting to us in Montreal, and the printers' craft in Canada, from the name of the late Mr. Palsgrave, who

died at the head of the Dominion Type Foundry in this city.

As time went on, these privileges were jealously guarded and distributed, doubtless by favour, to powerful companies. Thus Elizabeth granted Richard Tottal a monopoly of printing law books; Byrde, music books; Marsh, school books; Flower, grammars; Vautrotlier, Latin books; Day, primers; Symcocke, all things printed on one side of a sheet, provided the other side was white paper. This the Queen did in spite of the Stationers' Company. At this point Mr. Dawson pauses to tell us that the people who got these exclusive rights of making money out of the public property of popular works were not authors but printers, and that, if authors did sometimes get such privileges, their rights flowed from the authority of the Crown, precisely as to-day they flow from the authority of Parliament.

It was during these Licensing Acts, during the Rebellion, that ownership in literary property began to take shape, and the first evidence of an author's right of copy is that of "Paradise Lost." The last of the Licensing Act was in 1679, and in 1708 the first Copyright Act was passed, and not repealed till 1842. With the passage of the statute of Queen Anne, in 1708, authors and publishers, who were benefited by it, assumed that, beside their statutory, they had a Common Law right to which the statute was an adjunct. An interesting trial of this point was in the publication of Thomson's "Seasons," in 1727, the poet, or his assign, enjoying the sole right of printing for fourteen years, until 1741. After that time Thomson's assignee kept on printing, relying on his Common Law right surviving the expiration of the Statute right, when, in 1763, Taylor reprinted "The Seasons," and Millar at once sued him. The case went to the King's Bench where it was decided, by three judges against one, that copyright existed at Common Law and that the Act of Queen Anne was a cumulative remedy against infringement. This was in 1760, when the question was reopened by Donaldson, a publisher, who reprinted a book of which Becket, a rival, claimed copyright at Common Law. The Chancellor having granted an injunction, Donaldson appealed to the Lords, and that body, after a memorable debate, came to a decision upon which the law now rests and may be abridged thus:

I. That an author's right over his unpublished book exists by the Common Law.

II. That publication by the author would not invalidate his Common Law right to copy.

III. That the statute takes away the author's Common Law right *after publication*, and substitutes in place thereof a statutory right.

It was during this debate in the Upper House that Lord Camden delivered his celebrated speech against the perpetuity of literary property, and was answered by Lord Lyttleton. A good deal of copyright legislation was passed from the enactment of the Act of 8th Queen Anne, in 1708, till the date of repeal and the Act of 1842, 5th and 6th Victoria. This Act forbade the reprinting of English books in the Colonies, as also the importation of reprints from foreign countries, and the colonists were cut off from their supply of books which they got much more cheaply from the United States. Of course, there was an outcry from Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but it resulted in no relief. Indeed, the exaction of the Customs, worked in the in-

terests of the English booksellers, led to a system of petty tyranny which to-day reads like fable.

At length, the Imperial Government were persuaded to move in the sense of reform and, in the roundabout system of those days, the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Gladstone, requested the Board of Trade to remind the publishers that it was important to provide for the intellectual needs of the Colonies. In 1847, Parliament passed an Act authorising the issue of an order in Council to suspend that portion of the Act of 1842 relating to the importation of reprints from abroad whenever any Provincial Government made provision for the rights of authors by imposing a special duty for their benefit. The Canadian Government imposed a duty of 12½ per cent. which still appears in our tariff, and was satisfactory to the British Government. The order was issued, and the only part of the Act of 1842, now in force in Canada, is that which forbids reprinting.

Having brought the history of Copyright down to our time, space obliges us to put off to next week, the consideration of the second part of this important subject, the Statute Law of Canada in the premises or, in clearer words. Copyright in Canada.

POINTS.

BY ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

—*Johnson: Vanity of Human Wishes.*

One of the penalties of greatness in these times is to see, in all the shop windows, portraits of oneself, ranging in expression all the way from absolute imbecility to almost supernatural profundity. History mentions a most luxurious crop of popular portraits in the time of John Wilkes. Everwhere busts and portraits of him were set up by an admiring populace; but as to returning their admiration, it seems he did not. The busts and portraits of John Wilkes have been supplanted by a long and numerous line of successors. And to the eminent has to some extent been given the "giftie," to see themselves as others see them. This is hardly, in all cases, a consummation devoutly to be wished. The newspaper portraits would, I think, convince us, if nothing else did, that this is a vale of woe. Perhaps some such consideration may have influenced Mr. Ruskin. Although his life-work has been among pictures, he steadily refused, for some time, to have any pictures taken of himself. But it appears that he has at last yielded to the popular demand, and been photographed, in his garden, with a background of ferns. A fault common to many popular portraits is an attempt to flatter, which often weakens the effect of an otherwise powerful and distinguished face. Like Cromwell, one might desire, after conflict and conquest, to have not one of the seams and wrinkles left out.

Politically the New York *Herald* and the *Tribune* are, of course, at daggers drawn. But, as is not usually the case with belligerents, they will sometimes unite in pitching into a third party. And they are now standing shoulder to shoulder in maintaining a strict code of dramatic criticism. The loss to the theatrical managers will be a gain to the public. Following this, one of our own papers came out with a rather novel announcement. No complimentary tickets will be accepted by the paper in question, in order that it may not be biased in the exercise of the critical faculty. It further adds, that the insertion of any complimentary comments from other papers must be paid for as advertisements. These are good signs. Many newspaper readers, I am sure, must often have turned with dissatisfaction from the euphuistic praises often bestowed upon very inferior performances. Certainly criticism, which the object of it pays for by the em, is not criticism at all. There is too little criticism in America; perhaps that is the reason why foreigners undertake so often to do it for us. It is to be hoped that the example of these papers may be

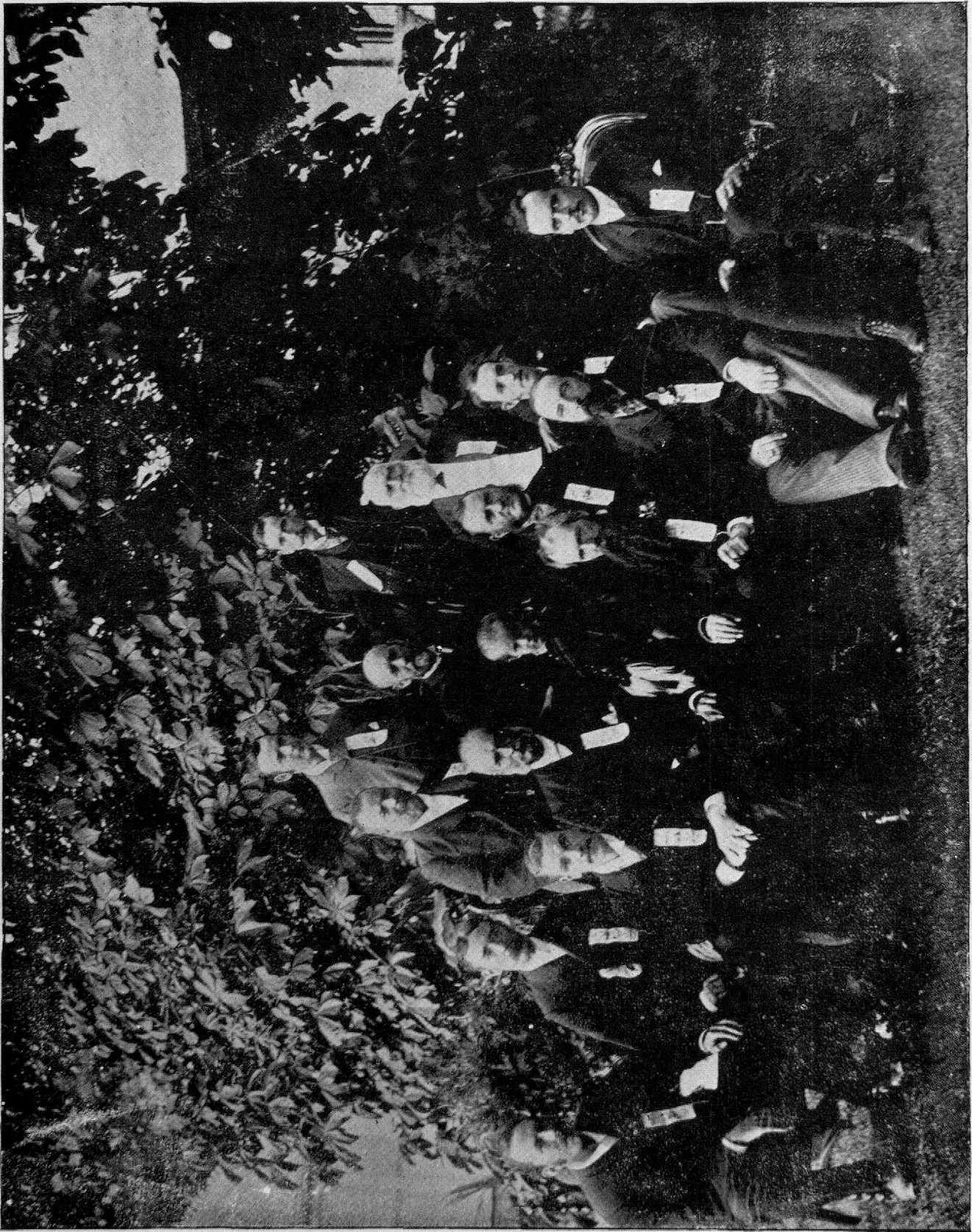
of some influence, and that we may look forward to having our errors of judgment rectified and our taste, where correct, gratified by proper dramatic criticism.

It has been said of Mark Twain that, although he has written many books, his best book is his scrap-book. It is a very good scrap-book, enabling one to arrange his clippings with neatness and despatch. But, for my part, I prefer the envelope system, which permits, perhaps, less neatness but more despatch. Neatly endorsed and properly classified envelopes will admirably answer the purpose. But some well-meaning persons make scrap-books not so much for the sake of the clippings as for the sake of the scrap-books. What fine frenzy it is to be imprisoned in a corner by one of these persons while unfolding the dismal labyrinths of such a scrap-book. Yawns are wasted on the desert air, the book must be waded through. If one betrays a lack of interest, it is ascribed, no doubt, to want of soul. Next to the scrap-book, in dullness, is the screen made of such a conglomeration of incongruities as almost to turn one's head. Life has so many cares and responsibilities that we ought to be given a helping hand, instead of being burdened by requests to look at screens and scrap-books. It may be inferred that I have been a sufferer. Yes, but it is my turn now. I am taking my revenge now. Ha, ha!

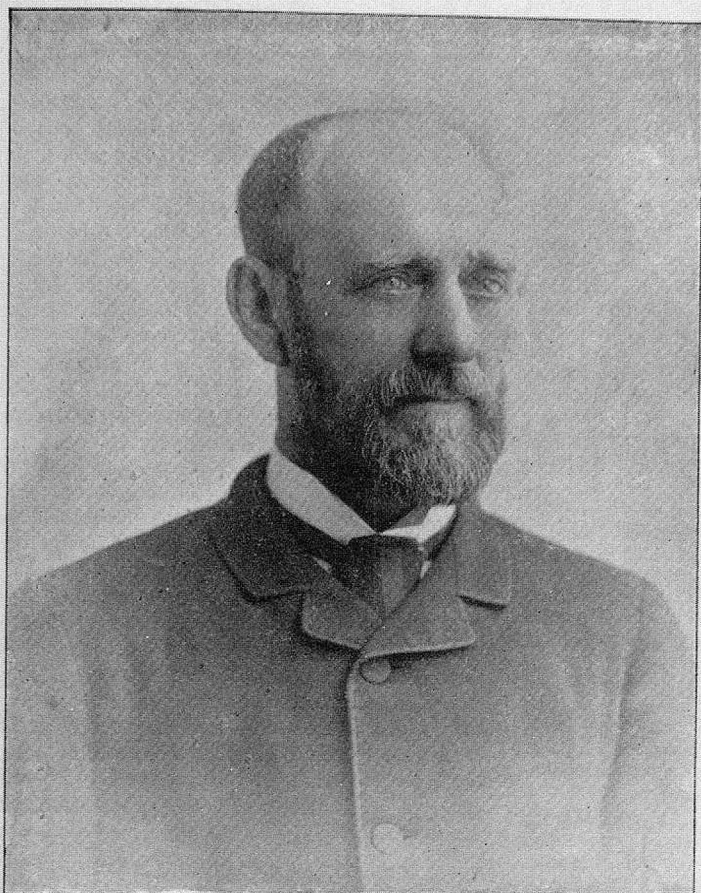
When modern spiritualism was founded by the Fox sisters, in 1848, the superstitious, no doubt, hailed it as a new thing under the sun. Its converts, clinging to it with a tenacity born of a cherished faith, have preserved it in spite of constant "exposures." But at last, from the very hands that exalted it, it has received a blow under which it must stagger. Mrs. Martha Fox Kane, one of the founders of spiritualism, is well on in years and will, ere long, know more about spirits than it is to be presumed she ever did here. So she has made a confession, and declared that the spiritualism which she helped to found is a fraud, a delusion and a snare. And it turns out that the mysterious rappings were produced by the skillful manipulation of a big toe. Could anything be less spiritual than a big toe? Ask the young and aching lover, who is all spirituality, how he feels about it. Well, the exposure seems to be complete. We are told that the Academy of Music, New York, was crowded to its utmost capacity, and that at times the wildest excitement prevailed. Hundreds had come to see the originators of their faith destroy it at one stroke.

The stale, flat and unprofitable remarks that are usually made upon the weather have very often the additional demerit of being untrue. With the wind chilling one's marrow, and the rain spoiling one's favourite coat, the well-meaning but misguided individual is in error when he says "nice day." This is an error into which I have occasionally seen people fall. The gentleman whose collar is like a concertina and whose face is like the proverbial beet, has a good deal to bear when asked: "Is it hot enough for you?" A gentleman in this condition was asked this question once, in my presence, last summer, and I immediately rebuked the interrogator. The same question had, no doubt, been pestering the sufferer a dozen times before, and besides, it was a self-evident proposition. Probably when some people reach the bourne of brimstone, their first question will be: "Is it hot enough for you?" But it is not everyone who can talk like Mr. Burroughs, about wind and weather, so we must be patient.

THE HALF-BREED BEAUTY.—Last week a small party of Eastern gentlemen on a hunting and pleasure expedition lost their way and wandered to the Indian agency. In the company was Henry Ashburton, a wealthy young man, of Leeds, Eng. Here he made the acquaintance of the daughter of the leading chief, which ripened into love, and they were married at once. The maiden is a Half-Breed about 18 years of age. Her face is white and delicate, and in society and fashionable garments no one would ever suspect that she was of Indian parentage.



THE "LANCASHIRE RECEPTION COMMITTEE,
ON THE OCCASION OF THEIR EXCELLENCIES' VISIT TO TORONTO.



ALDERMAN JOHN HALLAM, OF TORONTO.

From a photograph by Gagen & Fraser.



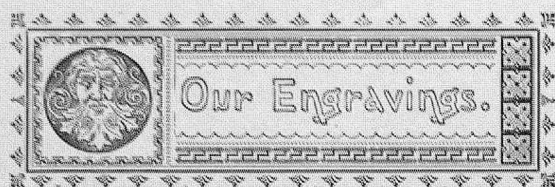
HON. JOHN HAGGART, POSTMASTER GENERAL.

From a photograph by Topley.



MOUNT CARROLL, SELKIRKS, SHEWING NO. 1 SNOWSHED ON THE C. P. R'Y.

From a photograph by Notman.



LADY STANLEY.—Lady Stanley, of Preston, whose portrait graces the present issue of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is a daughter of the fourth Earl of Clarendon, K. G., who died in 1870. Her brothers are the present Earl of Clarendon, Colonel George Villiers, Grenadier Guards, late Military Secretary to the Governor-General of India, and now Military Attaché at Berlin, and Francis Villiers, in the Diplomatic Service. The Countess of Latham and Lady Amphil, the widow of the late Lord Amphil, better known as Lord Odo Russell, are sisters of Lady Stanley. Her Ladyship's father was ambassador at Madrid, and successively Lord Privy Seal, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and three times Foreign Secretary in the British Government. Her Ladyship married Colonel Honourable F. A. Stanley, M. P., Grenadier Guards, now His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, in 1864, and became the mother of ten children, nine of whom are still living. Her eldest son, Edward, who is expected shortly in Canada to take up the duties of A. D. C. to his father, is a Lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, from which regiment His Excellency has selected the whole of his staff. The son's engagement to Lady Alice Montagu, daughter of the Duke of Manchester, has just been announced. Lady Stanley has one daughter, a pretty girl of about fourteen years of age. There are three ladies in Canada with their Excellencies—the Honourable Mrs. Colville, wife of the Military Secretary and sister of Captain Streatfield, who was Military Secretary to Lord Lansdowne; Mrs. Bagot, wife of Captain Bagot, Private Secretary, and Miss Lister, Lady Stanley's cousin. The hostess of Rideau Hall seems to enter thoroughly into every phase of Canadian life, and to make herself quite at home amongst all classes of Canadians. She has accompanied her husband wherever he has been since their arrival in the Dominion, and has worked indefatigably to make herself acquainted with all the institutions and features of our great Dominion. On the other hand, Lady Stanley may rely on the constant welcome, the esteem and the affection of Canadian families throughout the Dominion, as her gracious predecessors, Lady Dufferin, Princess Louise, and Lady Lansdowne before her.

HON. J. G. HAGGART.—The new Postmaster-General, although still in the prime of life, is an old parliamentarian, having first tried his fortunes for the Ontario Legislature in 1867—the year of Confederation. He is of Scotch parentage, and was born at Perth, Ontario, on the 14th November, 1836. For several years he was chief magistrate of Perth, where he is a well-to-do mill owner. He entered the Dominion Parliament in 1872 for South Lanark, and has been returned consecutively ever since through five electoral contests. His Parliamentary services have been steady, and his use to his party of such avail that he was taken into the Cabinet last summer as head of the vast department of the Post Office.

MOUNT CARROLL, WITH SNOWSHED.—In the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of the 22nd September, No. 12, we published a view of Mount Carroll, of the mighty Selkirk range. To-day we give another view of surpassing boldness and wildness, a mass of rock towering a mile and a quarter above the railway in almost vertical height, its numberless pinnacles piercing the very zenith. Its base is but a stone's-throw distant, and it is so sheer, so bare and stupendous, and yet so near, that one is overawed by a sense of immensity and mighty grandeur. This is the climax of mountain scenery!—In passing before the face of this gigantic precipice, the line clings to the base of Hermit Mt., and, as the station at Roger's Pass is neared, its clustered spires appear, facing those of Mt. Carroll, and nearly as high. These two matchless mountains were once apparently united, but some great convulsion of nature has split them asunder, leaving barely room for the railway. All of the difficulties of the railway from snow in the winter occur between Bear Creek and the summit on the east and for a similar distance on the west slope of the Selkirks, and these have been completely overcome by the construction, at vast expense, of sheds, or more properly tunnels, of massive timber work. These are built of heavy squared cedar timber, dove-tailed and bolted together, backed with rock, and fitted into the mountain sides in such a manner as to bid defiance to the most terrific avalanche. At the foot of Mount Carroll is built what is called Snowshed No. 1.

WEST OTTERTAIL MOUNTAIN.—We are here on the western slope of the famous Kicking Horse Pass, so praised by the exploring engineers. The valley is formed by the Wapta or Kicking Horse river. At the left the highest peaks of the Ottetail Mts. rise abruptly to an immense height; and, looking south, a magnificent range of peaks extends in orderly array toward the southeast as far as the eye can reach. These are the Beaverfoot Mts. At the right, Mt. Hunter pushes his huge mass forward like a wedge between the Ottetail and Beaverfoot ranges. The river turns abruptly against his base and plunges into the lower Kicking Horse canyon. The names Ottetail and Beaverfoot are beautiful, and it requires no great stretch of the traveller's eye to acknowledge the truth of the red man's fancy in thus calling them.

JACK ASHORE.—We have no hesitation in saying that our readers have not had the pleasure of seeing a finer picture than this in any of the foregoing numbers. At first sight it might answer for the scene of meeting of Little Em'ly and Steerforth, on the Yarmouth sands, only the handsome rascal that blighted the home of the Peggottys was not clad in sailor's garb, nor bore the manly heart of honest Jack. There is no tragedy here, only the sweet story of love, under the brooding heavens, and in sight and sound of the summer sea. The two old hulks, at right angles to each other, with their thatched roofs and dangling shutters, the dismantled hulls in the offing, and the spars and canvas on the level beach, form the framework, and are the silent witnesses of the sweet interview after the long cruise. Jack is arrayed at his best, in regulation trouser, jacket and cap, dashed to one side; cape spread, with woman's taste, around his neck and shoulders; his left hand resting on his hip, while his right, behind his back, holds a willow wand, looped at end, like a lover's knot. The sailor boy is well to look upon, but what shall we say of Susan? Full in the midst of the picture is she, seated on a wicker chair, in white apron, stomacher and coif, mending a snow-white net, the work forsooth of her own skilful fingers, and as delicate as lace. Susan is listening to Jack's tale of the sea, pending the sweeter hour of sunset when they shall talk of something else that is nearer to their hearts. The girl's face is one of wholesome English beauty, full of health and soul, as we often see them on the storm-beaten coasts of the Serpentine.

MANITOBA RAILWAY WAR.—Once more we are enabled to give our readers the first and only pictorial history of the railway warfare between the Manitoba Government and the Canadian Pacific. The photographs from which the sketches are made were taken on the grounds and sent us. The first represents a C.P.R. engine across the North Pacific and Manitoba, showing the extension on the Portage la Prairie side, of the C. P. R. track. The second shows the C. P. R. engine, the C. P. R. special police, the "Fence," and the hand car on the N. P. & M. The third gives the C. P. R. running two engines down the track to the crossing of the N. P. & M. The fourth shows the C. P. R. engine just dumped alongside the first, of which the cabin and smoke stack can be seen on the farther side.

CANOE LAKE.—This drawing, by T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., represents the southern entrance to Canoe Lake, which is situated on the south branch of the Muskoka River, something over a hundred miles north of Lake of Bays, where the settlements may be said to end. As it is so far away and unapproachable, except by canoes, it is still in its original wild state, and is noted as being the centre of a good hunting and trapping district, where bear, mink, otter, fisher, and even beaver, are still to be found. The artist camped on the point to the left of the picture, finding on his arrival a fresh moose track along the sandy beach, which he followed some distance without success. While camping there a deer hunt by wolves took place, the deer taking the water back of the point. Immediately on reaching the lake the old wolves of the party pulled up short, knowing it was waste of time and energy to go farther, but the young and inexperienced ones dashed into the water and struck out for fifty or a hundred yards, when they gave up in despair.

LA CLOCHE MOUNTAINS.—After calling at the Hudson's Bay post of La Cloche in travelling toward Garden River and the Sau't, the steamer passes by almost innumerable islands, mostly covered with trees, pine, spruce and birch predominating. On looking back toward the mountains, the spectator is struck with the wonderful difference the perpetually changing foreground makes in the pictures presented, while the barren, gloomy La Cloche Mountains remain much the same, until, turning of a deeper and deeper neutral blue, they sink behind the islands and are things of the past.

LITERARY NOTES.

A second edition of "Fleur de Lys," by Arthur Weir, is shortly to be published. This is the best proof of popular favour.

Three Rivers is going to have a new bi-weekly paper, called *Le Trifluvien*, to be thoroughly Conservative in principles of church and statecraft.

The *Index of Current Events* is the name of a new weekly published by Mr. Henry Dalby, of the *Star*, for the purposes of research. It will be found invaluable for editorial work.

Arthur Weir is receiving substantial honours. Five of his poems and a biographical sketch of two pages' length have appeared in the eleventh series of Edwards' "Modern Scottish Poets," just out. We shall give further particulars next week.

A little book entitled "The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada," something in the style of "The Battle of Dorking," has been issued in the United States by Samuel Barton. It gives an account, supposed to be written in 1930, of the bombardment and destruction of the city of New York by a British fleet in May, 1890.

Special attention is called to the sketch in this issue entitled "The Drunkard's Daughter," modestly signed "H. C." From a wide experience the editor is bold to say that a better piece of satirical writing, with an ending of God's own benediction upon the repentant and reformed, has never come under his eye. "H. C.'s" story is a little masterpiece.

RECEPTION TO LORD STANLEY IN TORONTO

BY THE LANCASHIRE LADS AND LASSES.

On Tuesday, 11th September, at about 5.30 p. m., the Vice-Regal party drove from the Public Library to Linden Villa, the residence of Ald. Hallam, to receive an address from the Lancashire Lads and Lasses.

Here an agreeable surprise awaited the distinguished visitors. As Lord and Lady Stanley, accompanied by Miss Lister and Col. Colville, his aide-de-camp, alighted from their carriage a splendid brass band struck up "God save the Queen." As they passed under a beautiful floral arch bearing these devices, "Welcome," "Stanley for Ever," "Prosperity to Lancashire," "Our Queen and Country," "Canada our Home," they were met by Ald. Hallam, Mr. Henry W. Neville, Mr. David Smith and Mr. Owen, who escorted the party through a regular avenue of people all of whom watched the procession with uncovered heads.

His Lordship was led to a neat little dais richly carpeted and adorned with exotics and deep-coloured foliage plants. On this were three seats provided for Lord and Lady Stanley and Miss Lister.

As soon as they were seated handsome bouquets were presented to Lady Stanley and Miss Lister by two of the alderman's children, Annie and Douglas Hallam, each receiving a kiss from the pleased recipients. After three ringing cheers for the Governor-General, Alderman Hallam read the following address which was artistically illuminated and engrossed on vellum with designs emblematic of the trade and commerce of Lancashire.

THE LANCASHIRE ADDRESS.

To His Excellency the Right Honourable Sir Frederick Arthur Stanley, G. C. B., Baron Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada, etc., etc.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR EXCELLENCY:

We, the undersigned, on behalf of the Lancashire lads and lasses residing in Toronto and vicinity, have much pleasure in tendering to you and Lady Stanley a most hearty welcome to our midst.

We are delighted that her Majesty, our beloved Queen, has for the first time appointed as Governor-General of our Dominion of Canada a Lancashire nobleman, a scion of the ancient and distinguished house of Stanley.

We beg to assure your Excellency that we have found a good home in Canada, that we are happy and contented, proud of our adopted country, and though far away from dear old England, that we have not lost any of our love or veneration for our native land and her time-honoured institutions.

We desire through you to express to her Majesty our devoted loyalty to her crown and person, and our earnest prayer that she may long continue, in harmony and peace with all nations, to reign over that vast Empire on which the sun never sets.

Again extending to your Excellency a cordial Lancashire welcome on the occasion of your first visit to the Queen City of the West, we bespeak for you a prosperous and successful term of office during your administration as her Majesty's representative over the Dominion of Canada.

THE REPLY.

Lord Stanley, in reply, said:

MR. HALLAM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I am extremely indebted to you for the kindness of your address. I cannot find words to express my feelings of gratitude. The Governor-General of this Dominion is supposed to be an absolutely impartial being, one who knows neither class, nor nationality, nor politics.

A Lancashire Lad—You are a good old Tory. (Laughter and applause.)

Lord Stanley—But notwithstanding all this there are times one cannot disassociate himself from early recollections, and when not even the most rigid constitutionalist can say that he is in error. On this occasion there is in my heart a warm response to the kindly greetings from my Lancashire friends. (Applause.) A great many people seem to form their ideas of Lancashire from those who come from Wigan or Warrington on a wet day. (Laughter.) Now it does seem a difficult problem to solve why it is that every Lancashire man has such a strong devotion for his country. I have often tried to solve it but failed; and I find that it is just as strong here as it is in Lancashire. Distance is disappearing more and more every day by means of the steamboat and railroad, and we may be said to be very much nearer our old homes now than we would be years ago. I am prompted to say that Lancashire men have the genius of coming to the front and holding their own no matter where they are to be found. With all diffidence to the Mayor and the other gentlemen who are not as favoured in this respect as we are—(laughter)—I say that those two qualifications

have done much for the prosperity of this Dominion. Whatever work comes in the way of the Lancashire man he throws his whole heart into it. There is an earnestness about the men from our county, no matter what they take in hand. I don't know whether these qualities will stand me for the five years I hope to be among you, but so far I have been met more than half way by the kindness shown me wherever I have been in your Dominion, and in no place more than in this fair city of yours. (Applause.) Lady Stanley is not a Lancashire lady by birth, but she is one by adoption and grace. (Laughter.) I find the gentlemen of the press busy here as everywhere else, to find out how many times it is possible for a man to convey a like sentiment in different sentences. (Laughter.) I have been presented with about a dozen addresses within the past 48 hours, and if I have repeated myself you must excuse me. I am glad to see so many Lancashire lads and lasses here, but I find that Mr. Hallam has abandoned the term as it used to be. We did not call them Lancashire lasses, but Lancashire witches. (Laughter.) Well, Lancashire lads and lasses, or witches, I thank you every one for the kindness of the reception you have accorded to me this evening.

The Lancashire lads and lasses were then presented, also the other visitors present, among whom were Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sheriff Mowat, Hon. G. W. Ross, Col. G. T. Denison, Col. F. C. Denison, M. P., Archdeacon Boddy, Rev. G. M. Milligan, Rev. Dr. Dewar, Dr. Davidson, Rev. John Neil, Dr. and Mrs. White, Judge and Mrs. Paterson, Judge McDougall, Prof. Hirschfelder, David Walker and daughters, C. R. W. Biggar, City Solicitor Rich. Lewis, G. R. R. Cockburn, M. P., Lieut.-Col. Allan, Adjutant Manley, Capt. Mason, R. S. Williams and wife, of Goderich, Chas. Newberry, of Hamilton, John Newton and Mrs. Newton, of Limehouse, Thos. Apsden, of Blackburn, Lancashire, Geo. H. Robinson, Mr. Gregg and Mr. Darby, of the *News*, Mr. Harry Cockin, Mr. N. Maughan, Mr. Coatsworth, Mr. R. T. Coady, Mr. Frank Somers, Wm. Ince, Phillip and Mrs. Jamieson, Miles Pennington, V. Pennington, John Morrison and Mrs. Morrison, His Worship the Mayor, and most of the members of the City Council.

His Excellency and party then withdrew, having viewed with delight the exquisite decorations of the grounds. Hundreds of Chinese lanterns of varied hues, and worked into novel and artistic devices, were suspended from the trees or hung from wire-work in all directions. These together with the beautiful shrubbery, fine trees, and a great variety of exquisite flowers and plants, combined to make an exceedingly pleasing effect and to render the alderman's hospitable mansion and his well kept grounds in appearance as gay and lightsome as the heart of a lass of Lancashire. The names of the Lancashire lads and lasses were as follows:—

Geo. Bruckshaw, of Ashton-under-Lyne; John Gowland, Mr. and Mrs. Rothwell, Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Atkins, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Redford, Joseph Redford, jun., all of Bolton; Mrs. Shuttleworth, of Bacup; John Fletcher, Richard Finch, of Blackburn; J. W. Green-Armistead, Edward Hodgson, Thomas Hogarth, Myles Pennington, all of Lancaster; Mrs. G. C. Elliott, Mrs. R. Dickson, Albert Unsworth, Richard Unsworth, Mrs. James Patterson, William D. Firstbrook, G. Gowland, John Ballard, Mr. and Mrs. Lowe, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Lewis, Miss Jones, James Stewart, Frederick Rolling, David Smith, Mrs. Annie Brennan, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Macrae, A. M. Macrae, J. A. Macrae, H. H. Macrae, W. Macrae, E. Macrae, Eva Macrae, Alfred Sanders, Alfred Wibby, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Barstow, all of Liverpool; F. Bailey, Mrs. Bailey, William Walsley, of Bury; Jas. Duckworth, Esther Hannah Duckworth, J. T. Hentig, John Sinclair, Wm. Braybrook Bayley, Wm. Bayley, C. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hilton, Ruth Hilton, A. W. Armstrong, A. C. Bird, Wm. Lea, John Lea, J. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dawes, Miss Jones, James Lloyd, Mr. and Mrs. Bromley, John Bromley, George Bromley, Albert Bromley, Harry Bromley, M. A. Bromley, T. D. Bromley, B. Bromley, Capt. Leach, W. F. Penrice, George Thorpe, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Coxen, Mr. Geo. Coxen, Geo. Brooks, jun., Geo. Brooks, sen.; Wm. A. Firstbrook, J. G. Owen, Rev. C. H. Banning, Frank Vipond, Ben. Sykes, James Salthouse, Arthur Heath, Wm. Barker, all of Manchester; W. H. Hodgkinson, John Hallam, James Hallam, S. Burgess, James Swift, John Brindle, Mrs. Susan Robins, Mrs. Alice Clegg, Joseph Holden, Nancy Holden, G. Trotter Carr, John Green, Thos. Ironfield, all of Chorley; Mrs. Mercer, John Clegg, Hannah Baxendale, Richard Hunt, John Baxendale, William Pearson, V. Pennington, Elijah and Elijah Alma Simmons, all of Preston; Henry Newham, Mr. and Mrs. Fitten, of Oldham; H. Butterworth, Zeph Hilton, Eliza Hilton, H. D. Collingwood, Jas. Bamford, Jas. Clegg, Mrs. Clegg, Miss Alice Clegg, Wm. Bamford, R. C. Healey, Edmund Butterworth, William Butterworth, Lord Tom Whitehead, all of Rochdale; Isaac Whatmough, Rawtenstall; Ernest Ashead, Stockport; Mr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mrs. E. P. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Hodgkinson, all of Wigan; Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Ramsay, F. Dignum, Capt. G. M. Furnival, Geo. Furnival, J. A. Dignum, J. E. Hall, all of Warrington; G. F. Frankland, of Burrowford; Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Ingham, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Walsh, of Duttonfield; James Cropper, Oldham; A. Cockburn, Liverpool; F. P. Armstrong, Manchester; E. French, Jno. Sharp, Liverpool; R. H. Hargreaves, Preston; Mr. S. E. Mitchell, Miss Annie Parker, Mr. Edward Stock, Mr. and Mrs. Rumney, Robert Rumney, James Rumney, Margaret Rumney, Michael Woods, Charles Forest, E. Worthington, Mrs. Williamson, John S. Lightbound, Thomas H. Cartwright, Benjamin Wilkinson, James Wilkinson, Thomas Wilkinson, Joseph Wilkinson, Edward Wilkinson, Maria Wilkinson, Mary Wilkinson, Richard Bottomley, Annie Bottomley, Wm. Jolly, Martha Jolly, Joseph Jolly, Elizabeth Turner, John Turner, James Turner, Hannah Turner, George Booth, Henry Goss, John Goss, W. B. Oxley, Wm. Breckell, Joseph Kettle, Samuel Howard, Jos. Farnworth, Thos. Barnett, John M. Sharp, Henry Finch, Oliver Oswald, James Hill Robinson, J. T. Williamson, Charles Cheetham, Edward Rogers, Richard Bond, Reginald H. A. Pugh, John Morris, Samuel Kettle, Fred. Houghton,

Joseph Houghton, Richard Fielding, Wm. Hall, Robert Woodward, Mrs. George Moody, T. Helliwell, James Bond, Wm. Hacking, Dr. White, Thos. Lamb, S. E. Mitchell, Jas. Stewart, Henry Newham, John Johnson, Miles Turner, Thos. Hogarth, Chas. Forest, John Hugh W. Jones, Hy. Mallyn Neville, Mrs. M. U. Neville, Mrs. M. S. Taylor, Wm. J. Dugdale, James Haskins.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

Replying to my inquiry, in the last "Literary Notes," about the brotherhood of Goodridge B. Roberts and Charles G. D. Roberts, both of King's College, N. S., to-day, a kinsman of theirs at Ottawa—one of whom one must live in dread, as he is a sharp critic—writes me that the former is a younger brother of the latter. They are the sons of the Rev. George Goodridge Roberts, Rector of Fredericton (always known by his second name), whose mother, Emily (Goodridge) Roberts, is widow of the late George Roberts, Ph. D., Fredericton.

This lady's brother, Lieutenant Goodridge (trusting to imperfect memory for the rank) was an officer of H. M. Navy, on board the Royal Yacht conveying Prince Albert to England on the occasion of the royal wedding. The Prince, overflowing with hilarity, is said to have had a high old time in his cabin, in the midst of which the royal chamber vessels suffered destruction. The pieces were carefully picked up and preserved by the officers, and the water basin of the set, skilfully cemented, now serves as a card receiver on a side table in Mrs. Robert's parlour.

From Charles George Douglas Roberts, poet and philosopher, I have received a charming note, very complimentary to the *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* and its editor, following an equally flattering estimate written by him in the *Progress*, an able literary paper of St. John, N. B., and in the note there are two welcome poems—one from a young and literary friend of his, and another from himself. *Place aux dames!* The former is published at once, hereunder; the latter will appear next week.

TOUT POUR L'AMOUR.

The world may rage without,
Quiet is here;
Statesmen may toil and shout,
Cynics may sneer;
The great world,—let it go,
June warmth be March's snow,
I care not,—be it so,
Since I am here.

Time was when war's alarm
Called for a fear,
When sorrow's seeming harm
Hastened a tear.
Naught care I now what foe
Threatens,—for scarce I know
How the year's seasons go,
Since I am here.

This is my resting place,
Holy and dear;
Where pain's dejected face
May not appear.
This is the world to me,
Earth's woes I will not see,
But rest contentedly,
Since I am here.

Is your voice chiding, Love,
My mild career,
My meek abiding, Love,
Daily so near?
"Danger and loss" to me?
Ah, sweet, I fear to see
No loss but loss of *Thee*,
And I am here.

Windsor, N. S.

SOPHIE M. ARMORE.

I am told by a literary friend that Douglas B. W. Sladen, the Australian poet, novelist and critic, and now moving in leading English literary circles, has arrived in Boston on a winter's visit to the United States and Canada. His object is to gather material for an anthology, "The Younger Poets of America," including Canadian names. He will time his stay in Montreal with the Carnival, at the beginning of February.

Dr. Prosper Bender, of Boston, sends me a reprint of a short paper of his published in the *Magazine of American History*, and entitled "A New France in New England." The matter is treated with wisdom and moderation, the writer admitting that the so-called "Repatriation" is a

dream, and that these settlers, by marriage, naturalization, and the all-absorbing influence of the English language, will become thoroughly American by the next generation.

A clever correspondent from the North-West writes me about the curiosity of the Copyright League being almost wholly composed of book-sellers and publishers. It seems to him that the men really interested in the matter are the authors. "The publisher's lawful prey is the author, and my experience is that a publisher who has been made feel the punishment is ten times more unmerciful than if he had never tasted. I hope the league is not a combine, though it looks very much like it."

I attended the unveiling of the Sharpshooter's Memorial, on the 1st of the month, at Ottawa. There I met Mr. Percy Woods, the sculptor, whom I have known for some years, since he wrought the statue of Brant, the Mohawk chief. In this instance the artist has worked equally well, the figure being massive and strong. The guardsman leans heavily on his carbine, with hands clasped on the butt. The statue was much admired as a work of art, in which the technics are well observed, but many would have preferred the free and easy undress uniform of the free-shooter, the *freischutz*, the *franc-tireur*, or the cowboy, as many of these prairie rovers were.

TALON.



The Fisheries Department is considering regulations relating to British Columbia fisheries.

The lumber cut on Lake Winnipeg this year amounted to about 7,000,000 feet, worth \$13 per 1,000 feet.

Quebec farmers are daily sending large quantities of vegetables to the Montreal and Western markets.

The Canadian Pacific intend establishing large cattle yards at Strathmore, near Calgary, in the spring.

The Montreal Carnival Committee has collected \$18,000 of the \$20,000 required to begin the carnival season.

There is a great demand on the Liverpool Corn Exchange for samples of Manitoba wheat. Nine shillings and threepence to nine shillings and sixpence per cental is quoted. The best Californian is only 8s. 5d., and the best Russian, which should compete with the Manitoban, only 8s. 3d.

The new Dominion Government's steel screw steamer, 1,000 tons registered, for winter service between Prince Edward Island and the mainland, launched at Govan, is regarded as eminently fitted to resist the pressure of the ice. She has been named the "Stanley," after the Governor-General of Canada.

Truro, Nova Scotia, is one of the cleanest towns in Canada and the seat of several factories. Of these there is a hat factory, several planing mills, a grist mill, a woollen mill, machine shops, a last factory, and last, but not least, a factory for preparing and putting up condensed milk, and a preparation of milk, sugar and coffee.

The half-yearly dividends of a number of Canadian banks for the current period were being prepared last week, or have recently been declared. That of the Bank of Montreal declared on Friday week was at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, that of the Canadian Bank of Commerce at seven, the Merchants' at seven, the Bank of Toronto at eight, the Ontario and Standard at seven, the Bank of Hamilton at eight. These are all, so far, at the same rates as last year.

ORANGE AND GREEN.

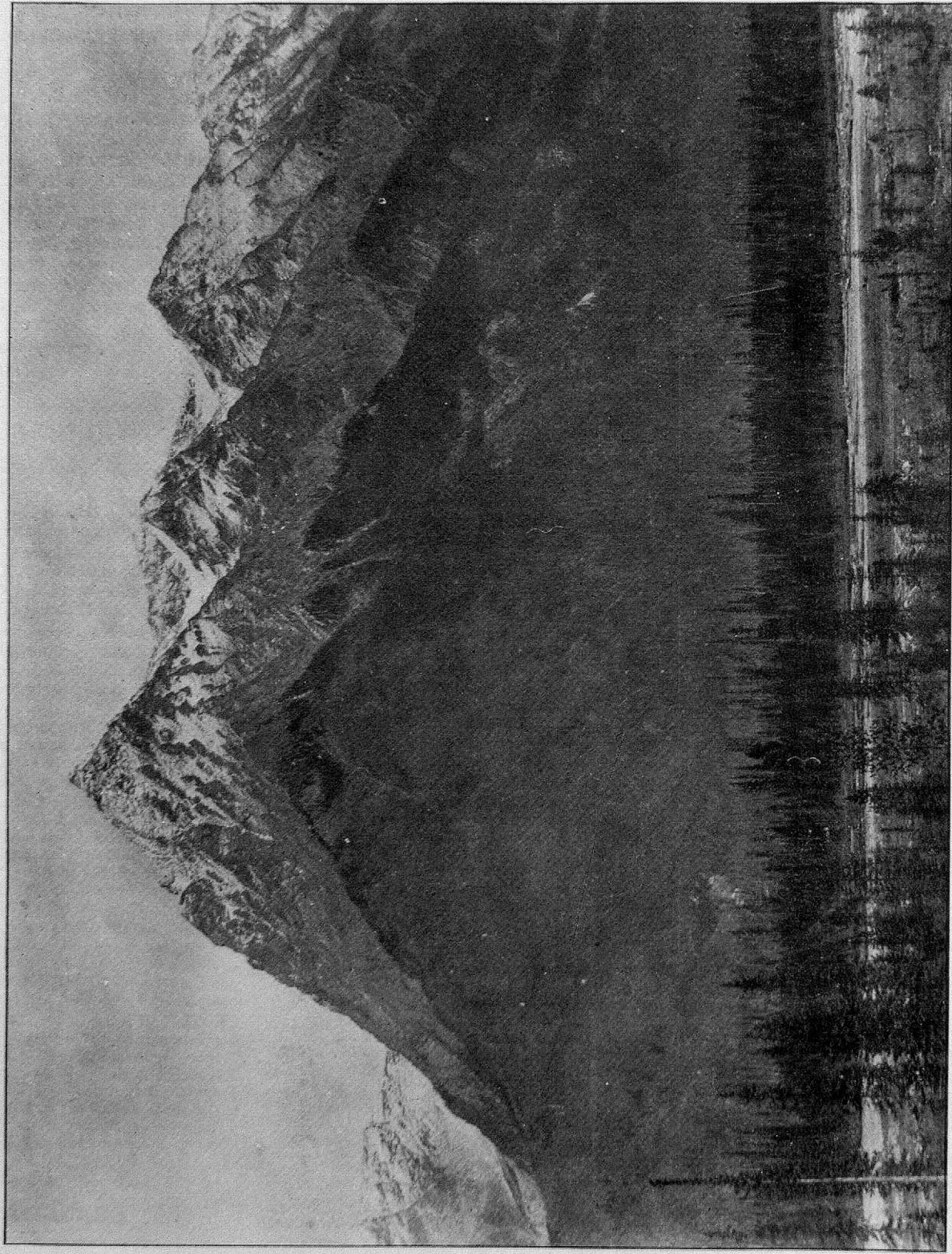
The god of Day is sinking in the West,
On lands more fair to dawn beyond the wave,
But in these fields his burning feet have press'd,
Orange and green are blending o'er his grave;
The babel strife of tongues is hushed to peace;
A ruddy glow is on the window panes
Of rustic cottages where toilers cease,
And in whose hearts the calm of even reigns.

So, grandly moveth *he** unto his rest,
Whose light has led 'the lesser lords of doom,
And thrilled to life the Emerald of the West,
Whose aftermath of glory c'ler his tomb.
Shall gleam the dying factions high above,
Orange and Green—the purple light of love.

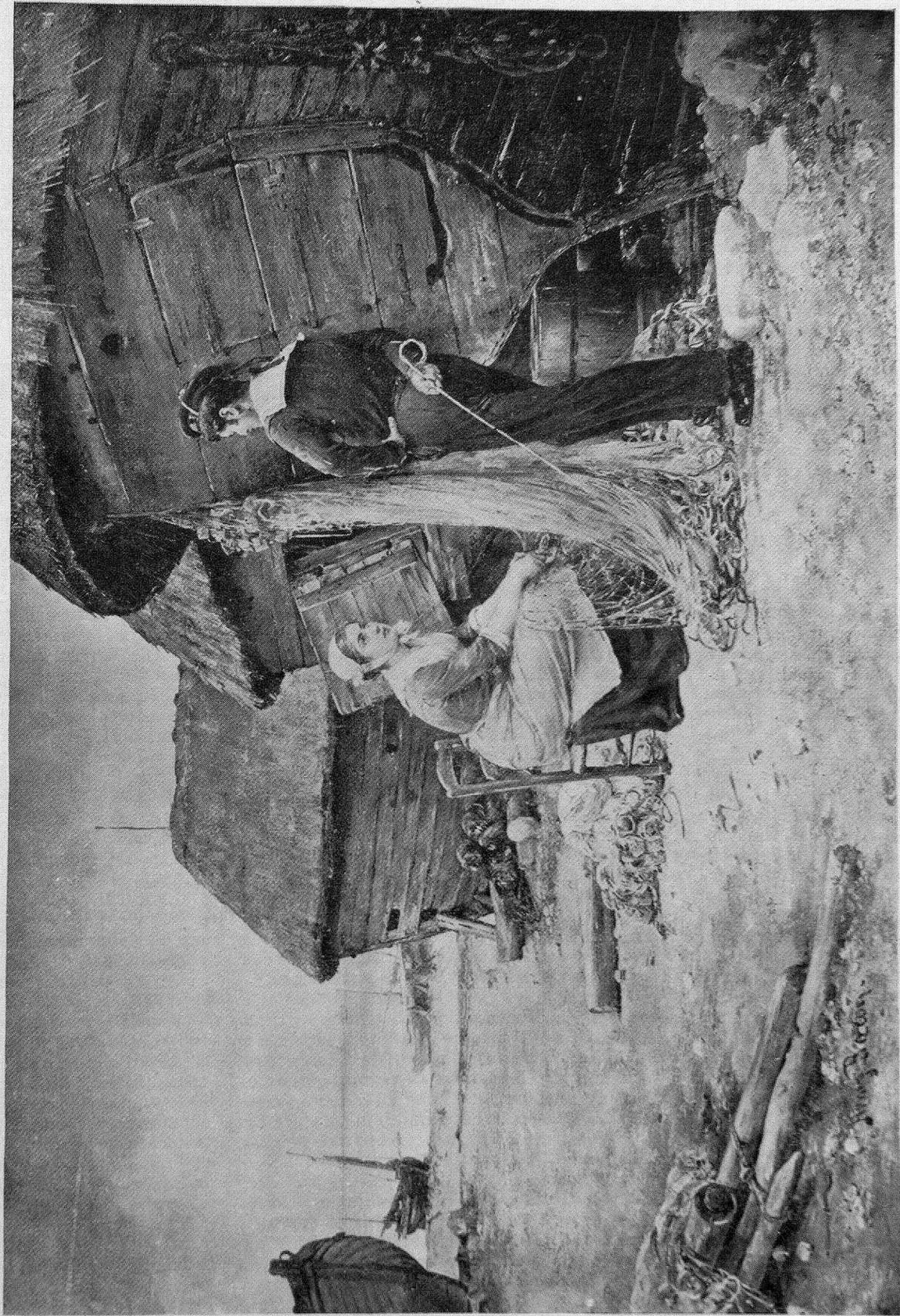
Montreal.

JOHN ARBORY.

* Mr. Gladstone.



WEST OTTERTAIL MOUNTAIN, LEACH HILLS, ROCKIES.
From a photograph by Norman.



JACK ASHORE.

From the painting by Henry Bacon.

Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company

The Drunkard's Daughter.

I.

Jack Tretop was on his way home, sullen, his heart full of wickedness, and drunker than usual.

It was a very curious thing about Jack Tretop, that he rarely, if ever, found his way home in any other condition than this; and there were not wanting some reputed wise men in the neighbourhood who were ready to recklessly hazard their existence on the truth of the conclusion, that had he taken it into his head any night to come home sober, it would have been absolutely impossible for him to have found the house.

Of course, he never thought of giving himself so much trouble as this, and it seemed as though his drunkenness became worse, and his wickedness more wicked, the very instant his foot touched his own threshold, wherein was the only being in the wide world who loved and watched him and took care of him.

People said he had killed his wife. His wife, could her testimony have been procured, would have said he hadn't—of course, she wouldn't!—and Jack Tretop would have chimed in with her handsomely and cursed the people up and down into the bargain. He took no blame on himself for it—not he! and for all the wreck and ruin in which it was the greatest and the termination, he acknowledged no responsibility.

Professedly cognizant of his demerits, the enumeration of all the faults known to mortal man elicited no admission from Jack that he possessed a single one of them. Nor did this amiable peculiarity assert itself in a like fashion in his recognition of his wife. On the contrary, the virtues and love-deserving qualities on the other side of the house were distorted with the greatest ease to serve as the gravest faults. For this would-be-thought-a-martyr persisted, with a ridiculous obstinacy, which increased in proportion as the belief in his vice, his harshness and the brutish results of his love of drink became more general, that the noble-minded wife, with her ever-proffered forgiveness, her cheering word, and her patient, forbearing spirit, was foremost among the persons whom he termed his persecutors; that the sitting-up for him past the hour of midnight—so weary after her hard day's work, that, as a means to wakefulness, she feigned the employment of those tears, which, poor soul! she knew were only too ready to flow of their own accord—was simply for the purpose of collecting material for a denunciation of him to the neighbours later on in the morning; and that, in short, he was the most abused, the most belittled and the most innocent man that ever was created. When his wife died everyone thought he would turn over a new leaf. But he didn't—or if he did, he only turned it half way; and it was a merciful thing for one other woman that he did not marry again, although little Widow Bailey, who kept the store full of sweetmeats on the corner, used to say that it was only the drunken carrying-on that was the matter with Jack Tretop; that you could not have found a better man, when he was sober, if you had hunted the whole world over, and that she, being a widow, was ready to take Jack Tretop whenever he liked to say the word.

Jack was often drunk at the "shop." The shop belonged to James Dricken & Co., brass and iron founders, and as Jack was a good workman, at any time, he contrived to get drunk on a great many occasions without any notice being taken of it; so that it seemed as though nobody cared whether he got drunk or not. But Jack did not stop at that. It was certainly a privilege which had been jumped at by a great many other men, but Jack wearied of it. Fighting was better—and enjoyed concurrently with the other:—positive bliss. The poor fellow had no one to fight with at home now. To be sure, there was Lilly; but she did not suit him exactly, and although he treated her to a cuff now and then, to keep himself from going crazy through sheer inactivity, he sighed for larger game. And in the shop, one fine afternoon, he found his larger game, and a lively time he had with it, and came

out second. Fate was against him truly, for while he was glad to retire with that distinction, he found that he had not only got out of a scrape, but out of a situation as well.

And that is the reason why Jack Tretop was on his way home, sullen, his heart full of wickedness, and drunker than usual.

II.

Yes; he was going home to his little daughter, Lilly. Lilly was the housekeeper now, and had father's supper keeping warm in the oven of the neat little stove, on which a little kettle sat, humming the water to boil for father's tea.

And Lilly was humming, too, while preparing things for father's return; now darting to the dresser, and jumping back again to the table; now deftly spreading the snowy cloth and placing father's knife and fork, with wonderful exactness, at the edge of the very centre of it, and at every dart and every jump breaking forth again in her humming with a corresponding force, so that it really seemed as though she and the little kettle on the stove were trying to out-do each other in their efforts to appear happy.

Let us follow the man for whom these preparations are making. A loving solicitude for father's precious neck had placed a lamp in the window facing the street, so that Jack Tretop is enabled by its bright path, to see just where to put his foot. Here, then, Jack—here's where some one thinks of you. Is it love? No, no; rubbish! It can't be. Fear, Jack, that's what it is—fear. Ha, ha! A chit of a girl! But don't deal hardly with the little thing, Jack. Though it's through fear—interest on only love—remember what she is to you.

The drunkard stumbles along the walk, jerks open the gate, and flinging it from him with a great bang, pounds heavily up the three steps—kept neat and clean by the little hands within. Ah! Jack; no one will gainsay you here at least. Here no one will dismiss you, nor remonstrate with you, nor speak to you harshly. Pooh! What is a handle to a spirited fellow like you? Burst it in and be done with it! There! And bravely done, Jack!

The heavy boot is through it in a trice, and the door flies open. Lilly shrinks back affrighted, but seeing her father, runs up and speaks to him kindly—gazing, gazing in his face. But she does not need to gaze long. She sees *it*; expects nothing else.

Look at her! A mere child—not more than eleven, at the very most—whose pale, set features, giving you not so much the idea of the consciousness of trouble and of well-dissembled fear, as of a little life of cares, which, though borne and gone through as if it had been in the natural course of things, has, yet insensibly, left its mark behind.

Poor child! She knows of no other life; of a happier home, where heavy blows are never dealt and unkind words unknown; knows nothing of a kind father, who gathers his children caressingly about him and forgets his cares and worries in their simple merriment. It is not for her to cope with Jack Tretop in his drunken moods, not for her to perish as the mother reached the grave—surely not!

The drunkard flings aside her helping hand and takes his place at the table, devouring his meal as only drunkards can, while Lilly, seated opposite, foresees and fills his every need. But Lilly has never seen her father in such a plight before. Despair is plainly perceptible in his face, even through the dreadful veil of intoxication, but it is still more apparent in his actions, in his reckless disregard for the uses of the articles that come to his hand; for although Jack's understanding has not been so impaired as to leave him ignorant of the precocity of the child's, he is sufficiently unmindful of her notice as to help himself to butter with the teaspoon, and—after the manner of his kind when a favourite article needs replenishing—to invert his plate, when he has emptied it, on the table. When Jack Tretop has finished, Lilly seats herself on the clean, bare floor beside him, and, raising her blue eyes, half-pleadingly, half-timidly, speaks to him.

"Tell me what has happened, father, please?"

Pooh! The child is bold, and Jack's shaggy brows come down with what may possibly be a crash, while two little indentations, resembling quotation marks, appear above his nose. It may be from the wicked fire in the little stove into which he is gazing, but—the child is bold, at any rate. No answer, but—yes: a curse! a something, of which, since the mother left her, she had not received quite so much as it was in the power of Jack Tretop to give. But he was still no niggard provider in this respect, and as it was a luxury which the child could very well do without, the erratic Jack felt the more impelled thereby to discharge himself of it in such measure as he withheld the common necessities of existence.

In this instance, however, he undergoes a singular change; the reason whereof is unknown, unless it be what he himself would ascribe: that the utterance unprecedently relieves. And as though he understood that the feeling is but momentary, he immediately discloses the cause of his gloom, which, he declares, is traceable to that cause, and to nothing else.

The child rises, shocked, and then, in her simple way, relates how the grocer had that morning refused her his wares until the bill for the last supply had been paid; how Dickey, in the dingy cage, which actually seems one hundred sizes too large for him, is without his delicious millet; and on giving some views of her own—like a careful little housekeeper that she is—on the propriety of their abridging the expenses, father's included, the drunkard flings out of his chair, and, with a dozen of oaths, raises his heavy hand—and is gone.

III.

The Widow Bailey's little sweetmeat shop was on a corner, as all well-regulated sweetmeat shops are; and as the widow, at a quarter before nine o'clock in the morning, was taking down the shutters, in the anticipation of the arrival of certain little spendthrifts on their way to school, and who regarded the little shop as a delightful half-way house as naturally as they did their school-room as a prison, it follows that she was on the corner, too. The principal thing in the northeast window of the little shop was a large theatrical show bill, which, representing as it did, a child and a fireman in the act of descending a flame-enveloped ladder with remarkably cheerful countenances, and representing, as it did *not*, whether the child was saving the fireman or the fireman the child, was the very thing to produce in the school children those spasms that are only to be relieved by sugar-sticks, jaw-breakers, or gum drops, or a mixture of the three. Now, the widow happened, on her return to the shop, to glance through the window at one side of this show bill, and what she saw at once disposed her to place her most saleable articles side by side on the little old show case, just where nobody could possibly help seeing them. But the widow was mistaken, for the first time in her life—which she could have told you, without a quiver or contortion of the face, had been a long one by no means. It was only Lilly—Lilly Tretop—with a black mark on her right cheek and her eyes, notwithstanding all her efforts to make them otherwise, surrounded by a tell-tale red.

The widow was a person accustomed to surprises, of which she had sustained, and was then sustaining, one, that very morning on the discovery of another sweetmeat shop a step or two away, and which had been fraudulently established in the stillness of the night before; but when, by dint of some questioning and much loving persuasion, she had ground out of Lilly what had happened, she felt all the breath in her body leaving her. For she loved the child dearly, and her regard for Jack Tretop suffered in consequence.

And when Lilly attacked her with another surprise, in the shape of what the widow looked upon as an absurd proposition, one surprise jumped on another, and the third on them both, and they fought and struggled and kicked, until the little Widow Bailey, in her perplexity, opened her eyes to such a width and with such expression

as convinced Lilly that they had been suddenly transformed into two of the little widow's own red-striped cent-bull's-eyes in the showcase.

But they soon regained their natural proportions, and the widow's brain, in the course of a minute or two, also came to itself and proceeded, after the manner of its owner in the shop, to sort and label the surprises one by one. Then the widow herself recovered, and, on coming to think of the proposition intelligently, decided that it was not so absurd after all. It was even the case that she was made to approve it strongly, and nothing would do but she must have a hand in its execution.

And so it happened that the little shop closed down at three o'clock sharp that afternoon, and that the little widow and Lilly appeared at the office of James Dricken & Co., brass and iron founders, arm-in-arm, the widow evincing about as much self-importance as any sensible little person of four feet ten can conscientiously entertain. James Dricken was not in, but the company, in the person of a young man in brass buttons, was. On this gentleman's learning such of their business as the little widow cared to communicate, he desired them to be seated; and, by way of rendering this proceeding as little troublesome as possible, through the ingenious and considerate method of minimizing their movements, and at the same time performing the dual representation forced upon him, he ensconced himself comfortably in two of the three chairs in the room, leaving the other for the little widow, and the little widow's lap for Lilly.

The little widow knew that some Companies have no existence in flesh and blood and digestive apparatus, and all that goes to make Companies intelligent and entertaining; or, in other words, were ghosts (so did Lilly); and she was, therefore, the better prepared for the fact that, while this was no ghost, he had far less ambition and far less action in his own affairs than usually characterizes the average ghost. The Company had a tongue, too. Lilly could see it when he yawned, and hear it in the intervals between the yawns, that flowed along at the rate of one a minute. The Company ignored the little widow altogether.

"You ain't a bad little girl," he said to Lilly. "Look like your father, too. But I don't see, really now, how you can care for such a bea—er, man, you know. And—er—"

"Anybody in, Tawdler?" called out the senior partner, from the hall. Then he entered—and oh! that was the man for the little widow—so large and so pleasant, that she could not quite make up her mind whether he were larger than pleasant, or whether it were the other way, but was ready, on that instant, to go back the way they came and to consider the errand done.

"No, sir," replied Tawdler; "nobody. By Jove! yes, there is, though. Parties in the chair there—friends of Tretop."

The senior partner turned. "Eh? The man discharged yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," said the Company. "Habitual drunkard; fights the men. Wanted to fight me, too," he added, in an undertone, which, however, could be heard plainly.

"Bah!" exclaimed the widow.

"And you have come to intercede for your husband, ma'am?" asked James Bracken. "Too bad! Too bad! You need not tell me, my dear woman. While you are, unfortunately for yourself, better acquainted with your husband than I am, I know sufficient of him to be sure you come at no desire of his. And this is your little girl," he added, tickling Lilly's chin, and asking her kindly what she was doing away from school.

"Please, sir, I don't go to school," replied Lilly.

"Don't go to school? Then do you know, young lady," he asked, with mock severity, "that it is in my power, at this moment, to pack you off to school, and to keep you there till you make up for all this lost time? Don't go to school! What, then, do you do?"

Lilly laughed as she shortly answered:

"Keep house for father, sir."

Such a look as he gave her! The Widow Bailey was often heard to declare afterward that she hadn't seen anything like it since the time of Bailey himself.

"And you, ma'am, let me ask, are you, then, no relation of his?"

To see the widow then! She was no great speaker in that sort of affairs, and had some difficulty in explaining to the senior partner that she was then no relation of Jack Tretop's, and that in asking for his reinstatement she was only acting as a friend of Lilly's, and all that; but, gradually warming, she entered into such a minute and forcible description of the affairs of the little family, and worked herself into such a frightful degree of excitement, that Tawdler, who was given over to the mercy of strange ideas, instinctively laid hands on the babcock in the corner.

"My! my!—" began James Dricken.

"Ah, sir!" interrupted the little widow, "when I see you, a-my-myin' it comes to me you'll do it, sir. You've a kind heart, indeed you have. If it's only for this little chick"—laying her hand on Lilly's curly head—"which thought of the whole business, the darling! he'll quit drinkin', I know he will, sir, when he knows it. The angel!"

"Yes, yes; she is indeed a little angel," softly said the senior partner; and, stooping, he kissed her brightening face, whereat Tawdler, whose only efforts in the way of business were, happily, the outcome of nothing more than his ideas of the maintenance of the firm's dignity, was so overpowered as to be compelled to lean heavily against the copying press, and in order to do that gracefully, to take his hands out of his trousers' pockets, a thing he had never done, to his recollection, twice on any afternoon before.

And Lilly was successful in her mission. Of course, Tawdler could have had something to say about it, and for form's sake he was brought round to it; but he had no views of his own about the matter, except that he understood his readiness to consider it, if necessary, as a positive benefit to the firm.

And in the evening, when the kind-hearted little widow called at Jack Tretop's house, she found Lilly, on her father's knee, in the kitchen-parlour-dining-room, with the stove red hot, and the little kettle humming away, as though it were in sympathy with what was going on. For the tears were rolling down Jack Tretop's cheeks, and down Lilly's, too. But for all that, they were happier than they had ever been before—happier in Jack Tretop's sincere resolves for the future—happier in the engendering of an hitherto-unknown confidence and mutual love.

Man of drink! Would you dwell on these things? Could but one moment of softer feeling obtrude itself on the current of your daily thought, you would stop affrighted in your course of murder!—none the less murder that, in the present condition of the laws of man, it has not its just reward.

But there's a Law above, to whose Maker the dealer of slow murder shall be finally and terribly accountable, when the crime-stained soul shall vainly plead contrition, and hope shall have departed.

Montreal.

H. C.

AN OLD TIME TRAGEDY.—A very curious discovery has been made at Llantwit, in Glamorgan-shire, of remains of a large Roman villa and a military station, the area of the buildings, the foundations of which are already uncovered, being two acres. This in itself is important, because hitherto it was not known that the Romans had a military depot so far south as the Via Julia; but more striking is the discovery on the tessellated pavement of a great hall of 41 skeletons of men and women jumbled together as they would be if they had fallen in a massacre, some being crushed under the bones of horses. From the position of the bodies it is evident that there was a slaughter of the inmates after the villa had been sacked and so broken down as to admit horsemen. The theory of archaeologists is that the remains relate to one of the massacres by Irish pirates who devastated the south of Wales in the fifth century.



Attorney General Blair, of New Brunswick, has met with a serious accident.

Governor Blake, of Newfoundland, has been appointed to the Governorship of Queensland.

Rev. A. J. Balfour has been formally inducted into the rectorship of St. Peter's Church, Quebec. Several clergy and a large congregation were present.

The Doctor Ross, once of Montreal, is still an anti-vaccinationist, and is said to have siding with him eight physicians of Toronto, where he now dwells.

The appointment of Justice Patterson, of Toronto, to the Supreme Bench, and of Mr. McLennan as successor to the latter, is well viewed by all the papers of the country.

The banquet at Sherbrooke to the Hon. J. H. Pope was a great success. Mr. Pope has been thirty-one years in unbroken public life and thirteen as Cabinet minister.

Louis Lloyd and Garth Grafton, the two lady correspondents, who are gliding around the world, seem to be lingering in the Northwest as if loth to risk the briny for the Orient.

The first grand master of the Grand Lodge of Quebec, M. W. Bro. John Hamilton Graham, LL.D., and he who gave his ninth annual address in 1883. Who is G.M. now?

Hon. Mr. Blake has travelled over the Canadian Pacific Railway as counsel for the company in the Onderdonk arbitration; admires the road very much; is in better health, and will take his seat at the next session.

Ernest J. Chambers, well known all through the country, has hung his "cross-sticks" after using for months after his late accident, and now goes about livelier than ever, manager and editor-in-chief of the Calgary Herald.

It is not decided that Sir John Macdonald will shortly proceed to England, where he will remain some time, and have a consultation with members of the Imperial Government on questions connected with the Fishery dispute.

Dr. George Dawson, of the Geological Survey, is coming East to prepare the report of his valuable explorations and discoveries. We have heard Sir William Dawson say that his son George knows more geology than ever he could pretend to.

It was given out in some paper that Sir Donald Smith had gone abroad for his health. We are in a position to state that, so far from this being the case, Sir Donald went off on business for the Hudson's Bay Company, and will shortly return to Canada.

Hon. Samuel Cornwallis Monk, Justice of the Quebec Court of Queen's Bench, died at Montreal, on the 29th October, at the age of 75. Beside his legal and judicial acquirements, he was one of the tallest, most dignified and handsome men in Canada.

Mr. W. H. Griffin, who for forty years was an official of the Post Office Department, and latterly for very many years Deputy Postmaster-General, was presented with an address and envelope containing a draft for £400 sterling, prior to his visit to Europe.

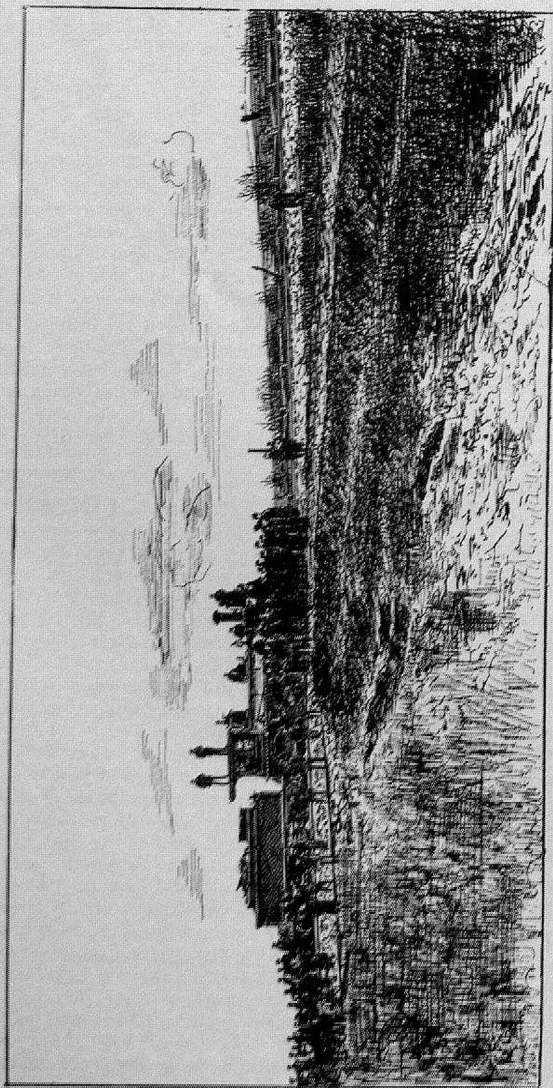
Mr. Percy Wood, sculptor, whose study is at Paradise Walk, Chelsea Embankment, has now endowed the country with two well wrought monuments—the statue of Brant, the Mohawk chief, and that of the Ottawa sharpshooters, Osgoode and Rogers, who fell at Cut Knife.

Mme. Patti has been awarded what is termed "les palmes academiques." It is an order which appertains to the University of France, but which is awarded on the initiative of the Ministre des Beaux-Arts, and is worn as a decoration. The order has very seldom been given to ladies, and is, therefore, deemed a very high distinction.

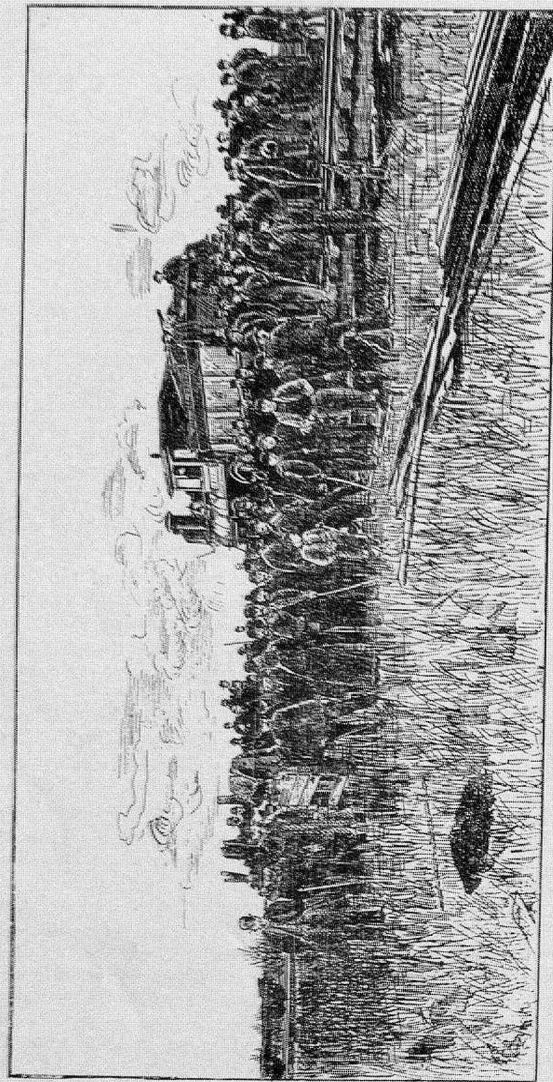
LINES.

They say I am old. I suppose it is so.
Yet my youth to me seems not so long time ago.
My youth! My youth! It is with me yet.
I have dreams; I have hopes I would not forget,
Dreams of fulfilling great things—as of old,
Hopes—not to lead is turned all their gold,
Wishes—to leave the world richer by me.
Desires—that some things I may presently see.
Is it age when one lives in the heart of one's time?
Is one old though one's hair have a tinge of the rime?
Is not he old, though of years but a few,
Who hath not a care for the good and the true?
Sees the time slip with indifferent eye?
Seems but to sneer as the minutes fly by?
Is not he old who hath no mark to make?
Is not he old who owns no one's sweet sake?
But I—I am young 'spite my turning grey hair.
For I for my fellows know many a care.
I for the world have a future set high
Which that she attain to I evermore try.
Has the world sorrow? My heart knows her pain.
Has she rejoicing? I'm merry again.
Nay: If I live 'till I die of my years
I shall die young—by my smiles and my tears.
Toronto. S. A. C.

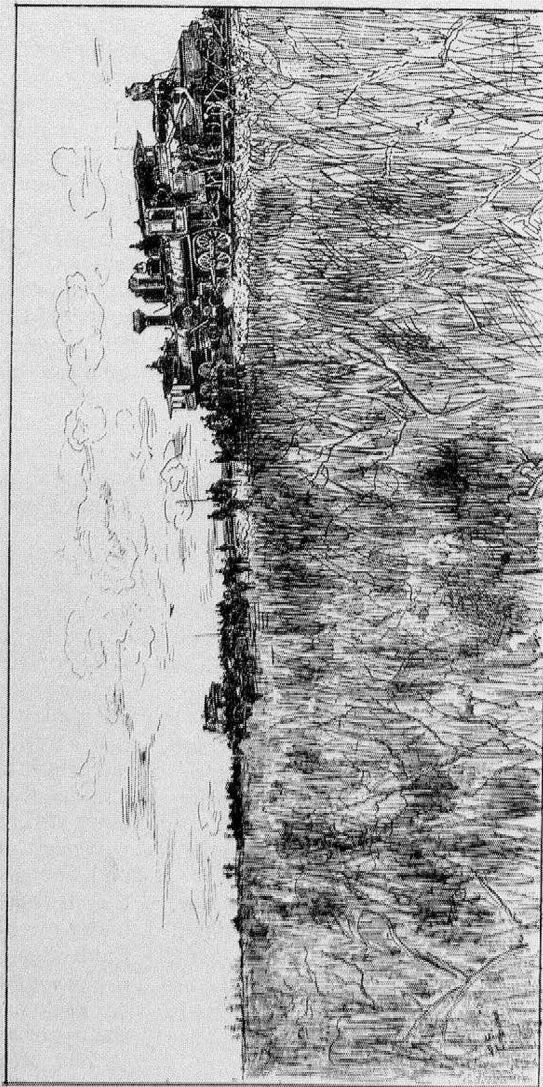
SKETCHES OF THE RAILWAY WAR IN MANITOBA.



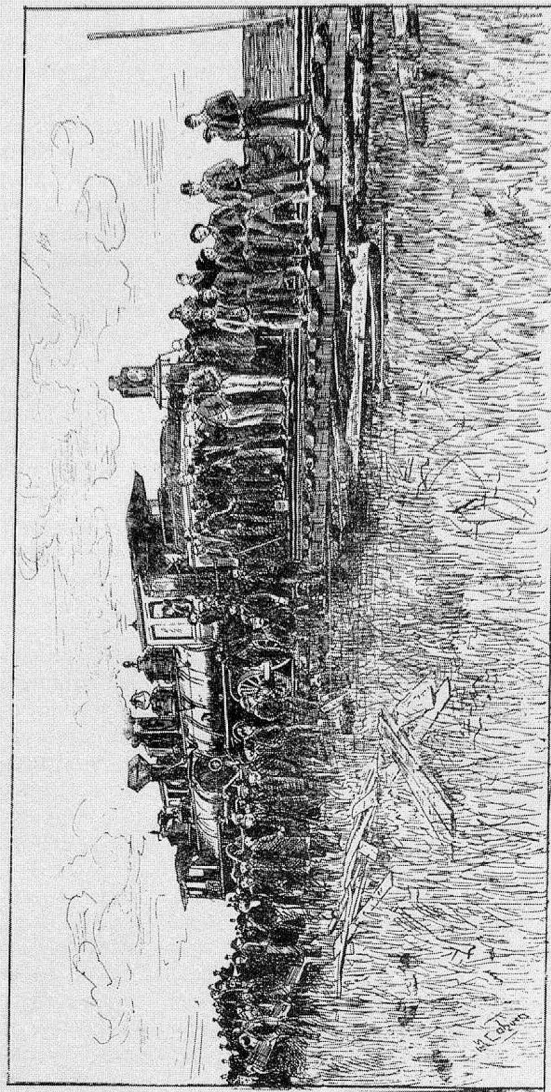
No. 1. C. P. R. engine at the crossing of the N. P. & M. R. Y., showing the extension on the Portage La Prairie side of the C. P. R. Y. track.



No. 2. C. P. R. special police; the fence; and the hand car on the N. P. & M.



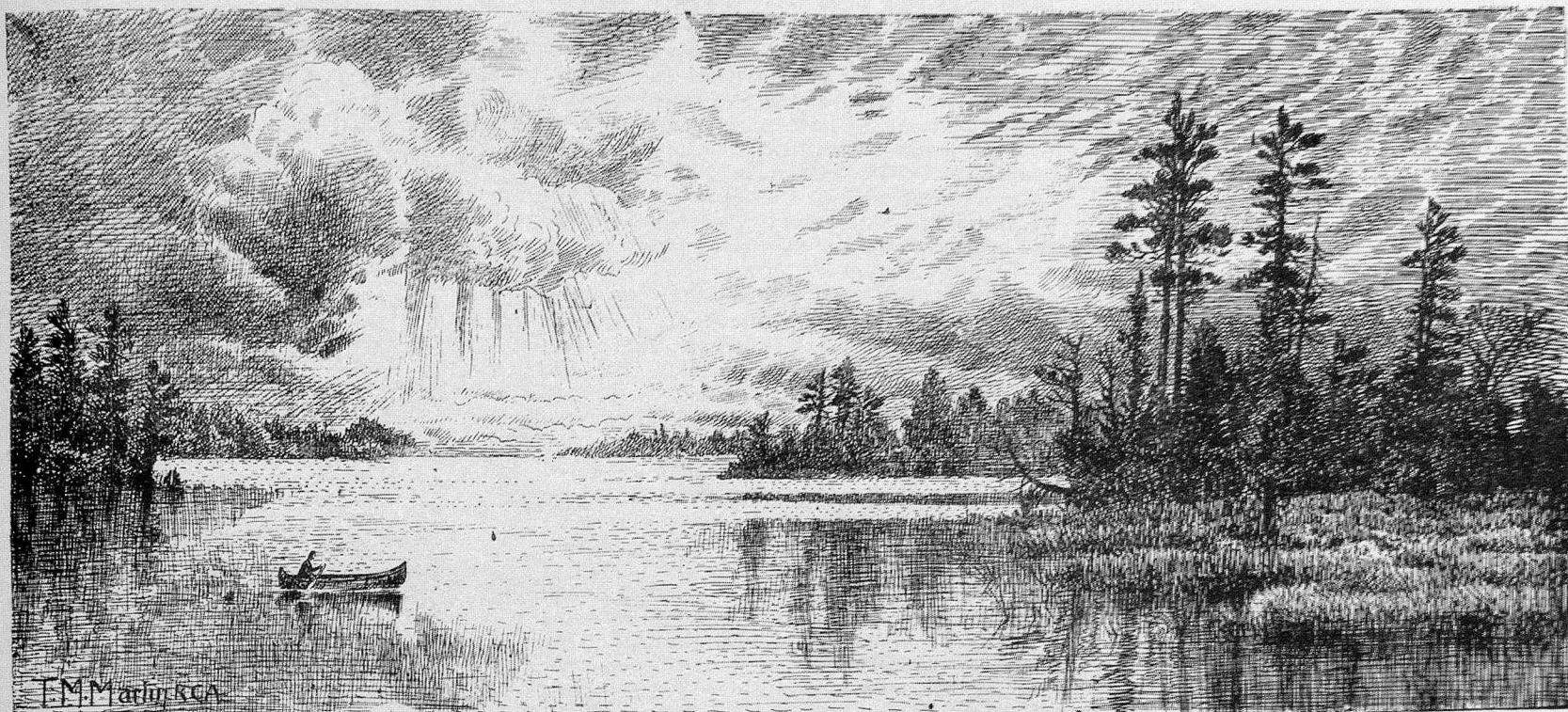
No. 3. C. P. R. running two engines down the track to the crossing of the N. P. & M.



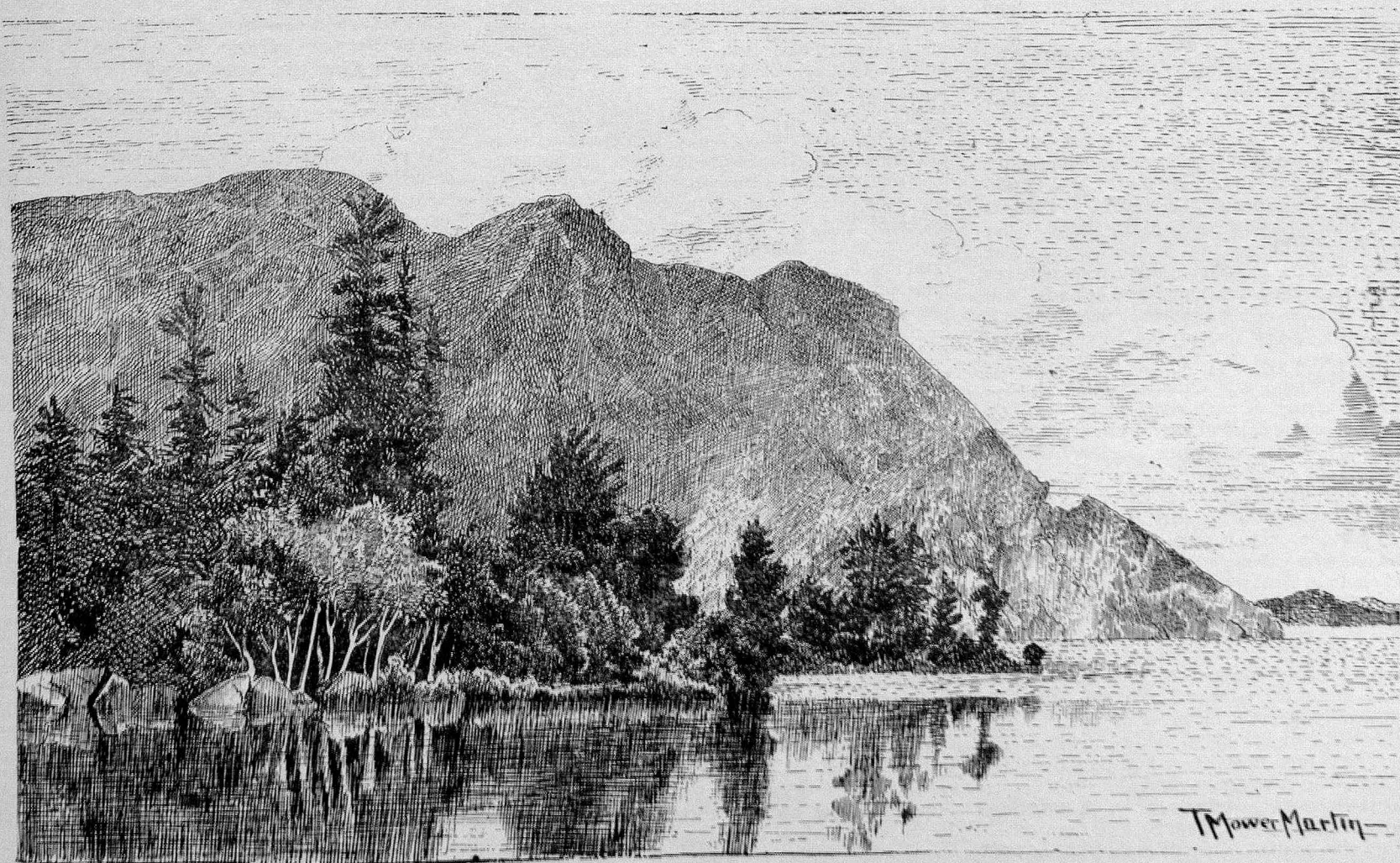
No. 4. Shewing the second C. P. R. engine just dumped alongside the first, of which the cabin and smoke stack can be seen on the further side.

From photograph by Bennett.

SKETCHES BY THOS. MOWER MARTIN, R.C.A.



CANOE LAKE, MUSKOKA R., ONT.



LA CLOCHE MOUNTAINS, GEORGIAN BAY, ONT.



BARMECIDE FEAST.—Gentlemen might be content to starve at an empty feast, but we are sure no ladies would, or, at least, they would take it out, as Sydney Henry Pierson does, in those pretty lines :

I saw a banquet, many guests were there
Who sat beside the board and made as though
They ate rich cates and drank red wine—And lo !
When I came near and looked, the board was bare.
But still they revelled, lifting high in air
Their empty glasses, seeming not to know
The truth. With flashing eyes and cheeks aglow
They sang of Love, the conqueror of care.

Is not the feast Lord Love himself hath spread
For thee and me as immaterial ?
Who knows if it be really wine and bread
We drink and eat at this our festival ?
Ah, Love ! What matters it, so we are fed ?—
If we believe so, faith atones for all.

THE DREAD OF DEATH.—Every man, when the time comes, goes, at least resigned, through the silent portal. They are no braver than others, but they have learned not to be scared at spectres. Very few men, in truth, are afraid to die when the point comes. They do not, as may be supposed, relish it, and they are anxious, as a rule, to live, so long as their chances are good and they do not suffer. When suffering grows acute their desire dwarfs (few of us but prefer death to pain), and when they lose hope, they yield themselves without a murmur.

WOMEN BRAVE IN DEATH.—Junius Henri Brown, in the *Forum*, says : I have seen the last moments of delicate, highly nervous women, who would shriek at the sight of a spider, and who could not bear the mention of death. Any one who had known them would have thought that their closing scenes must have been distressing. They longed to live in the beginning, but as they ebbed away, and were conscious of the fact, peace and renunciation came to them. No hero of a hundred fights could have borne lingering illness and its end more serenely.

AFTER SCHOOL DAYS.—The average girl, who has "left school" at from eighteen to twenty years of age, should long since have had an object in life—some "art, craft or trade"—which would occupy her leisure hours, if not all her time. The old-fashioned girl grows fashionable again and is taught the homely duties of a house-keeper ; she shares her mother's cares and learns to cook, and to fashion and repair at least her own wardrobe. Occupation is the secret of true happiness, and the girl who is busy, who believes she is necessary to her home and friends, will make the best use of her time and education.

A GIRL'S DAY.—Every girl should have charge of her own room and keep tidy its every appointment. Her own wardrobe, too—in every detail—will occupy a part of each day's time ; mending neatly is not a lost art, but our mothers fail often to teach early in life, so allowing careless habits to be formed that may be hard to cure when they wish it. Morning calls should never fail to have an object ; some bit of charity, some joy to be given to a sad or sick person, some church work or business to be transacted, with an hour devoted to solid reading, to art work, to music, or to the real business of life or hobby she may have chosen.

THE CRAZE FOR VARIETY IN DIET.—There is a positive virtue in a certain amount of routine in diet, and a positive sacrifice of happiness in the continual craze for variety. M. de Chevreul takes his two boiled eggs for breakfast every morning of his life, and, for all anybody knows to the contrary, has taken them every morning since he was of age—which was just eighty-one years ago. The people who eat certain dishes with unfailing regularity seem to enjoy them no less than other people do who pick and haggle over a bill of fare every day, looking wearily for something new. Not every person is born with the gift to be an epicure.

NEWMAN AT OXFORD.

When I entered at Oxford, John Henry Newman was beginning to be famous. The responsible authorities were watching him with anxiety ; clever men were looking with interest and curiosity on the apparition among them of one of those persons of indisputable genius who was likely to make a mark upon his time. His appearance was striking. He was above the middle height, slight and spare. His head was large, his face remarkably like that of Julius Cæsar. The forehead, the shape of the ears and nose were almost the same. I have often thought of the resemblance, and believed that it extended to the temperament. In both there was an original force of character which refused to be moulded by circumstances, which was to make its own way, and become a power in the world ; a clearness of intellectual perception, a disdain for conventionalities, a temper imperious and wilful, but along with it a most attaching gentleness, sweetness, singleness of heart and purpose. Both were formed by nature to command others, both had the faculty of attracting to themselves the passionate devotion of their friends and followers.

When I first saw him he had written his book upon the Arians. An accidental application had set him upon it, at a time when he had half resolved to give himself to science and mathematics, and had so determined him into a theological career. He had published a volume or two of parochial sermons. A few short poems of his had also appeared in the *British Magazine*, under the signature of "Delta," which were reprinted in the "Lyra Apostolica." They were unlike any other religious poetry which was then extant. It is hard to say why they were so fascinating. They had none of the musical grace of the "Christian Year." They were not harmonious ; the metre halted, the rhymes were irregular, yet there was something in them which seized the attention, and would not let it go. Keble's verses flowed in soft cadence over the mind, delightful, as sweet sounds are delightful, but are forgotten as the vibrations die away. Newman's had pierced into the heart and mind, and there remained. The literary critics of the day were puzzled. They saw that he was not an ordinary man ; what sort of an extraordinary man he was they could not tell. "The eye of Melpomene had been cast upon him," said the omniscient (I think) Athenæum ; "but the glance was not fixed or steady." The eye of Melpomene had extremely little to do in the matter. Here were thoughts like no other man's thoughts and emotions like no other man's emotions. Here was a man who really believed his creed, and let it follow him into all his observations upon outward things. He had been traveling in Greece ; he had carried with him his recollections of Thucydides, and, while his companions were sketching olive gardens and old castles and picturesque harbours at Corfu, Newman was recalling the scenes which those harbours had witnessed thousands of years ago in the civil wars which the Greek historian has made immortal. There was nothing in this that was unusual. Any one with a well-stored memory is affected by historical scenery. But Newman was oppressed with the sense that the men who had fallen in that desperate strife were still alive, as much as he and his friends were alive.

Their spirits live in awful singleness,
he says,

Each in its self-formed sphere of light or gloom.

We should all, perhaps, have acknowledged this in words. It is happy for us that we do not all realize what the words mean. The minds of most of us would break down under the strain.

Other conventional beliefs, too, were quickened into startling realities. We had been hearing much in those days about the benevolence of the Supreme Being, and our corresponding obligation to charity and philanthropy. If the received creed was true, benevolence was by no means the only characteristic of that Being. What God loved we might love ; but there were things which

God did not love ; accordingly we found Newman saying to us :

Christian, would'st thou learn to love,
First learn thee how to hate.

Hatred of sin, and zeal and fear
Lead up the Holy Hill ;
Track them, till charity appear
A self-denial still.

It was not austerity which made him speak so. No one was more essentially tender-hearted ; but he took the usually accepted Christian account of man and his destiny to be literally true, and the terrible character of it weighed upon him.

Sunt lacrimæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.

He could be gentle enough in other moods. "Lead, kindly Light," is the most popular hymn in the language. Familiar as the lines are they may here be written down once more :

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on.

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
Far distant scenes—one step, enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on.

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now,
Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.

So long Thy power has blest us, sure it will
Still lead us on.

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone.

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

It is said that men of letters are either much less or much greater than their writings. Cleverness and the skilful use of other people's thoughts produce works which take us in till we see the authors, and then we are disenchanted. A man of genius, on the other hand, is a spring in which there is always more behind than flows from it. The painting or the poem is but a part of him inadequately realized, and his nature expresses itself, with equal or fuller completeness, in his life, his conversation, and personal presence. This was eminently true of Newman. Greatly as his poetry had struck me, he was himself all that his poetry was, and something far beyond. I had then never seen so impressive a person. I met him now and then in private ; I attended his church and heard him preach Sunday after Sunday ; he is supposed to have been insidious, to have led his disciples on to conclusions to which he designed to bring them, while his purpose was carefully veiled. He was, on the contrary, the most transparent of men. He told us what he believed to be true. He did not know where it would carry him. No one who has ever risen to any great height in this world refuses to move till he knows where he is going. He is impelled in each step which he takes by a force within himself. He satisfies himself only that the step is a right one, and he leaves the rest to providence. Newman's mind was world-wide. He was interested in everything which was going on in science, in politics, in literature. Nothing was too large for him, nothing too trivial, if it threw light upon the central question, what man really was, and what was his destiny. He was careless about his personal prospects. He had no ambition to make a career, or to rise to rank and power. Still less had pleasure any seductions for him. His natural temperament was bright and light ; his senses, even the commonest, were exceptionally delicate. He could admire enthusiastically any greatness of action and character, however remote the sphere of it from his own. Gurwood's "Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington" came out just then. Newman had been reading the book, and a friend asked him what he thought of it. "Think?" he said. "it makes one burn to have been a soldier." But his own subject was the absorbing interest with him.

With us undergraduates, Newman, of course, did not enter on important questions. He, when we met him, spoke to us about subjects of the

day, of literature, of public persons, and incidents, of everything which was generally interesting. He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than any one else who was present. He was never condescending with us, never didactic or authoritative; but what he said carried conviction along with it. When we were wrong he knew why we were wrong, and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set us right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. Not a malicious anecdote was ever heard from him. Prosy he could not be. He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength—and he was interesting because he never talked for talking's sake, but because he had something real to say.

Thus it was that we, who had never seen such another man, and to whom he appeared, perhaps, at special advantage in contrast with the normal college don, came to regard Newman with the affection of pupils (though pupils, strictly speaking, he had none) for an idolized master. The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond.

Personal admiration, of course, inclined us to look to him as a guide in matters of religion. No one who heard his sermons in those days can ever forget them. They were seldom directly theological. We had theology enough and to spare from the select preachers before the university. Newman, taking some Scripture character for a text, spoke to us about ourselves, our temptations, our experiences. His illustrations were inexhaustible. He seemed to be addressing the most secret consciousness of each of us—as the eyes of a portrait appear to look at every person in a room. He never exaggerated; he was never unreal. A sermon from him was a poem, formed on a distinct idea, fascinating by its subtlety, welcome—how welcome!—from its sincerity, interesting from its originality, even to those who were careless of religion; and to others who wished to be religious, but had found religion dry and wearisome, it was like the springing of a fountain out of the rock.

The hearts of men vibrate in answer to one another like the strings to musical instruments. These sermons were, I suppose, the records of Newman's own mental experience. They appear to me to be the outcome of continued meditation upon his fellow-creatures and their positions in this world; their awful responsibilities; the mystery of their nature strangely mixed, of good and evil, of strength and weakness. A tone, not of fear, but of infinite pity, runs through them all, and along with it a resolution to look facts in the face; not to fly to evasive generalities about infinite mercy and benevolence, but to examine what revelation really has added to our knowledge, either of what we are or of what lies before us. We were met on all sides with difficulties, for experience did not confirm, it rather contradicted, what revelation appeared distinctly to assert. I recollect a sermon from him—I think in the year 1839; I have never read it since; I may not now remember the exact words, but the impression left is ineffaceable. It was on the trials of faith, of which he gave different illustrations. He supposed, first, two children to be educated together, of similar temperament and under similar conditions, one of whom was baptized and the other unbaptized. He represented them as growing up equally amiable, equally upright, equally reverent and God-fearing, with no outward evidence that one was in a different spiritual condition from the other; yet we were required to believe not only that their condition was totally different, but that one was a child of God and his companion was not.

Again, he drew a sketch of the average men and women who made up society, whom we ourselves encountered in daily life, or were connected with, or read about in newspapers. They were neither special saints, nor special sinners. None seemed good enough for heaven, none so bad as to deserve to be consigned to the company of evil spirits, and to remain in pain and misery forever.

Yet all these people were, in fact, divided one from the other by an invisible line of separation. If they were to die on the spot as they actually were, some would be saved, the rest would be lost—the saved to have eternity of happiness, the lost to be with the devils in hell.

Again, I am not sure whether it was on the same occasion, but it was in following the same line of thought, Newman described closely some of the incidents of our Lord's passion; he then paused. For a few moments there was a breathless silence. Then, in a low, clear voice, of which the faintest vibration was audible in the farthest corner of St. Mary's, he said: "Now I bid you recollect that He to whom these things were done was Almighty God." It was as if an electric stroke had gone through the church, as if every person present understood for the first time the meaning of what he had all his life been saying. I suppose it was an epoch in the mental history of more than one of my Oxford contemporaries.

J. ANTHONY FROUDE.

Short Studies in English History.



Mrs. J. F. Thomson, soprano, and Miss Robinson, the daughter of ex-Lieut.-Governor Robinson, of Toronto, are both singers. These ladies would have fine success in oratorio or concert.

There are two Hamilton ladies whose voices are known in musical circles to be exceptionally artistic. They are Mrs. Frank Mackelcan, a splendid contralto, and Mrs. George Hamilton, a dramatic soprano.

John Morley, a native of Hamilton, is in New York, training for grand opera. He has a voice like Carl Formes at his best, a wonderful basso. Mr. Morley's compass extends from C to F, all the tones being equally good.

Mr. W. H. Clark, who is the principal basso of the Boston Ideals, is the son of Mr. Thomas Clark, collector of Customs at Winnipeg. He was born in Hamilton, and during his boyhood resided for a few years in Guelph. His grandfather, Mr. Hutchinson Clark, who was mayor of Hamilton in 1868, was a prominent basso in his time, and his father was a fine singer. An uncle also attained some prominence as a basso. While in Guelph young Clark sang alto in a Methodist choir until he was about sixteen years of age.

Signor Agramente, the well-known pianist and teacher of New York, who was in Toronto a short time ago, appears to have taken quite a fancy to Canadians as singers for the stage. Agramente says that he has a theory of his own about the voice in cold countries. Canada will produce a wonder in the way of a soprano yet. He has found a wider range of good voices in Canada than anywhere else. The women, too, have an attraction all their own. He is not detracting from his own countrywomen, but they will have to keep on practising to keep up with the Canadians.

INCIDENTS IN CUPID'S LIFE.

In days of old, when father Jove
Was pierced by Cupid's dart of flame,
He sternly frown'd, and smiling Love
A flirting butterfly became.

Changed to light wings of tender blue
His tiny arms grew quickly less;
His darts were down of sunny hue,
And gleamed in golden loveliness.

The urchin, now disarmed, no more
With love's sweet pains young hearts can fill,
But flits, while Pleasure strays before,
From flower to flower in rapture still.

And yet the insect beau was sad
In fragrant vale and fairy bower;
Remembrance of the past forbad
Enjoyment of the present hour.

Then, touched with pity for the boy,
Jove softly said, "Dear babe, be free;
Thy wanton sports again enjoy,
But—never try those tricks on me!"

Love changed, and to his quiver elings
Each shaft as once in olden time;
But still he keeps his radiant wings
In memory of his former time.

And, roving like a butterfly,
He trifles since that fatal day,
One moment, breathes an earnest sigh,
The next, flies gaily far away.

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.



A contemporary says lawyers are noted for losing their patience. How about doctors?

Soulful youth (languidly)—Do you sing "Forever and Forever?" She (practically)—No, I stop for meals.

"Still lying in his grave" is an Eastern paper's reply to the request: "Please inform an archaeologist where the body of Ananias now is."

It is hard enough, any way, for a bachelor to hold a baby, but it is simply torture when it is the baby of the girl who jilted him heartlessly only three years before.

This occurred in New York; "Is Mr. Bromley tall?" "Personally he is." "Personally?" "Yes. Officially he is short—\$30,000 short. That's why he went to Montreal."

"I washed Willie's pants t'udder day, and dey shrank so dat de po' chile kin ha'dly walk in 'um. Won'er how I gwan fix 'um?" "Fry washin' de chile. Maybe he shrink too."

Restaurant waiter (to departing customer, who has failed to give him the accustomed tip)—You'll not forget me, will you?

Miserly Party—No, indeed. I'll write you a letter when I get home.

About every other Sunday some preacher down at Hutchinson takes as his text: "Ye are the salt of the earth." And when he announces it the people all stand up and say: "She's all right, you bet!" And then they sing the Doxology and go on with the service.

"I came to you, ma'am," said the tramp, "because they told me you was a friend of the human race."

"So I am," replied the lady of the house with a pleasant smile, "but you'll excuse me. I do not see how that fact can be of the slightest interest to you."

Editor; "You say you wish this poem to appear in my paper anonymously?" Would-be Contributor; "Yes; I don't want any name to it." "Then, I can't publish it." "Why not?" "Because I am conscientious about this matter. I don't want an unjust suspicion to fall upon some innocent person."

"I notice in the paper," said Mrs. Barracks, pouring out Mr. Barracks' coffee, "that a Brooklyn clergyman says that women should be permitted to whistle." "Yes," retorted Mr. Barracks, agreeably. "He is right. We should surely not deny a woman a privilege we accord to tug boats and locomotives."

First Poetical Aspirant (to second ditto): "So you say you've sent off more than a hundred poems and never had one returned?" Second P. A.: "That's what I said." First P. A.: "It's a phenomenal success! I wish I knew the secret." Second P. A.: "Well, I've sometimes thought it was because I never enclosed any postage stamps."

Passenger (to street car driver)—I suppose, my friend, that your hours are long and hard and your life full of trials?

Driver—Begorra, it is thot, sir. But I wuddent moind it but for wan thing.

Passenger—And what is that?

Driver—Fat ould wimen.

A young rascal, about 4 years old, found that the new baby rather interfered with his previous importance, and he became disgruntled. "Where's that baby come from, anyhow?" he enquired. "Out of the cabbage garden," he was informed. The next morning he was found, with a big kitchen knife, ripping open every cabbage he could reach, saying he didn't believe in mamma's new baby, and he was going to cabbage one for himself.

Broad Street Dame (waking from sleep as the clock strikes 11 p.m.)—Mercy me! Have you been down stairs reading all this time?

Husband—I've been sitting in the back parlor waiting for that young man to leave.

Remember, my dear, that you were young once yours-elf. I remember. That's why I watch him.

"Sin, my dear pupils," said Deacon Barnes to his Sunday school class, "is the legacy of Adam."

And the bright boy in the class remarked that that was probably the first case on record where a will was not broken.

"Yes," said the deacon, "but it should be remembered that there was enough to go round. I don't remember hearing of anybody who didn't receive his share of the inheritance."

A doctor met a little girl on a street in Kingston the other day. He had brought her through several severe cases of illness, and now she is strong and healthy. As she shook hands with him she smiled brightly and said:

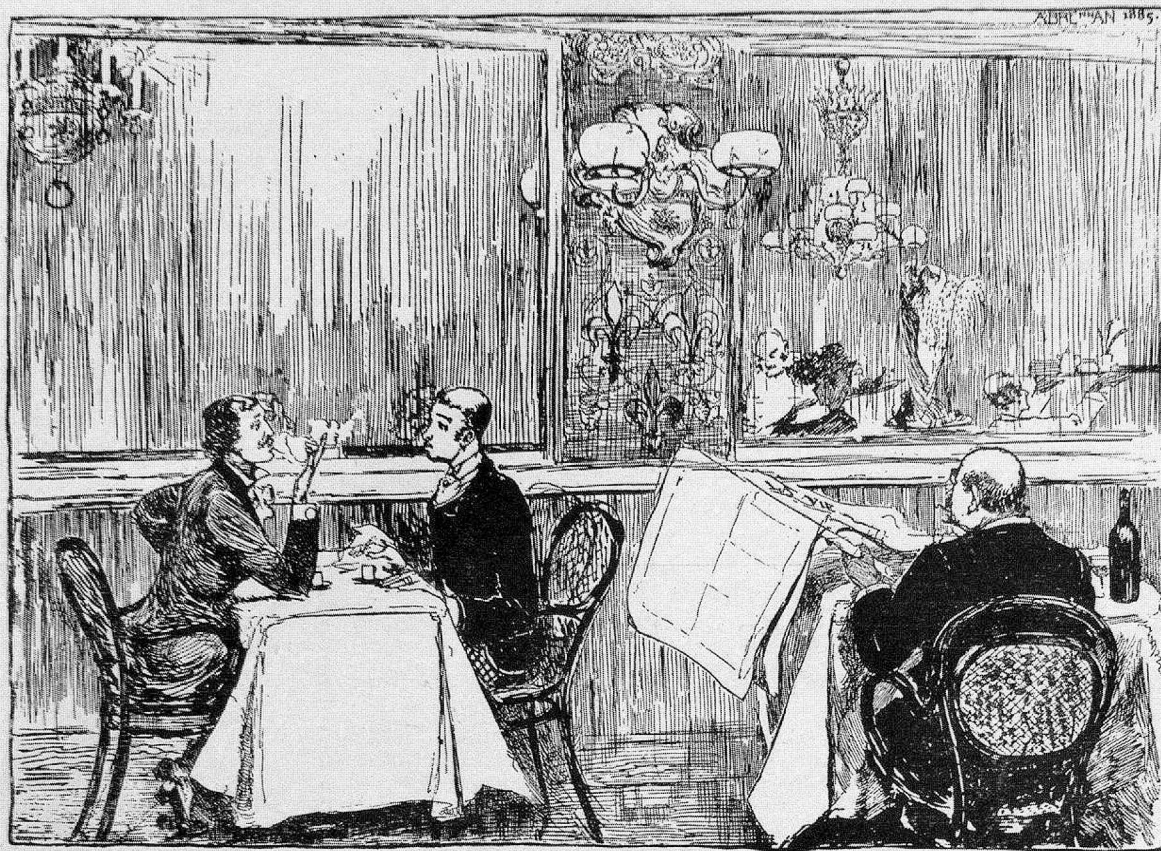
"Doctor, I like you."

"Indeed," said the doctor; "then you hold no grudge because of the bad tasting medicine I gave you?"

"Oh, no," she replied, laughingly. "Do you remember when I was so sick and wanted candies?"

"Well, yes," said the doctor.

"And you said I could have gum drops. Ever since that time I have liked you," said the little girl, as she bounded up the street.



AT A FASHIONABLE RESTAURANT.

JACK (who has just treated his friend to the dinner of the establishment): Pretty good dinner for fifty cents, eh?
HIS FRIEND: First rate. Let's have another.

How a Father Was Cured of Drinking.

One day in a familiar instruction a priest said: "Do you wish to convert a family? Bring in its midst a soul who knows how to suffer."

"Do you wish to bring back to God a soul that is dear to you? Suffer for it."

These words were heard by a little girl who had just made her first communion. How could she comprehend them? God knows the secret of it.

The poor little child had often seen her mother weep and blush with shame, when, almost every evening, her father came home stupefied with wine.

On the day when the efficacy of suffering was revealed to her, she said to her mother, embracing her with an effusive tenderness which thrilled the poor wife: "Mother be happy, father will soon cease to make you weep."

And the next day at the noon meal—the only one which brought the family together—she took some porridge with a piece of bread, and refused anything more.

"Are you sick?" asked the mother with astonishment.

"No, mother."

"Eat, then," said the father.

"Not to-day, father."

They believed it a whim, and thought to punish the child by leaving her pouting unnoticed.

In the evening the father returned as usual intoxicated. The child who had gone to bed, but had not slept, heard him swear and began to cry. It was the first time oaths had made her weep.

The next day, like the preceding, at dinner she refused everything but bread and water.

The mother became uneasy, the father angry.

"I wish that you would eat," he said, angrily.

"No," replied the child firmly, "not as long as you will become intoxicated, swear, and make my mother cry. I have promised the good God, and I wish to suffer that God may not punish you."

The father hung his head. That evening he returned home quietly, and the little one was charmingly bright and winning, and no longer refused to eat.

The habit again overcame the father. The child's fast recommenced.

This time the father could say nothing; a large tear rolled down his cheek, and he ceased to eat. The mother also wept. The child alone remained calm.

Rising from the table he clasped his little daughter in his arms, saying:

"Poor martyr! Will you always do thus?"

"Yes, father; till I die, or you are converted."

"My child, my child! I will never more give your mother cause to weep."

A little boy, six years old, was sent to school last week for the first time, and on his return home asked his papa, "Who taught the first man his letters?"

A lady said to her guests: "Make yourselves comfortable, and do exactly as if you were at home. As I am at home myself, I wish with all my heart that you were, too."

A mediocre painter, who considered himself quite a distinguished artist, wished to fresco the ceiling of his hall. "I will whitewash it first," he said, "and then paint it." One of his hearers remarked, "I think you would do better to paint it first, and then to whitewash it."

Habitant—"I wish to sell my house and lot." Real Estate Agent—"All right, give me a description." Owner (next day)—"I've decided not to sell that place." Agent—"What's up?" Owner—"After reading your advertisement on its advantages, I couldn't think of parting with such property."

Fond Father: "I declare, Aggie, you are a perfect fac simile of your mother when she was your age."

Aggie (just home from boarding-school): "Please call me, Agonies, papa. As you say, I presume I am a fah simmeel of mamma in her younger days."

Fond Father (communing with himself in the woodshed a few moments later): "Papa! Mamma! Agonies! Fah simmeel! Great Scott! Is that what I pay \$150 a term for?"

THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

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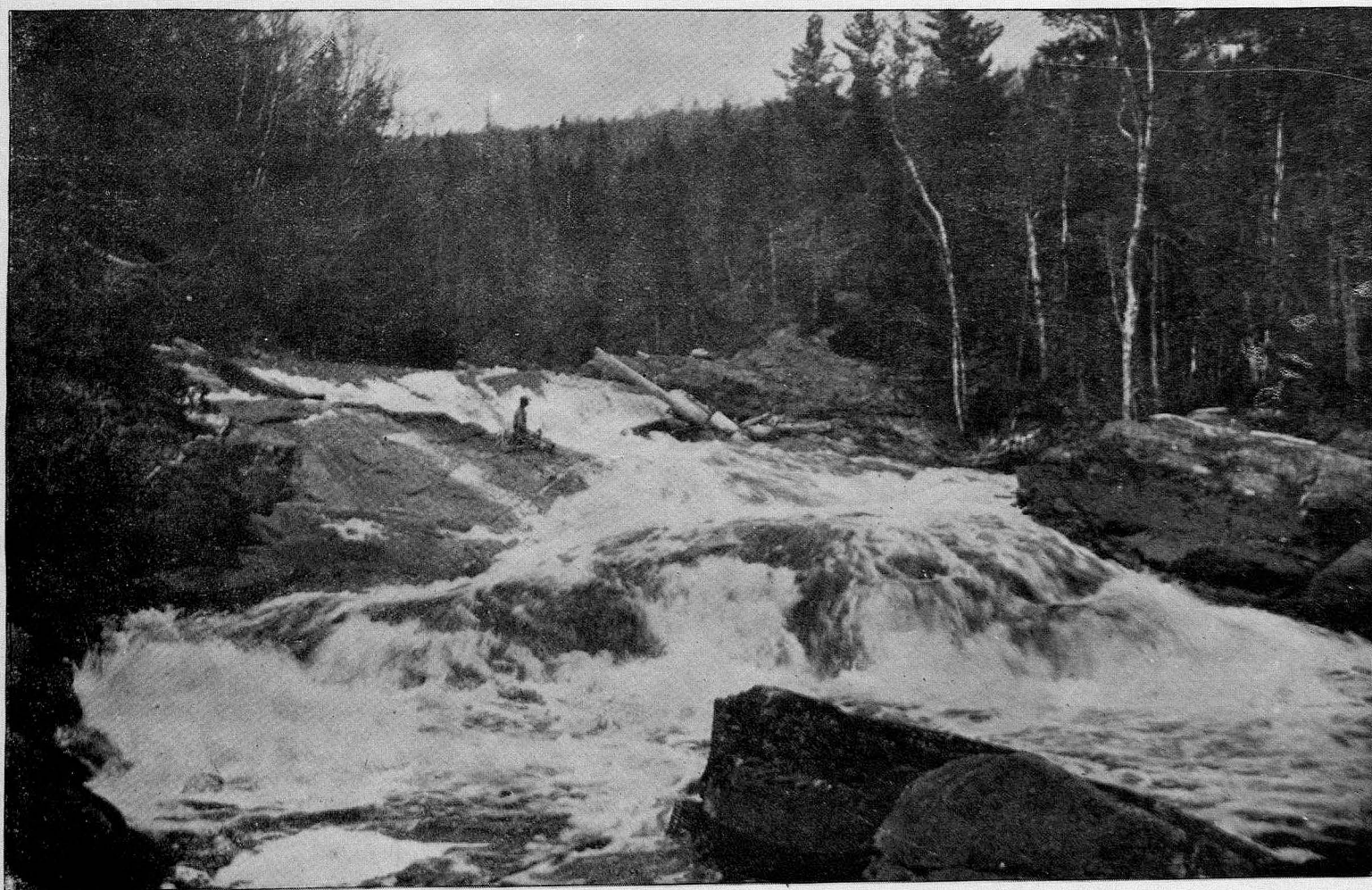
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THIRD FALLS OF THE MASTIGOUCHE, IN THE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS.

From a photograph by Henderson.

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17th NOVEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

On the memorable occasion of the official inauguration of the 27½ feet channel in the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, on Wednesday, 7th instant, we were enabled by the courtesy of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners to secure some valuable and interesting mementoes of the event, in the shape of photographic views and groups taken especially for THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED by Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son. These we intend publishing in several issues of this journal as fast as the engravings can be furnished. The following is an incomplete list of the portraits, groups and views to appear:—

- Portrait of the Hon. Sir Hector Langevin, C.B., K.C.M.G., Minister of Public Works.
- Alexander Robertson, Esq., Chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners.
- A group of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners present.
- A group of the Quebec Harbour Commissioners present.
- A group of Members of Parliament.
- A group of the Acting-Mayor and Aldermen of Montreal.
- A group of Civil Engineers.
- A group of Forwarders.
- A group of Members of the Press.
- A group consisting of the Hon. A. W. Ogilvy, Senator; Andrew Allan, Esq., and L. J. Seargeant, Esq.; also,
- Views of the SS. "Lake Ontario,"
- Views of Montreal, Three Rivers, etc.

Persons wishing to secure a number of copies of the issue of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED that will contain these engravings should give timely notice to their news-dealer or to us direct.

On several occasions we have been told that stationers and news-dealers in Manitoba and the North-West sell single copies of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED at 15 cents. This is not right. The price is ten cents, and the copies cost no more delivered in Brandon, Winnipeg, Calgary, or Victoria, than in Ottawa or Toronto. It is an injustice to the buyer and unfair to us, as tending to diminish the circulation. People up there, however, think it cheap even at 15 cents!

PERSONAL.

Lord Sackville will perhaps shortly arrive in Ottawa on a visit of some weeks to the Governor-General.

Lady Macdonald speaks the French tongue with taste and ease. She charmed the French ladies who called upon her during Sir John's late visit to Sherbrooke.

The East Hatley school is presided over by two lady teachers from McGill Normal School—Miss Mary Grant, of La Guerre, and Miss Lucy Ives, of Hatley.

A number of Canadian students have just passed the examinations of the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, Edinburgh, and the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons, Glasgow. Their names are, for the second examination: Richard E. Walker, Wm. Hamilton Merritt, Robt. M. Simpson, Chas. McLeod, Miss Elizabeth S. Mitchell and Perry W. Thompson.



Some weeks ago we put forth the hope that the Department at Ottawa might reduce the postage of letters from three to two cents. Having since been told that, even with three cents, the postal deficiency of income is still large, we shall have to put up with a very awkward charge, nor can take comfort, with the *Huntingdon Gleaner*, that the Canadian postal service is the cheapest in the world, because it carries newspapers free, and charges only half the American rate on parcels, books and periodicals.

The Isthmus of Corinth has been cut through and a canal, four miles in length, will at once be opened to trade. This neck of land is historical in every inch of it. On it was built the profligate city, with its two ports, facing each on a classic bay or gulf, whence the description of Horace:

* * * * *
Bimarise Corinthi
Maenia. * * * * *

Nero may be said to have begun work on this canal 1800 years since, to save navigation around Cape Malea, but it was never carried through.

In one of the gulfs was the headland of Salamis, which it is only needful to name. In the other took place the memorable battle of Lepanto, where the naval supremacy of the Turks was broken by Don Juan of Austria, and wholly destroyed, in 1829, in almost the same waters, at Navarino, by the combined fleets of England, France and Russia. We need only refer, also, to the cliffs of Actium, not far, where Cleopatra's galley shot homeward, like a frightened swallow, and Antony followed after, losing the empire of the world. The Gulf of Lepanto flows into the Gulf of Patras, and, on that vine-clad shore, stands Missolonghi, where Byron died for Hellas.

It has been the holy work of modern scholarship to rescue the name of fair women that have been smirched by hireling penmen. The turn of Theodosia, the dazzling empress of the East, has come. Readers of Gibbon have shuddered on reading what he wrote of her, and when he durst not say all in English, he quoted outrageous notes in Greek, from Procopius and other miscreants. We are glad to learn that Professor Bryce, the distinguished historian, in a new life of Justinian, will set up this peerless woman in her true light.

Some time ago we published, for the first time, and from the manuscript of the author, Charles Mair's noble poem on the "Last Bison," which, we are glad to know, will see the light again in the forthcoming volume of the "Poets of Canada," in the Canterbury series. In a note our poet gave us the account of the striking incident which inspired his verses. It had been hoped that what was lost to the prairie might be kept in the park, but Major Bedson, of Winnipeg, has just sold to a Kansas ranch, for \$18,000, the only and last herd in America.

The *Brandon Times*, with praiseworthy zeal for the welfare of English undefiled, instead of Latin derivations, has changed its terms, in quoting live stock, from "beef," "mutton" and "pork," to "cattle," "sheep" and "pig." Now, that is proper. In the work of righting, you have to begin somewhere, and the butcher's stall is as good a start as any. The squeamish writer of another

paper finds fault with "pig," as only the young of swine. Well, the reformer of the *Times* will doubtless willingly take "hog" besides.

As we are in the mood of raising statues and memorials, how would it do to have a monument to the mighty St. Lawrence, the greatest river on this ball of earth? The Father of Waters is nothing to it, and yet Larkin Mead is exhibiting, at his study, in Florence, the statue called "The Mississippi," wrought according to the Greek ideal of a river-god, with long beard, big nose and limbs of conscious power. The queen of the Mississippi, St. Louis, means to purchase and set it up in one of her parks.

Another example which our American neighbours are setting and which we should do well to follow is keeping untouched, and in repairs, whatever old buildings or houses still stand to which historic memories are linked. The Albany Historical Society is raising money to rescue from destruction the famous old "Patron House," built in 1765, as the manor house of the Van Rensselaers. The object of the Society, which owns about \$150,000 worth of antiquities, is to establish a free museum in the building.

Robert Browning has left Genoa and Florence, in his old age, to take up his dwelling on the Grand Canal, at Venice, in the Palazzo Rezzonico, which he has bought for five and twenty thousand dollars. As a result, we may look forward to a book of local poems, a companion to his own Etruscan pictures, and the "Casa Guidi Windows" of his clever wife, Elizabeth Barrett. Thus, too, another English name will be linked with those of Otway, Radcliffe, Shakespeare and Byron in celebrating

The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

What medical English knight was that who said that the happiest of men was he who knew not that he had a stomach? The whole human mechanism depends on digestion, and digestion depends on eating. To eat well you must chew thoroughly. Mr. Gladstone counts thirty-three between each bite. A leading surgeon of Montreal makes it fifty. Another, a French doctor of this city, says that you must *chew* even every spoonful of porridge. Another good rule is to drink sparingly, or not at all, while eating. After eating, drink your tea, coffee or wine sippingly.

In reply to a bantering paragraph of ours, the *Calgary Herald* states that, while the Northwest admits the claims of Eastern Canada—as the older provinces are called out there—it will have a jealous watch over its own interests, brooking no dictation. In our very first number we set forth that the seat of influence in this Dominion would be lodged in the Northwest before the end of the century, renewing the experience of the United States, and fulfilling once more the forecast of Bishop Berkeley. But, in the meantime, there is no harm in repeating what we then said also, that the new provinces and territories are integrally bound to the East, and that it is their duty and their interest to work in harmony therewith.

Now that the field of battle is clear, it is easy enough to see the grounds of the change in the Presidency of the United States. Mr. Cleveland owes his defeat mainly to his own mismanagement in the tariff message. He and his administration were like a ship in full rig, with every sail set, and

flags flying from every mast, but instead of trimming those sails a little, and tacking in true sailor fashion, he bore on against the wind and went down in mid sea. In a smaller way, it was the same thing with the government of Mr. Mackenzie, in 1878. There was no earthly reason why that government should have foundered, if it had bent to the people's will, in a slight rise of the tariff. Neither with Mr. Mackenzie nor Mr. Cleveland would there have been any truckling or sacrifice of principle. In democracies, the popular voice, when not revolutionary, is sovereign, and it is wise statesmanship to know when to yield, and how to use it to the best advantage.

A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

During the memorable debates that went before and followed the historic event of Confederation, the late D'Arcy McGee made use of these words:—

"I see in the not remote distance one great nationality bound, like the shield of Achilles, by the blue rim of ocean. I see it quartered into many communities, each disposing of its internal affairs, but all bound together by free institutions, free intercourse and free commerce. I see within the round of that shield the peaks of the western mountains, and the crests of the eastern waves, the winding Assiniboine, the five-fold lakes, the St. Lawrence, the Ottawa, the Saguenay, the St. John and the Basin of Minas. By all these flowing waters, in all the valleys they fertilize, in all the cities they visit in their courses, I see a generation of industrious, contented, moral men, free in name and in fact—men capable of maintaining in peace and in war a constitution worthy of such a people."

With the soul of a patriot, the eye of a poet, and the voice of an orator, the gifted Irishman—himself one of the Fathers of Confederation—proclaimed a fair and glorious vision which has become literally true within less than twenty years after that he lay in death under the cold April moon—a loss to his own countrymen and his adopted country which has never been repaired. Poor D'Arcy! When he uttered these words the four old Provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec and Ontario—had only just clasped hands. Since then the union has spread from sea to sea, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia coming forward, with the vast intervening space joining all together, as a seventh province and four new territories. The very union of the provinces was a masterpiece of statesmanship, but this was followed up and strengthened by two strokes of policy that to future generations will read like romance. The first was the purchase of the Hudson's Bay Territory, whereby the Dominion a little more than halved the North American continent with the United States—the area of the latter, inclusive of Alaska, being 3,603,844 square miles, and the area of Canada, exclusive of Newfoundland, 3,610,257. The second was the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway in exactly half the time agreed on—which is the greatest feat of engineering on record. The contract was signed on the 9th April, 1881, and the work was to be completed in 1891. In 1886 a train timed from Halifax started from Montreal and steamed straight to Vancouver, touching station to station on schedule time, and since then the service has been as regular as clockwork. In

1891 the Pacific road will be looked upon as an ancient affair.

And still we are only beginning the pursuit of our destiny. We have all the material required; it is the spirit now that we have to foster. That spirit must be as broad as our prairies; as high as our blue skies; as strong as the buttresses of our Rocky Mountains. We have exceptional difficulties to contend against—the difference of race, creed and tongue, for one thing, and the narrow jealousies of provincialism for another. But the proofs are not wanting that the people will be equal to their opportunities, and that they appreciate the advantages of their native land sufficiently to unite as one man for its maintenance against all internal dissensions and all inroads from abroad. The dream of D'Arcy McGee was a beautiful one, and it has been fulfilled. The prospect that spreads before ourselves is still more magnificent, and God bless our common country.

COPYRIGHT IN CANADA.

Copyright Acts were passed in Canada in 1841, 1847, 1868 and 1875, the last repealing all the others, and it is with that we have now to do. The first principle underlying it is that of reciprocity, granting other nations the same privilege which they impart to Canada. In the United States the law requires citizenship or residence, and refuses international copyright. A second principle of the Canadian Act is that the book protected shall be printed and published in Canada. The stereotype plates may be imported, but they must be put into the press in Canada.

There are, however, several special clauses in the Act which, according to Mr. S. E. Dawson, in the excellent lecture which we are summarizing, deserve mention. In the first place the Act does not demand prior publication, but an author, at any time, may print and copyright his book in Canada. Hence unauthorized editions may not be printed or imported, although the copies imported may be sold. The original author's edition can always be imported, to prevent Canadian publishers from issuing a cheap and inferior edition. In the second place the Act allows interim copyright, the object of which is to prevent the importation of a book which is going through the press in Canada. Of course there must be registration in the *Canada Gazette*. Thirdly, the Act provides for temporary copyright, which is meant to cover serial works, in various shapes. The title and a summary must be officially registered. The need of a Canadian Act is that the Imperial Act is drawn up in the sole interest of the British publisher.

The object of our Act is to confer local copyright, through local publication, because, by publishing here, the Canadian writer loses British copyright. Under its protection many British works have been reprinted in Canada with the author's consent, and the United States editions of these books have been excluded. But Canadian publishers have not been satisfied, and after obtaining a couple of important concessions—on two decisions of the Vice-Chancellor, in the case of *Smiles vs. Belford*, which were never appealed—they prevailed upon the Government, in 1872, to grant them a further measure of relief, by empowering them to reprint English copyrights without the consent of the author, on payment, through the Government, of a royalty to the

author of 12½ per cent. on the wholesale price. The Act was reserved and did not become law. In 1870 the Canadian Government forwarded a minute laying down this principle: "The important point at issue, and one in which the views of the London publishers, and of the people both of Canada and of the United States, are irreconcilable, is, that the former insists upon the extension of copyright without local publication, and to this the latter will never consent."

It is quite clear from a perusal of Mr. Dawson's pamphlet, out of which we have gathered points only *passim*, that the subject of copyright is not as properly understood as it should be. On the fundamental question of whether an author's right over his work after publication is founded on natural law or not, although Mr. Dawson is repeatedly positive that it is not, the views of the greatest jurists of England, for the last hundred years, are about evenly balanced, while the fact of governments having assumed to control this property by statute, or "privilege," as it is politely called, is no proof that they were right except in so far as they regulated the term of copyright. Those who hold to the right of writers to their publications by the law of nature, are not so silly as to insist upon perpetuity of right, notwithstanding what some specialists may have said. But that initial question is practically of slight importance. In our day, there are few authors who are not in a position to make terms with publishers beforehand, so as to preclude the exclusive handling of the profits of a work by the latter. We trust that any draught of a bill to be set before Parliament at the next session, may, in substance, be given to the papers beforehand, in order that all interested parties may thoroughly take in its bearings.

THE MAID OF THE WEST.

On a rock by the sea sat a Western maid,
Around her the breezes of beauty had play'd;
The soft summer lightning, the roses might dip
In the blue of her eye,—the red of her lip.

When shadows are closing and clouds gather o'er,
A knight pricketh light on the sands of the shore.
"In a Western wild to be wedded were bliss!"
He pluck'd from his helmet the fair *Fleur de Lys*.

The maiden she simper'd,—right gallant, I trow,
The heart of the chieftain that kneel'd to her now;
And brave be the soldier and true be the lance
That pointeth a foe to the lily of France.

Who rideth the skirt of the forest hard by?
With bearing so noble, defiant and high;
Alone, a knight errant, no pageant attends,
He neareth, and low to the saddle-bow bends.

O lady! the lisping thou lovest to hear,
How sweet from the voice of a gay cavalier.
"Sweet lady! I wager thou deemest with me
The Rose of old England far fairer would be."

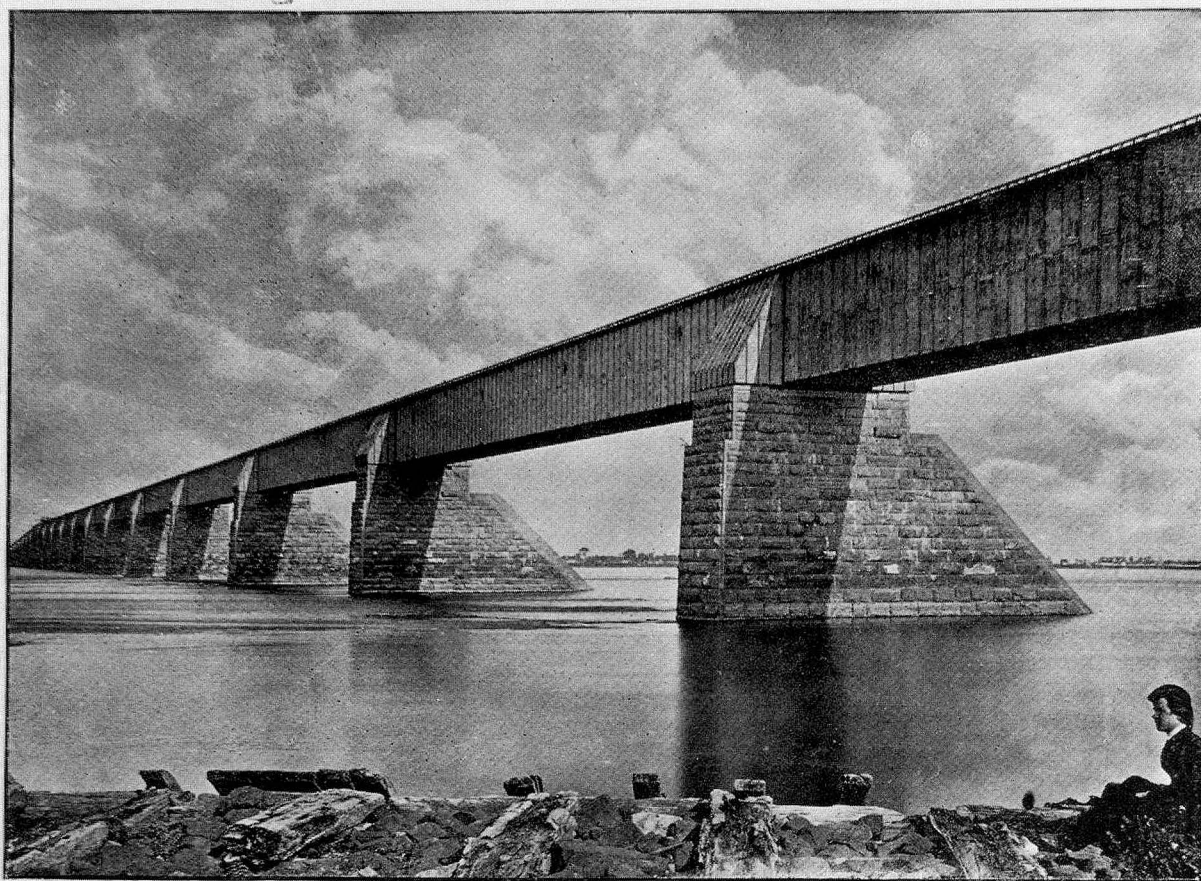
For flourish of trumpet, a frown to a frown,
The lances are lifted, the visors are down;
The steed, how he rusheth to stirrup and rein,
Unhors'd, but unconquered, they're down to the plain.

In a Western wild to be wedded were bliss,
She bends o'er the dying—now this, this, and this,
Three kisses hath planted the maid of the West
On the flow'r of flow'rs, the flow'r she loves best.

Quebec.

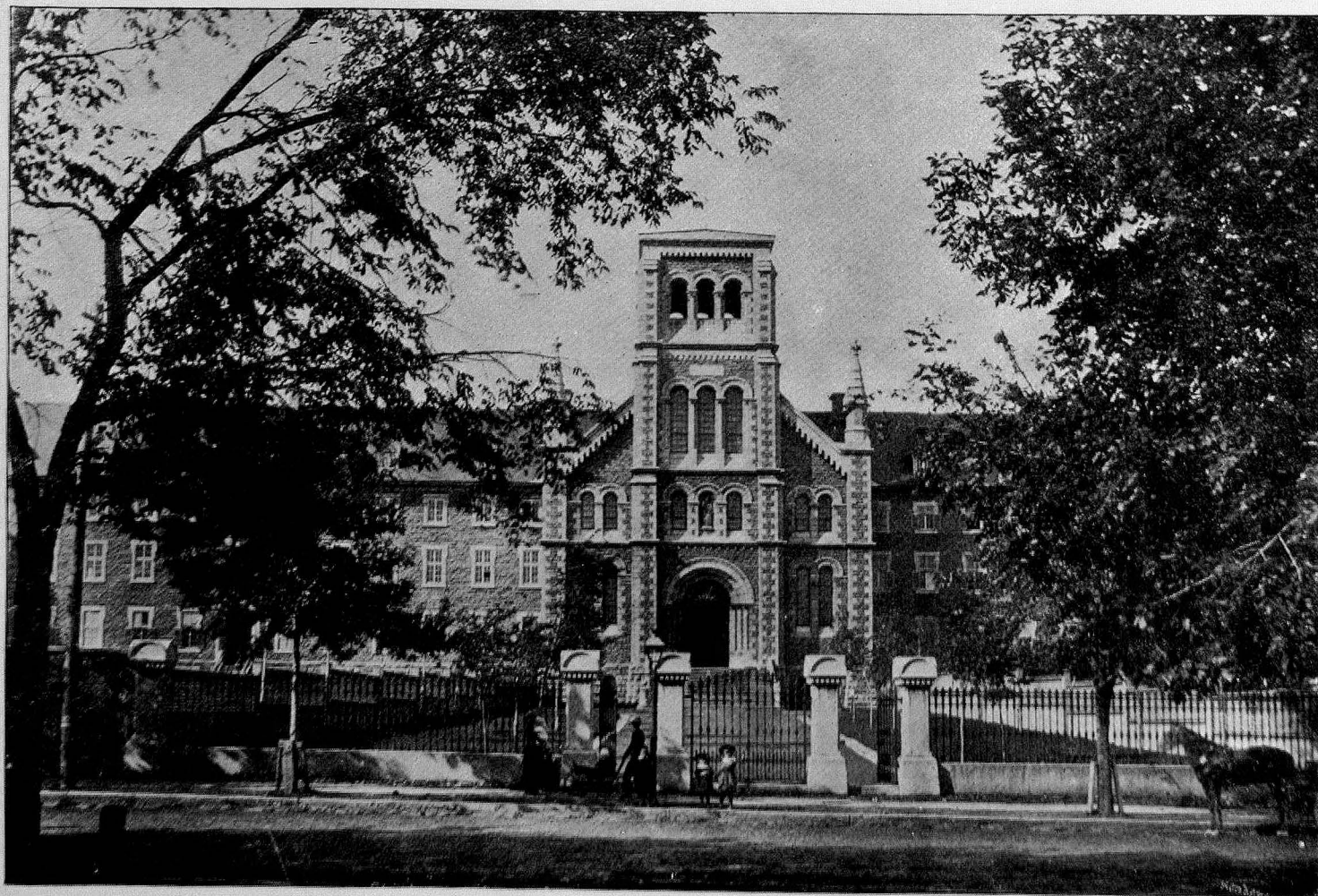
J. M. FOX.

We are pleased to be able to publish this tribute of the Earl of Southesk to our young poet, Arthur Weir: * * *
"A work of more than common interest and beauty. In saying this I do not use mere words of compliment. Inequalities doubtless exist, some of the poems are less attractive than their fellows, here and there a polishing touch might be serviceable—but with these reservations I can venture to declare that one seldom meets with a volume of that scope and character in which there is so much to admire and so little to blame. You have not turned out first specimens of those cast-iron pieces of chill perfection, which, monthly, weekly, daily, blight one's soul in every book, or magazine, or newspaper. You have given us true poems by a true poet, one loving nature, and endowed with the rare sense of rhythm and melody."



VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

From a photograph by Henderson.

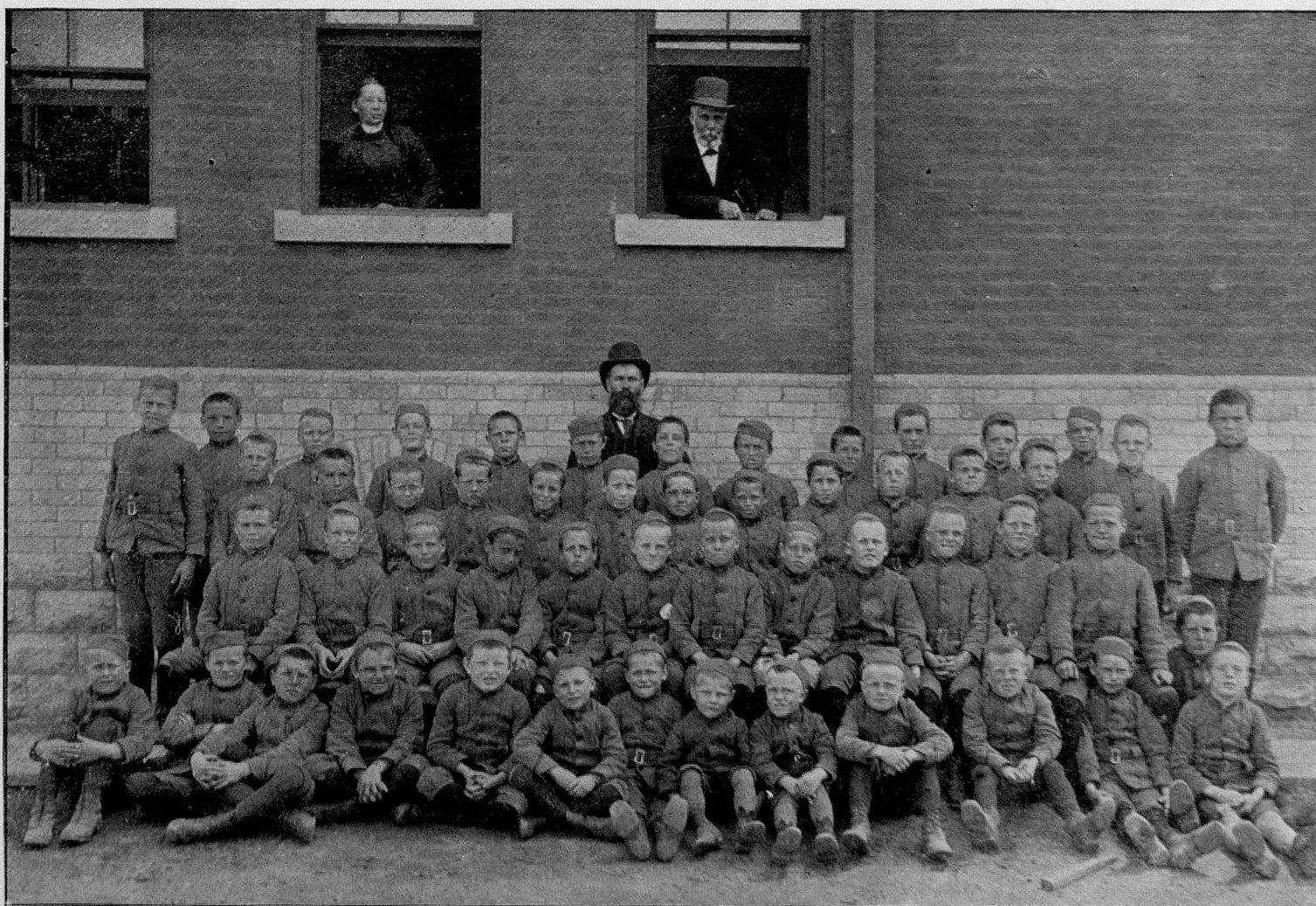


ENTRANCE TO THE CHURCH OF THE GREY NUNS' GENERAL HOSPITAL, DORCHESTER STREET, MONTREAL.

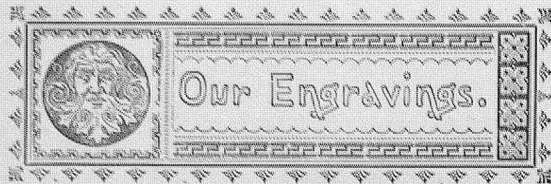
From a photograph by Henderson.



THE VICTORIA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, MIMICO, NEAR TORONTO. GENERAL VIEW.



THE VICTORIA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL. THE BOYS.



FALLS OF THE MASTIGOUCHE.—This is the third of the Falls of the Mastigouche, which add so much to the spectacular beauty and the fish value of the Laurentian Mountain country, where no less than three Canadian clubs have their quarters in the sporting season. In previous pictures of the lakes with which this fair land abounds we gave the main features of its topography.

VICTORIA BRIDGE.—Although this bridge is now nearly thirty years old, however familiar it may be to the people of Montreal, it is still one of the wonders of modern engineering skill, its fame has spread to the furthest bounds of the world, and to tourists in Canada it is always looked up to as one, perhaps, of the greatest sights on the St. Lawrence. The grace of outline, the adaptability of design and the solidity of construction have all contributed to this most creditable record, that, in twenty-seven years of service, there has not been the slightest accident on that long bridge. This speaks volumes for the skill, watchfulness and persevering energy of the Grand Trunk Railway, to whom this great work belongs. Of all the parts of the extended line, there is none more admirably managed than the Victoria Tubular Bridge.

CHURCH OF THE GREY NUNS.—All those who remember the high stone walls of the Grey Nunnery, on its original site, near the water's edge, at McGill street, will regret the disappearance of the little spire or campanile of the chapel that stood in the midst of the court-yard, and it is with pleasure that a portion of it is still seen among the new warehouses that have sprung up there. The stately church, forming a portion of the immense building used as an hospital, has replaced the church, and deserves a place here, as one of the finest specimens of its class.

THE VICTORIA SCHOOL OF INDUSTRY.—This is one of the pet institutions of the Province of Ontario, situated at Mimico, in the neighbourhood of the Queen City of the Lake. Being under the Industrial School Association of Toronto, it has grown from the start, and its progress has been watched with interest in every county of the province. The system is very thorough. The boys are taught punctuality and cleanliness; have plenty of food and sleep; go through regular hours of work and play, and thus gradually work themselves into active, healthy and dutiful men. The record shows 62 boys, from six to fourteen years of age, from Bruce, Peterboro, Ontario, York counties and the city of Toronto treated during the year. Some had been returned to their parents on probation. There are now 55 in the school, as against 42 a year ago. The lads are employed in farm and garden, do tailoring, baking, carpentering, besides the housework of the premises, and their work has produced, in the shape of wood, milk, vegetables, grain and hay, a value of \$2,248.

KICKING HORSE PASS.—This fine picture must be looked at and admired in connection with that of the Ottertail Mountain given in our last issue. As there stated, the valley is formed by the Wapta or Kicking Horse River. Why not stick to the liquid and euphonious Indian name? The road rises from the flat of the Wapta, and, after crossing a high bridge over the Ottertail River, goes down again to the Wapta.

AT THE CAPSTAN.—As this paper circulates amongst landmen quite as much as it does amongst seafarers, it may be necessary to explain—what is a capstan? Nautically, then, it is a strong, massy column of timber, formed somewhat like a truncated cone, and having its upper extremity pierced to receive bars, or levers, for winding a rope round it, to raise great weights, or to exert great power; principally used in ships for heaving in cables, as when raising an anchor. In short, it is an ancient form of the modern windlass; but the engraving will explain the remainder. Why the painter of the group should have selected this medium for an exhibition of his talent is only known to himself. The question is, however, could he have done better; would we have this painting otherwise than it is? There you see the old capstan, some time or other wrecked from a man-of-war or merchantman, now used for hauling up smaller boats over the surf. And what fresh, lovely, briny, inspiring faces and figures the heroes and heroines of the painting have—manliness, womanhood and youth to the very life. Henry Bacon is an American, born at Haverhill, Mass., in 1839. Even now he is perfecting himself in all parts of the world, and if his future equals or surpasses the past, we shall have another great star on this side of the Atlantic.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.—The work on the buildings of the forthcoming exhibition at Paris are progressing steadily. We give to-day a view of them, as they stand at present. Our engraving represents the two palaces of the Fine Arts and of the Liberal Arts, which constitute the two wings of the main exhibition building. Between these two palaces, and behind the Eiffel tower, there will be a magnificent garden. The Fine Arts palace is on the left of our picture, and that of the Liberal Arts on the right. Around these two palaces will be found the *cafés*, restaurants, bars and breweries. The reader will readily see that the buildings are in process of construction, and bear another aspect to-day.

HOGARTH.

"26th October, William Hogarth died, 1764." An event, important enough after the lapse of a century and a quarter to be chronicled in a common almanac, may not be considered too trifling to serve as the basis of a few reflections upon a character too little appreciated in proportion to its effect upon eighteenth century society.

The son of a schoolmaster and Grub street hack, Hogarth was born in London in 1697. From his youth he was "of the streets—streety," and delighted to watch the shifting shows and spectacles of life in the great metropolis. His skill as a draughtsman soon made itself known, and his early ambition was temporarily satisfied by an apprenticeship to a silver-plate engraver. He possessed a quick, observing eye for form, a penetrating judgment, which seized upon the inner character of things, and a peculiarly cultivated memory. He studied principally in his own way, treating the details encountered in his everyday existence as symbols to be afterward employed in the arrangement of his pictures. The outward signs of life were learned as an alphabet of art, and social aspects were memorized as a vocabulary. Of the wonderful store of detail at his command, every picture produced by him is a proof. As his artistic ideas developed he obtained some benefit in drawing at the school of Sir James Thornhill (whose only daughter he afterward married), and started out as an engraver, chiefly executing tickets, shop-bills, book-plates and heraldic designs. His great power of satire found ample material in the surrounding social and artistic customs of the day, and he produced, at this early period of his career, such works as "The Lottery," "Masquerades," and plates for a large edition of "Hudibras." The satire of Baker found a congenial illustrator in Hogarth; but the great power of the artist was too original to be confined to the pictorial translation of other men's ideas. He started as a painter in oils, and from the outset was bitterly opposed by the art factions then dominant in London; but opposition served only as a spur to his genius, and made him more resolute in his peculiar treatment of scenes and satires. What Fielding and Johnson were doing with their pens, Hogarth equalled with his brush. He satirized the folly and held naked to the light of scorn the wickedness of the time. He elected to compose pictures on canvass as they were arranged upon the stage, and if any painter ever successfully carried out Hamlet's theory of dramatic art, "to show scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure," it was surely Hogarth. "The Four Times of the Day," "Masquerades," "A Harlot's Progress," "A Rake's Progress," "Marriage à la Mode," "Distrest Poet," "Strolling Players," "Industry and Idleness," "Southwark Fair," "The Election," covering the whole social history of the first half of the eighteenth century,—with their aid we can better understand the character of the age and appreciate its literature more thoroughly.

Such a startling innovation in art set the schools at once against him. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who lectured soundly enough on the *Gusto Grande*, *Beau Ideal*, and the *Great Style*, allowed but limited praise to the painters, "who express with precision the various shades of passion, as they are exhibited by vulgar minds, such as we see in Hogarth." The bent of the genius he criticized was not understood by Sir Joshua, whose ideas of life were enclosed within the four walls of a drawing-room, and who once said, "the true object of art was to strike the imagination." Hogarth thought it possible that art had a more humble and more humane mission, and, whilst not despising the imaginative flights of artistic expression, perceived the necessity of proving that a painter could, and should, strike the moral faculties of man, as well as gratify his ideal aspirations. In one aspect of his writings Dickens has fully carried out the Hogarthian principle, and some of the novelist's characters remind one forcibly of the old painter. By a large class, Hogarth was regarded as a mere comic painter,

whose desire was to make men laugh at their own follies. Hogarth cared little whether they laughed at, so long as they ultimately thought of, what he represented. Charles Lamb, whose mental qualities were peculiarly fitted to give him the right of criticizing Hogarth, overthrows the fallacy alluded to by remarking that "A severer set of satires, less mingled with anything of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal or the satiric touches in 'Timon of Athens.'" Another school of critics stigmatized "Hogarth's method of exposing meanness, deformity and vice, paddling in whatever is ridiculous, faulty and vicious"; but it is absurd and positively untruthful to thus describe the work of England's great painter-satirist. In nearly every one of his pictures, including the most vulgar and vicious scenes he felt it his duty to express on canvass, there is some touch of innocence that contrasts strongly with the wicked; some note of purity above all the discord of depravity; he never omits "some soul of goodness in things evil. Would men observingly distil it out?" Although Hogarth mainly employed his great gifts in their natural, and, therefore, best and most useful, course, there were times when, stung by the unreasoning and malicious traducings of his opponent, he sought to prove himself capable of entering the so-called higher fields of art. In the manner of his old master, Thornhill, he produced a few pictures of a religious and semi-historical nature, but they can scarcely be esteemed successful. Later on, in order to refute Sir Joshua Reynolds' charge that he lacked the requisites of the great style of historical painting, he executed several religious pictures, which, though not approaching sublimity, will yet hold their own with Sir Joshua's pretended great religious works. Hogarth was wrong when he left his own school to invade that of his enemies. He was fully as great a master in his own department as was Reynolds in his. His plain mission was to paint the life and times existing around him, and so long as he confined his energy and genius to that field, he was successful. "How did Hogarth rise?" says Ruskin. "Not by painting Athenian follies, but London follies."

Hogarth executed a few portraits, the best of which is probably the well-known likeness of himself and his dog "Trump," a pug of characteristic beauty; but "Squinting John Wilkes" is the most memorable, being a clever pictorial satire upon the great street preacher of liberty, as well as a faithful likeness of the ugly features, which Wilkes greatly desired to conceal from posterity. It was the artist's reply to some scurrilous attacks upon his eccentric book, "The Analyses of Beauty," which appeared in the "North Briton."

Hogarth was bitterly opposed to the undue worship of the foreign element in art, and often, carried away by the heat of argument and the unwisdom of retort, he assailed the "great masters" to his own harm, but he never seriously entertained those opinions. He once remarked, apropos of this matter: "The connoisseurs and I are at war, you know, and because I hate them, they think I hate Titian—and let them." Hogarth merely hated the affectation displayed by the critics and their unjust depreciation by native talent.

In conclusion, Hogarth was as caustic as Swift and as comic as Fielding; his works were stamped with the individuality of his own inimitable genius as surely as were the essays of "Elia," by Charles Lamb; he had the true spirit of an executioner and only loved his jokes as sauce and seasoning to more serious work. That work was serious enough, in all conscience, to expose the criminal folly of the age, and Hogarth contrived

To show by his satiric touch
No nation wanted it so much.

As Taine justly observes: "At the bottom of every cage where he imprisons a vice, he writes its name and adds the condemnation pronounced by Scripture; he displays that vice in its ugliness, buries it in its filth, drags it to its punishment, so that there is no conscience so perverted as not to

recognize it, none so hardened as not to be horrified at it."

From William Hogarth to Kate Greenaway is a long step; but another French critic has taken that step in order to draw a conclusion, with which that of these disjointed remarks will be reached. Ernest Chesneau, in "La Peinture Anglaise," has thus written: "From the honest but fierce laugh of the coarse Saxon, William Hogarth, to the delicious smile of Kate Greenaway, there has passed century and a half. Is it the same people which applauds to-day the sweet genius and tender malices of the one, and which applauded the bitter genius and slaughterous satire of the other? After all, that is possible—the hatred of vice is only another manifestation of the love of innocence."

Montreal.

S.

LITERARY NOTES.

The funny man says literary people can get inspiration from reed birds.

The *Toronto World* says that the *Mail* is "Rough on Ras," referring to Mr. Erastus Wiman.

It is understood that the memorial window placed in St. Alban's Church by Lady Macdonald, in commemoration of her mother, was paid for by the proceeds of her literary work.

The late Gilbert Venables, of the *Saturday Review*, would best be recorded in history as the man who broke Thackeray's nose when they were boys together at the Charterhouse school.

George Cameron, of Queen's College, Kingston, who died two years ago, at the age of eight and twenty, left a volume of poems, edited by his brother. He was a native of Nova Scotia.

The latest in the series of "Colonial Church Histories" being published in England under the auspices of the S.P.C.K. is the "Diocese of Mackenzie River," by Right Rev. W. C. Bombas, D.D.

Mr. J. A. Craig, B.S.A., of the Ontario Agricultural College, who took his degree in agriculture at the Provincial University a few weeks ago, has been appointed editor of *The Canadian Live Stock Journal*.

We have received a neat pamphlet called "An Irish Evolution," by Watson Griffin, author of "Twok" and other works. Amid the daily wear and tear of journalism Mr. Griffin finds time to work out social and political problems.

We learn, at first hand, that the Canterbury Series volume of "Canadian Poets" is going to be a very handsome piece of bookwork, while the contents will turn out to be much more interesting and honourable to Canada than had been anticipated.

The Earl of Southesk sent Mr. Arthur Weir a copy of one of his volumes of verse, and from the merit of his pieces one is inclined to rate his critical powers in a high rank. He is best known to Canadians by his volume on the Saskatchewan.

It is definitely understood that Mr. Avern Pardoe, who, for long years, has been news editor of the *Globe*, is about to sever his connection with that paper. Mr. Wilson, "Observer," well known to Canadian journalists, will probably fill the vacancy.

Without breaking any trust, it is in the air that we shall soon have the beginnings of a neat monthly, devoted chiefly to the by-ways and hidden nooks of Canadian history. It will be published under the wing of the Montreal Society for Historical Studies.

Mr. J. P. Ritter, Jr., has written a very light and musical little sketch of a summer love affair, with its autumnal corollary of a marriage de convenance, in the swinging metre of "Don Juan." It is called "Marie," is well printed, and is published by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York.

At the yearly meeting of the Montreal Society for Historical Studies, the work for the winter season was mapped out, matters of internal management were settled, and the office-bearers for the next year were chosen:—John Talon-Lesperance, President; W. J. White, Vice-President; J. P. Edwards, Secretary; W. W. L. Chipman and W. D. Light-hall, Councillors.

In 1792, Louis Roy, a French-Canadian, published at Niagara the *Upper Canada Gazette or American Oracle*, which was subsequently removed to Toronto. The first book printed in the province was "St. Ursula's Convent; or the Nun of Canada, containing Scenes of Real Life" (2 vols., Kingston, 1824); the next was "Wonders of the West," a poem, descriptive of Niagara, by C. Fothergill, Toronto.

Before the York pioneers, Dr. Canniff read a short paper on the pioneers of Sault Ste. Marie, dealing almost exclusively with the Johnson and McMurray families. The President read a paper on Captain Gother Mann's survey of Toronto harbour made in 1788 by command of Lord Dorchester. Dr. Scadding exhibited letters and maps by Lahontan and La Salle as far back as 1688, in which is mentioned the name "Toronto."

HERE AND THERE.

THE SHARPSHOOTERS' MONUMENT.—This monument is placed at the entrance of Major's Hill Park, and consists of a bronze statue of a sharpshooter in the full uniform of a guardsman, with the rifle reversed and in an attitude of repose, standing upon a square pedestal of grey Canadian granite, on either side of which are basso-relievos of Osgood and Rogers. The figure of the sharpshooter, while full of massive strength, is indicative of dejection and grief. The pedestal is ten feet in height and the statue seven. The inscription reads:—

ERECTED BY THE CITIZENS OF OTTAWA

To the Memory of Privates

JOHN ROGERS AND WILLIAM B. OSGOOD

of the

GUARDS COMPANY OF SHARPSHOOTERS,

Who Fell in Action at Cut Knife Hill on the

2nd of May, 1885.

After the formal unveiling brief addresses were delivered by His Excellency and Sir A. P. Caron.

A MINERS' PARADISE.—Professor Dawson, of the Geological Survey, has returned from his summer in the region from a point about fifty miles north of Kamloops to Granite Creek. He reports great activity throughout the district in prospecting and locating leads, and his general impression was that many of these locations were of great value. The completion of the railway had given a great impulse to mining, especially near the line of the road, where the indications are that the deposits of gold and silver are very rich. Some placer mining is being done at Granite Creek and creeks in the neighbourhood, and the field is good. In this section, platinum, a very valuable metal, is everywhere found with the gold.

STERNE'S GRAVE.—Sterne's monument is not only standing, but in good repair, in St. George's (Hanover square) Burial Ground. The stone, as it stands, does not seem older than, say, 1830. "Alas! poor Yorick," stands at the head and forms part of the present inscription. The exact spot where Sterne's remains were laid is unknown. There is little doubt that the gruesome tradition about the stealing of his bones is true, the present memorial having been erected by two brother Masons some years after the robbery, and when the original grave could not be found.

THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.—The tomb of Alexander the Great, which Dr. Schlie-mann sought in vain last winter, has now been discovered in Alexandria. The coffin is of marble, and is covered with beautiful decorations. Its breadth is about three feet and a half, and its height three feet. The skull of a man was found in it. The coffin was found in a brick vault, about twenty feet high, covered by about eight feet of earth. The keeper of the museum at Boulak is going shortly to make a thorough examination of the tomb.

THE HARVEST MOON.—The "harvest moon" is so called from the fact that in the early autumn days, when grain and fruit are being taken from the fields, there is scarcely any darkness intervening between the close of day and the beginning of night. The moon rises early and gives a brilliant light, by means of which the harvesters work until late at night to secure the crops. The harvest moon has long been a favourite theme with the poets.

SECOND IN THE EMPIRE.—Glasgow has been pluming itself on its great growth in population, wealth and importance and its claim to be "the second city of the Empire." An aggravating newspaper correspondent, signing himself a "Bombay Journalist," writes to the London papers as follows: "Even amidst the festivities attending a royal visit there is no reason why 700,000 good people should be permitted to deceive themselves; and, as a humble citizen of Bombay, I ask you to be allowed to remind them that the population of Bombay is now more than 800,000, and that Bombay claims to be not only *Prima in Indis*, but second in the Empire.

MIMI'S EYES.

'Twas when autumn winds were sighing, and the faded buds were dying,
That her bright eye lost its lustre and her rosy cheek its bloom;
And, one bitter winter even, that she took her flight to heaven,
Mid a troop of fair-faced angels who had called her to her home.

On a snowy couch they laid her, in her whitest robes arrayed her,
Her lily hands they folded in a cross upon her breast;
A heavenly smile was wreathing her pale lip as though 'twere breathing
A song of thanks re-echoed from the choirs of the blest.

And she was gone! Last night I wandered in the gloom and idly pondered
On the ruins of a life-time rudely scattered on my way,
Blasted hopes and keen remorse and the waste of fair resources,
Broken hearts and blighted features—early victims of decay.

Oh! the night was dark and dismal and, from out its depths abysmal,
Phantoms of the past arising gazed with solemn staring eyes;
On their sweetly mournful faces there were sorrow's deepest traces,
And their hearts with passion heaving told of hidden agonies.

As before my startled vision passed the long and weird procession,
And my heart was shrinking, shuddering with unutterable woe,
Lo! amid the shadows o'er me Mimi's spirit stood before me,
Radiant in her youthful beauty as I knew her years ago.

She was clad in dazzling whiteness, and a pure celestial brightness
Beamed upon her lovely features and enwrapped her virgin frame,
While a something soft and tender, in her figure frail and slender,
Moved me to approach beside her as I gently breathed her name.

Not a word her lips did utter, and without a start or flutter,
She crossed her hands upon her bosom in an attitude of prayer,
And my stricken soul beguiling with the sweetness of her smiling,
Raised her bright eyes up to heaven and slowly melted into air.

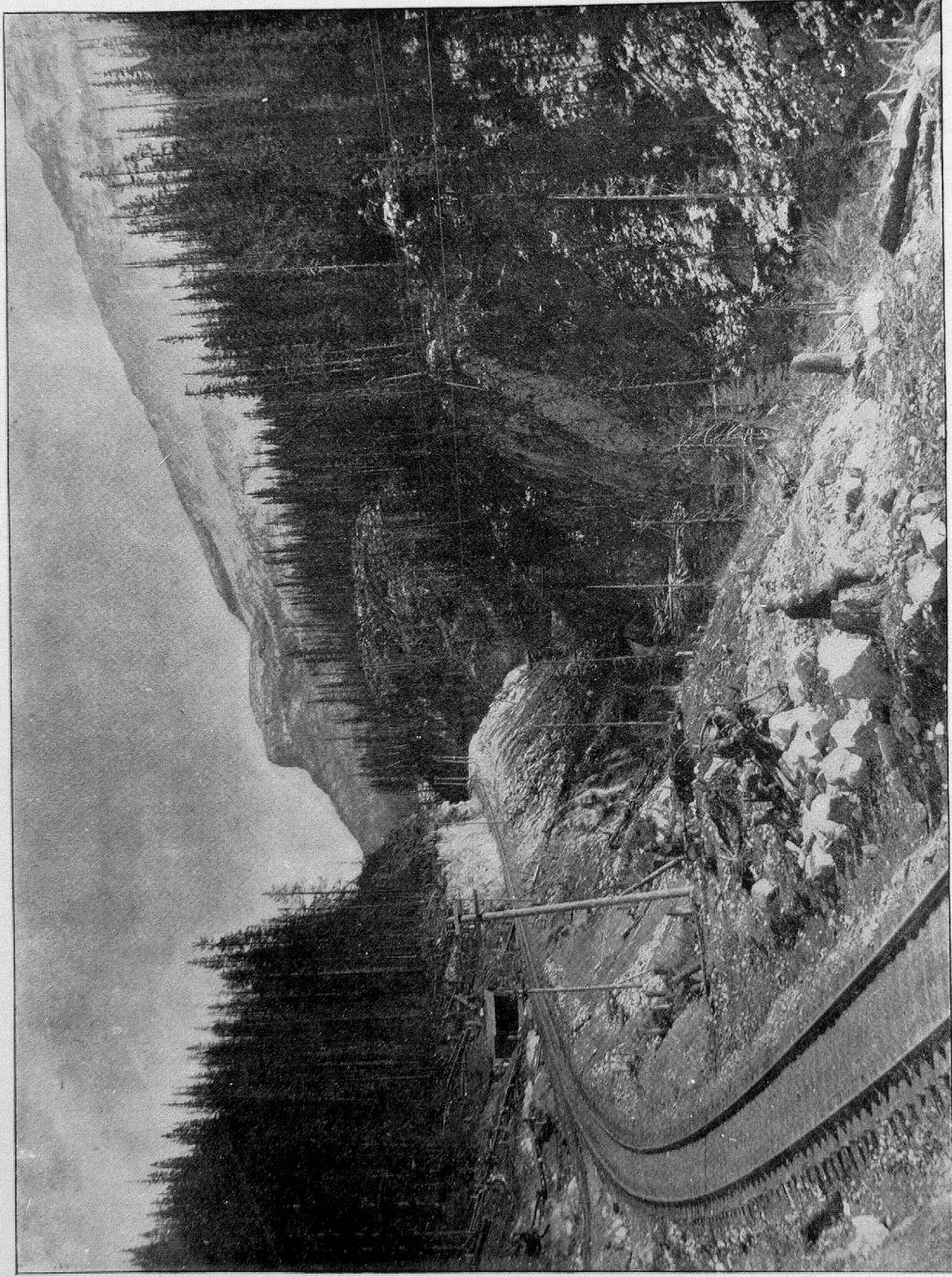
Ah me! the deep devotion of those eyes whose upward motion
Seemed to beckon me away from this land of pain and war.
No! death cannot appall me for the eyes of Mimi call me,
And I soon shall go to meet her in those realms of peace afar.

JOHN TALON-LESPERANCE.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

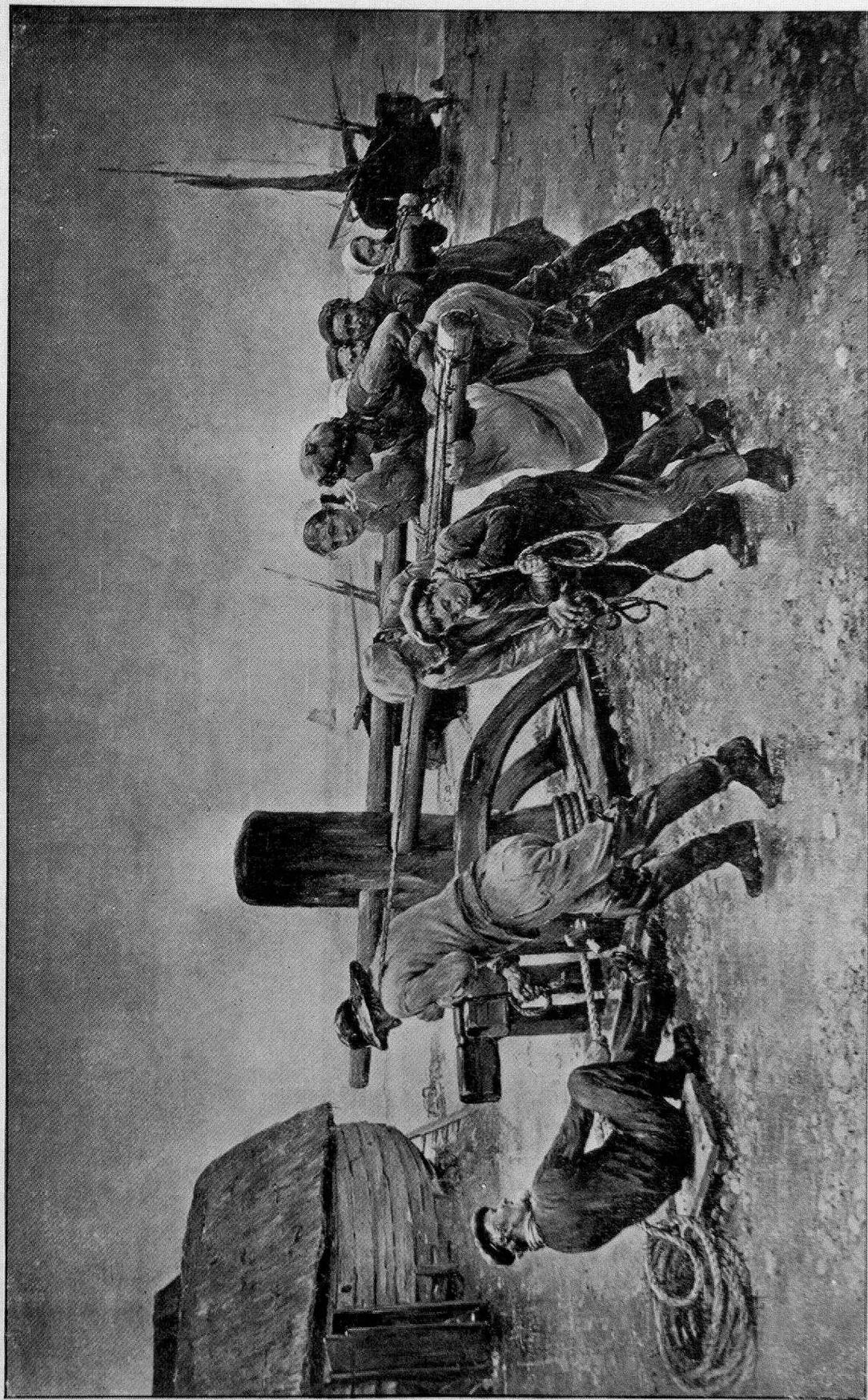
The following story was related by Dr. Marmaduke, of Baltimore, at a meeting held in New York for the purpose of hearing the experience of twenty reformed drunkards:

"A drunkard who had run through all his property returned one night to his unfurnished home. Entering his deserted hall, with anguish gnawing at his heartstrings, language was inadequate to express the agony he experienced as he proceeded to his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite—his loving wife and darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word; he could not speak; he could not look upon those who were dear to him. The mother said to the little one at her side: 'Come, my dear, it is time to go to bed,' and that little child, as she was wont, knelt by her mother's side, and, gazing wistfully into her face, slowly repeated her nightly orison. When she finished, the child (but four years old) said to her mother: 'Dear mother, may I not offer up one more prayer?' 'Yes, my darling, pray.' Then she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed—'Oh God, spare my dear papa!' That prayer was lifted with electric rapidity to the Throne of God. It was heard on high—it was heard on earth. A responsive 'Amen!' burst from the father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said: 'My child, you have saved your father from a drunkard's grave.'"



KICKING HORSE PASS, C. P. R'y, LOOKING WEST.

From a photograph by Notman.



"AT THE CAPSTAN."

By Henry Bacon.
Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company

MISUNDERSTOOD.

THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN.

There once lived a very amiable young man. The reason why I call him an amiable young man is because he had a great desire to make every woman he knew happy. How he could accomplish this was his thought night and day.

I.

One evening, while deeply meditating upon this subject, an apparition appeared upon him. (Apparitions from the unknown world often appear to spiritual, noble-minded young men, even at the present day.) Well, this mysterious being, divining the thoughts which were puzzling the brain of my hero, addressed him in this wise: "Young man, your great and laudable ambition shall be gratified. A woman's happiness is comprised in one little word, and that word is LOVE. Do not all the great writers of the past and present endorse my opinion? Yea, even though her love be unrequited, she is happier for having felt that noble sentiment. Tennyson says:

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

Therefore, young man, if you really wish to make them happy, you must have the power to win their love, which power I am able to give you, saying which the spirit laid its hands upon the young man's head and kept them there while he concluded his speech in the following words:

"I do not say that those whose hearts you win will know nought but bliss. No, on the contrary, many will suffer deeply through you and, like the flowers wither and fade away, for love in some cases acts like a disease. You will, therefore, be able to create both happiness and misery, but the happiness will over-balance the misery. Young man, I confer upon you this power on one condition, which is, that you will keep your own heart free. If you do not, the spell will be broken and I will not be answerable for the consequences. Now, promise what I ask and your wish shall be granted."

The young man promised and the spirit vanished.

For some time after the spirit's visit the young man's life was very delightful. Wherever he went, young and old, rich and poor, ugly and pretty, clever and stupid, all kinds and conditions of women followed him with adoring eyes. Those only were not under the spell whose hearts were already given. Wherever he went to places of amusement, balls and parties, he could pick his partners from among the prettiest and cleverest girls. The daughters of the wealthiest men in the country were willing to become his brides. Servant girls waited on him with the greatest attention. If he happened to go into any store where a young lady served, she was sure to forget to ask for payment for his purchases, and he could have got his board free from any restaurant or place where girls were attendants, if he had so desired.

This was all very nice for a time, but gradually his crowd of devotees (about six hundred) began to show signs of jealousy and resentment toward one another, and some disagreeable scenes were the result, for, having so many, he did not have much time to devote to each one, and being, as stated before, an amiable dispositioned young man, it rather bothered him to think that he could not give each one all the attention she desired. However, he managed to pay his six hundred girls one visit each a week. A hundred visits a day. Sunday he kept as a day of recreation. Truly, he richly deserved it. To work for his living he had no need, for the presents he received from his worshippers, when sold, realized a large income.

Time rolled on, and as it rolled the beings whose happiness this young man was striving for rapidly increased in number. He could not leave his door but a swarm of young ladies would rush after him. Even beggars and crossing sweepers followed in his train. This was all very annoying, but for the good cause in which he was enlisted this heroic young fellow was willing to bear

many things. What troubled his tender heart was that some of the girls began to show signs of sickness and fading away. He had to expect this. The spirit had told him as much. Besides, did not these girls experience a kind of melancholy pleasure which they would never have felt if it had not been for him?

II.

Well, it came to pass that when about five hundred of the sweetest beings on earth were in a half dying state he fell in love himself, in spite of the promise which he had given the spirit. In spite of the fact that he would lose the power he possessed of casting a spell over the heart of every girl, he fell in love. The spirit had told him that when such a thing happened the consequences would be dreadful—and so it proved, for the young lady, not knowing that her love was returned, and thinking that she only possessed the six hundredth part of his heart, pined away and died. Because he had lost his heart the spell was broken. On her death bed she called her friends around her, many of them her comrades in love, and told them in thrilling tones that she was about to leave them, that there was a fire raging within her which had destroyed all her vital forces. When she had uttered those words her soul departed.

Immediately after her death a great change took place in her friends. They began to revive, and energy and life returned. Yes, fresh life seemed to have been given them, but she who had so lately been their companion lay stiff and cold, and as they looked at her, lying before them, they swore to be revenged on him who had been the cause of her untimely demise. A kind of instinct told them what it was, and who it was, that had made them so miserable, and they forgot that if they had been miserable, they had also been made happy.

The word REVENGE passed from girl to girl, and on the evening of the young lady's burial the churchyard was thronged with deeply aggrieved ones breathing threats and slaughter. Following timidly among the train of mourners, they espied the young man, and one of them, who had a good strong arm, laid hold of him, dragged him before the assembled company, and demanded what was to be done with one who was a destroyer of life, health and peace? The answer was given:

"He who destroys life, health and peace is a murderer. Therefore he must be hanged."

The sentence was no sooner given than it was executed. From a tree, whose branches were strong and elastic, the young man was hung. Hung by the neck by the hands of those for whom he had borne so much, and whose happiness had been his great aim in life. No one felt any pity for him. No one shed a tear. In fact, every one felt that if he could have died a hundred deaths it would not have been more than he deserved.

This was the reward of one who thought not of himself. This was the reward of years spent for the happiness of others. To be put to death by the hands of those very ones for whom he had suffered so many inconveniences, not even allowed to speak a word in his own defence,—was not he a true martyr?

This story has in it a lesson for all amiable young men. It is to be hoped they will learn it by heart, for 'tis sad, indeed, to be, like my hero, MISUNDERSTOOD.

Montreal.

EDITH EATON.

BUYING WIVES.—Wives are purchased with shell money, and are often married at a very early age on Duke of York Island. When a man marries a second wife, after the death of the first, the female relatives of the dead wife gather together and are permitted to do as much damage to his property as they can. A man may have as many wives as he can purchase, but if he cannot afford to buy one, and his credit is low, he may have to remain single. Sir John Lubbock said: "In some parts of Australia, when a man married, each of the bride's relations gave him a good blow with a stout stick by way of a warm welcome into the family."



Zorra, Ont., boasts of an apple crop sufficiently large to fill 10,000 barrels.

The Blood and Stoney Indians are indulging in hostilities in the vicinity of Merley, N.W.T.

The lumber cut on Lake Winnipeg, this year, amounted to about 7,000,000 feet worth \$13 per 1,000 feet.

Coal has been discovered at Oslow, near Truro, N.S., and is said to be a rich deposit. A company, with a capital of \$50,000, is being formed to open up the deposit.

The Dominion Government have decided to invite the Australian and New Zealand Governments to send delegates to Canada at an early date to consider the question of trade relations, and especially cable communication by the Pacific.

The Ice Railway Committee of the Montreal Carnival contracted to build an ice railway from Jacques Cartier Square to the Island. The contractor is to get a bonus of \$2,000, and the committee is to receive 25 per cent. of the profits.

The last transatlantic mail steamer by Rimouski will sail on the 22nd inst. It is the Dominion Line steamship Oregon. On Thursday, the 29th, at 7.30 p.m., the mails per the Allan Line steamship Polynesian via Halifax will be closed at Montreal.

Mr. Van Horne states that there was not a word of truth in the paragraph that has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect that the Canadian Pacific Railway is preparing to build wharves and elevators at Portland, Me., in anticipation of making that city its Atlantic seaboard port.

A syndicate, consisting of the Edison Electric Light Company and several Montreal capitalists, have purchased the Isle au Heron, situated right in the centre of the Lachine Rapids, for \$20,000. The syndicate purpose utilizing the magnificent water power, which can be obtained by deepening the natural channel, and tendering for the lighting of the city of Montreal by electricity, as well as furnishing private houses, manufactories and other establishments with the light.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

A philanthropist asks me to write an article saying that all gambling is criminal, being a petty form of thieving, that is, obtaining the goods of another (not given) without due equivalent rendered. All gambling should be forbidden by law and liable to imprisonment, whether carried on in a private house, the club, or a wharf pot house. You would not put a man in gaol for playing cribbage for ha'penny points, any more than you would for stealing a pin or a pipeful of tobacco, but it is stealing all the same.

Fred. R. Cole writes me to give him the French equivalent of the saying: "A stitch in time saves nine." He further quotes:

A whistling woman and a crowing hen
Are neither good for gods nor men.

And says that he often cites the lines to one of the noblest, pluckiest and most beautiful women in —, who has a bad habit of whistling, as also of henpecking her husband. He suffers because he is honest, a rare quality among a certain class of business men.

Judge Edlin, who has just received the honour of knighthood from Her Majesty, and thus become Sir Peter Henry Edlin, is brother-in-law to Mr. James Payn, the famous novelist, uncle to the Honourable Horace Emberson, Governor of Leruka, Fiji, and great uncle of the author of "The Art of Teaching," who is so well known in this province and in these columns.

"Ah Tea Ching" writes me that the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED is the only picture paper published on this side of the Atlantic which a civilized father ought to allow to enter into his house, or lie on any table accessible to his daughters. He finds that the art pictures, more especially, are pure, touching and heart-elevating, and instances "Secrets," in the number of November 10th, where the description which, in other hands, might have been made suggestive of sensuousness and even coarseness, has been employed to shadow the simple love of handmaidens below stairs.

My readers will like to have another sample of Canadian scholarship, and we, therefore, place before them Cowper's doleful hymn, in the

Olney Collection, coincident with the blinding of his mind and its translation into Latin, by a Canadian man of letters.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

For since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other Name but Thine.

Rev. D. Morrison, M. A., Owen Sound, gives this clever translation:

Est sanguinis repleta fons
Ductus Immanuel;
Submersus hic lustratus fit
Et foedus Israel.

Laetatus moriturus fur
Iam tum fontem videns;
Hic quoque vilis abluui
Peccata poenitens.

O Agne Dei, ista fons
Defecerit numquam,
Donec omnis redempta gens
Allata gloriam.

Abhinc vidique fluvium
Fluentem Calvara,
Fuit mihi sanctum gaudium,
Erit per saecula.

Tum dulcius, nobilius
Laudabit carmen Te,
Quum balba vox non amplius
Est mi, beato me.

Indignus, at existimo
Ut lyra aurea
Parata mi a Domino
In alta munera.

Existimo me ad thronum
Laturum carmina,
Laudantem Te et Te solum
Aeva intermina.

A few numbers back Miss Helen Fairbairn had a thoughtful paper on the woodland philosophy of Henry Thoreau. I wonder she did not light on his Homeric or Paphlagonian man—a Canadian, a wood-chopper, a post-maker, who could "hole" his fifty posts a day and made his last supper on a wood chuck which his dog caught. I hope to be able to give a short paper on it for next week.

I cannot close this week's paragraphs more fittingly than in publishing the following verses sent me by Professor Charles G. D. Roberts, the author of "Orion" and other poems. There is a grim humour in this—shall we call it rhapsody?—on the noisiest and most domestic of batrachians, which we did not suspect beset the writer:

FROGS.

Here in the red heart of the sunset lying,
My rest an islet of brown weeds, blown dry,
I watch the wide bright heavens, hovering nigh,
My plain and pools in lucent splendours dyeing.
My view dreams over the rosy wastes, desecrating
The reed-tops fret the solitary sky;
And all the air is tremulous to the cry
Of myriad frogs on mellow pipes replying.

For the unrest of passion, here is peace,
And eve's cool drench for midday soil and taint.
To tired ears how sweetly brings release
This limpid babble from life's unstilled complaint;
While under tired eyelids lapse and faint
The noon's derisive visions,—fade and cease.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

It is fashionable to say that the French do not understand Shakespeare. Paris has now a fine statue of him, all the same. It is true that the memorial is a gift of W. Knighton, the Anglo-Australian man of letters, President of the International Literary Association, and the author of "Struggle for Life" and other books, but the artists are French, Paul Fournier being the sculptor and Henri Deglane having wrought the pedestal. The poet is shown in the court dress of the 17th century; doublet trimmed in leather, trousers fluted; saddle, ruffles and neckcloth of lace. A cloak, falling from the left arm to the ground, wraps the body in graceful folds.

TALON.

NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. Joseph Tyrrell of the Canadian Geological Survey, has reached home from Winnipeg Hospital, where he had lain three months suffering from typhoid fever, contracted when surveying Lake Winnipeg. Mr. Tyrrell was away up the lake, out of the reach of civilization, and but for the attention of the cook of his party he would never have returned alive. He was delirious for over two weeks, yet the faithful cook and other men of the party paddled and carried their chief right into Winnipeg. When Mr. Tyrrell reached the hospital his case was considered hopeless, but he was gradually brought round. He is now able to walk out, but will not be himself again for some weeks. Mr. Tyrrell has done a lot of important work on the geological survey of Canada, his last book having been reviewed in these columns. He has located a lot of the coal fields that abound in that territory.

HOBBIES.

However much pleasure a hobby may afford its owner, it is generally a nuisance to his intimate friends, if he has any, or even his neighbours, if it takes a musical turn, for, of all hobbies, a musical one is the worst. I know a young man that no sooner emancipates himself from the chromatic scale, on any instrument, and attacks some old familiar air with a *rallentando* on all difficult passages, and *da capo ad nauseam* on the same, than he straightway becomes anxious to learn something else—a violin for instance. To see and hear him with his eyes fixed in a Gorgon-like stare on the music and the bow, wandering zigzag from the bridge down to his finger tips, is a treat for those "who have no music in their souls," but for the majority of people within earshot the main feeling is one of hope that the crisis is near, and that he will shortly exchange for an instrument on which the possibilities of discord are fewer.

For the performer, however, the struggling after (for him) the unattainable, is the purest pleasure, and he will devote time and labour enough to his violin or flute if turned into other channels to enable him to converse in Hebrew with the greatest ease, or to have a familiar acquaintance with old Sanscrit roots, although these latter accomplishments are quite liable to bore persons who are unfortunate enough to be entrapped by him into a conversation, the sole object of which is to show his profound learning and skill in elucidating, by a tortuous method peculiar to himself, a root as utterly unlike the word as possible.

He will stop you short in the middle of an anecdote which you have read somewhere, but which you nevertheless are telling in the first person with all necessary gestures and inflections of voice, pertaining to a first class *raconteur*. He will stop you, I say, and ask you if you know the derivation of some word you may innocently enough have used and will expound with great verbosity and length on the said word until you have forgotten, or affect you have, (in order to refrain from furnishing food for any more displays of erudition) the finale or "nut" of the story you so lightheartedly started to recount some time previously.

I recollect quite well at a social gathering, some time ago, an elderly gentleman who was a firm believer in the onomatopoeic theory, that is the formation of words, in imitation of natural sounds. Having given me his view of the theory in a voice of medium pitch, he proceeded in a louder key to furnish examples—such a roar, rap, rumble, clatter, quack, whizz, bang. There happening to be a lull in the conversation just then, the effect produced by this verbal mitrailleuse may be imagined. These are only a few specimens of hobby proprietors. To write the history of them all would be to write the biographies of all mankind, for we all (even you, kind reader, think it over) have our little hobbies.

Huntingdon, P. Q.

MACK.

BEAR AND FORBEAR.

Compared with thee, Eternity!
Whose years remain unreckoned—
The life of man is but a span,
The longest, not a second!

'Tis but a shade by cloudlet made
As 'thwart the sun it hurries—
A flake of snow to'st to and fro,
Then lost in blinding flurries!

A bubble fair that bursts in air
Scarce ere it grace the vision,—
And yet men frown each other down
In anger and derision.

On this world's stage they fret and rage,
And strut with haughty bearing—
For selfish ends they play at friends,
The mask of Judas wearing!

And smiles that beam—most cordial seem—
Are oft, alas! affected,
For, hid behind those smiles so kind,
Sneer demons least suspected!

Each aiming each to over-reach,
To passions base men pander—
They scruple not at deed or thought,
From shedding blood to slander.

Ah, why this guile—is it worth while
To worry thus each other!
Too brief's the spell we've here to dwell—
Be each to each a brother!

"Peace and good will!" This anthem still
From angels let us borrow—
'Twill soothe the strife that makes this life
A pilgrimage of sorrow!

Its blest refrain will rob of pain
Much of our earthly failings—
Will lighten care and help us bear
Each other's faults and failings!

Montreal.

W. O. FARMER.

MILITIA NOTES.

Lieut. Pelletier, of "B" Battery, Quebec, was badly gored by a buffalo which came from the Northwest, and was kept on the citadel.

Lieut. Eugene Panet, son of Col. Panet, Deputy Minister of Militia, has received orders to join the School of Royal Engineers at Chatham without delay.

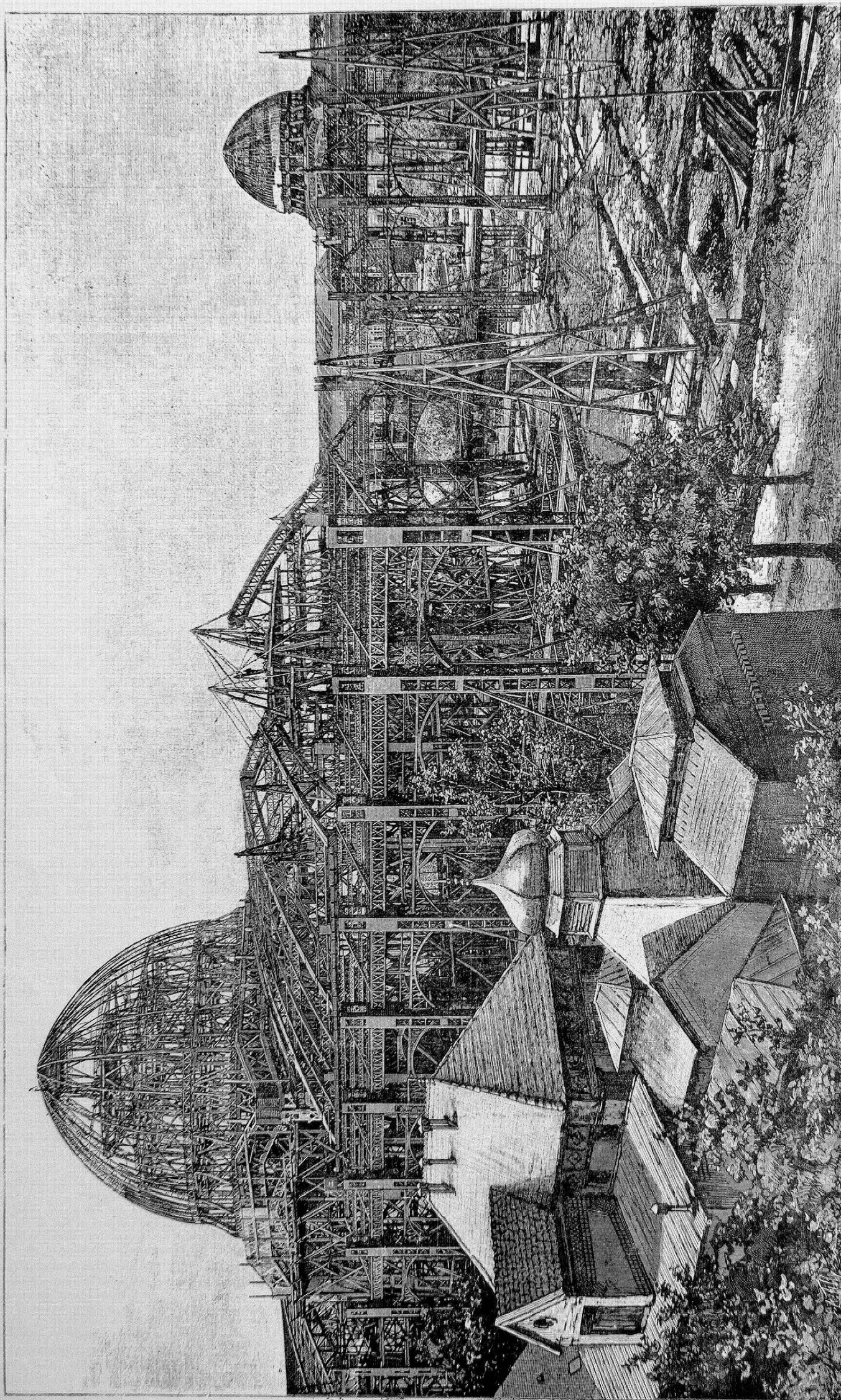
The *Militia Gazette* publishes a correspondence and an editorial article, in which it strongly urges the removal of the Infantry School from St. Johns, on the Richelieu, to Montreal.

The Infantry School has been recalled from the Fort Whyte crossing, Manitoba, and there is every indication that nothing will be done until the decision of the Supreme Court is rendered.

Lieut.-Col. Frank Bond is about to resign his command of the Prince of Wales Regiment. The ball on the 9th inst., in celebration of the Prince of Wales' birthday, was his last appearance as Colonel of the Rifles. He has been for twenty-nine years an active officer in the militia, having served in the Fenian raids of 1866 and 1870.

The Lee rifle, the Canadian invention which has been adopted by the Imperial authorities for the British army, was put to a severe test recently, and came out of the ordeal very satisfactorily. The shooting was made at long ranges, the target representing a battalion of seven companies, each of twenty-four files, standing in quarter column.

Seven commissions in the regular army have been issued to the following native Canadians: A. E. Panet, Ottawa; T. Joly de Lotbiniere, Quebec; W. L. Leslie, Kingston; C. B. Farwell, Sherbrooke; A. P. Bremner, Halifax; P. C. Girouard, Dorval, P.Q.; and T. Adams, Kingston. Three French out of the seven is not bad, and the three of distinguished Provincial stock.



THE BUILDINGS OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1889, NOW BEING ERECTED ON THE CHAMP-DE-MARS, IN PARIS, FRANCE.

From L'illustration.

Total height 985 feet.—Weight 14,700,000 lbs.

3rd Gallery 860 feet

HEIGHTS OF THE PRINCIPAL MONUMENTS OF THE WORLD.

Washington Monument - - - 575 ft.

Cathedral of Cologne - - - 525 "

Cathedral of Rouen - - - 500 "

Grand Pyramid of Cheops - - - 475 "

Cathedral of Strasbourg - - - 460 "

Cathedral of Vienna (Austria) - - - 450 "

St. Peter's of Rome - - - 430 "

St. Paul's, London - - - 400 "

2nd Gallery - - - 375 "

Dome of Milan - - - 365 "

Spire of the Invalides - - - 345 "

Pantheon - - - 260 "

Towers of Notre Dame, Montreal - - - 220 "

1st Gallery 185 feet.—Weight 6,300,000 lbs.

This tower, made entirely of iron, is composed of four upright posts, with a space of 325 feet from axis to axis at the base; they join at 580 feet height.

Four lifts will be at the service of visitors, and bring them from the first to the second floor, following the inclination of the posts, in which they are constructed.

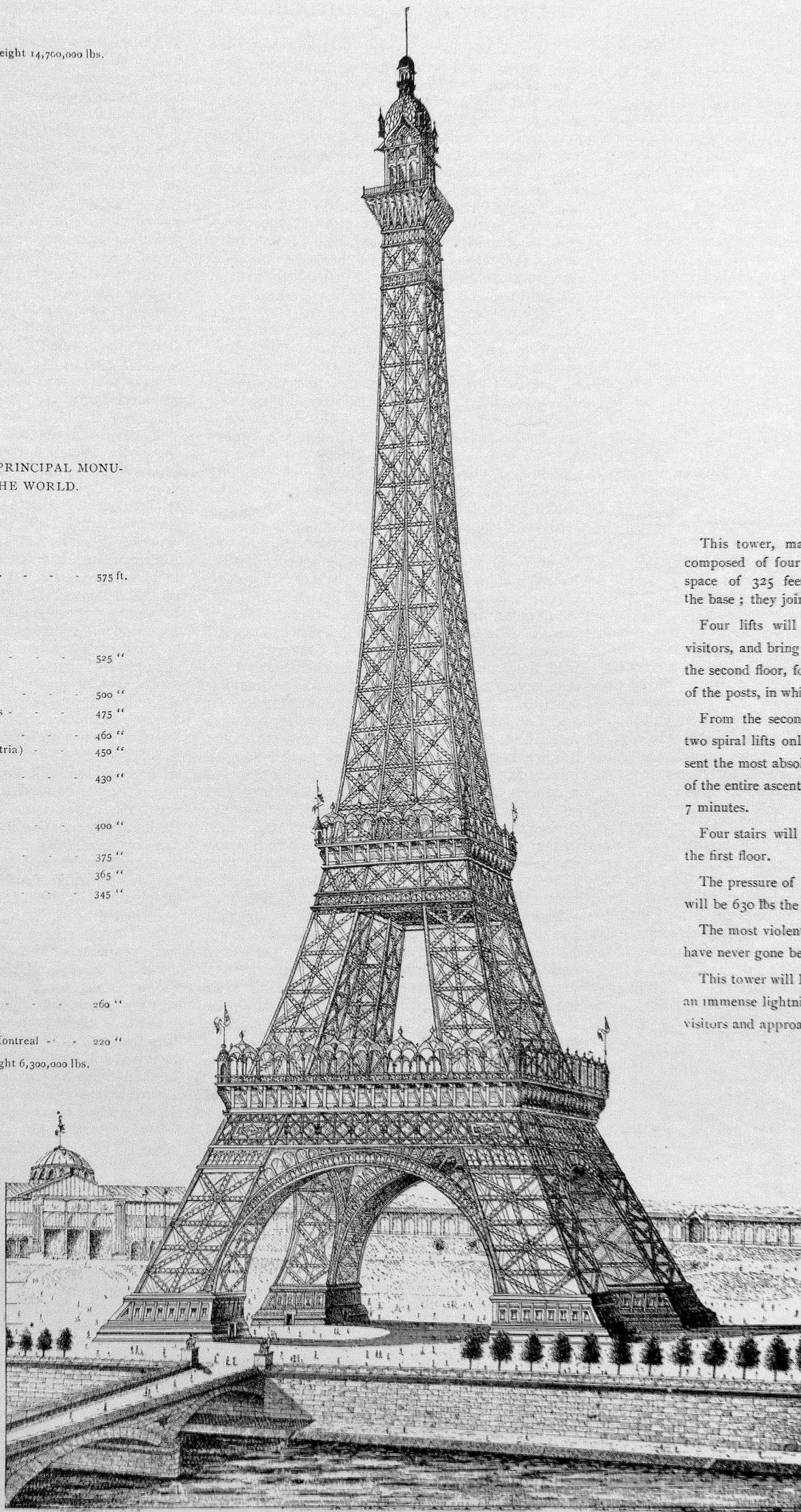
From the second floor to the summit two spiral lifts only will work, and present the most absolute security. The time of the entire ascent will be between 6 and 7 minutes.

Four stairs will give visitors access to the first floor.

The pressure of resistance to the wind will be 630 lbs the square foot.

The most violent gales known in Paris have never gone beyond 380 lbs.

This tower will have the same effect as an immense lightning-rod, and protect its visitors and approaches.



THE GREAT EIFFEL TOWER, PARIS, THE HIGHEST BUILDING IN THE WORLD.

M. G. Eiffel, Engineer and Builder, at Levallois-Perret (Seine).



MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—For marriage purposes the people of New Britain are divided into two classes. No man may marry a woman of his own class. To do so would bring instant destruction upon the woman. On Duke of York Island, initiation into the secret society, which is called Dukduk, seems a sufficient preparation for the boys, and there appears to be no needful preparation for the girls. On New Ireland some girls wear a fringe across their shoulders until they are marriageable.

GIVE US A WOMAN WHO LAUGHS.—For a good, every-day household angel give us a woman who laughs. Her biscuits may not always be just right, and she may occasionally burn her bread and forget to replace dislocated buttons, but for solid comfort all day and every day she is a very paragon. Home is not a battlefield nor life one unending row. The trick of always seeing the bright side, of shining up the dark one, is a very important faculty, one of the things no one woman should be without.

GIRLS IN CAGES.—In New Britain girls are put into cages, in which they remain four or five years without being allowed to go outside. These cages are conical, seven or eight feet in height and ten or twelve feet in circumference, and four feet from the ground, where they taper off to a point at the top. They are made of the broad leaves of the pandanus tree, sewn quite close together, so that no light and very little air can enter. There is only room for the girl to sit or lie down in a crouched position on the bamboo platform, and her feet are never allowed to touch the ground all the time she is confined in the cage.

KALMUCK WEDDINGS.—Among the Kalmucks of Central Asia the marriage ceremony is very romantic. The girl is put on a horse and rides at full speed. When she has got a fair start the lover sets off in pursuit. If he catches her she becomes his wife, but if he cannot overtake her, the match is broken off, and a Kalmuck girl is very seldom caught against her will. The idea of capture in marriage occurred almost all over the world. Hence, no doubt, the custom of lifting the bride over the doorstep, which occurred among the Romans, the redskins of Canada, the Chinese, the Abyssinians and other races.

Suns rise, moons rise,
Young Love is gay;
Suns set, moons set,
Love's flown away.
Oh, Love, false Love,
To stay but a day!
Time flies, Love dies,
Gone, gone, for aye!
Suns rise, moons rise,
Dear Love, stay!
Suns set, moons set,
Vainly I pray.
Oh, Love, fickle Love,
Great is thy power,
Tho' you stay but a day,
Or only an hour.

FRUGALITY AND OLD AGE.—At 103 years old the general health of M. Chevreul, of Paris, is excellent; he eats and drinks heartily and sleeps soundly. His legs, however, begin to show signs of weakness, and it is for that reason only that he has ceased to attend the Monday meetings of the Academy of Sciences. His habits are very regular. He rises early and takes a plate of soup. He goes to bed again and sleeps till noon. He then has breakfast, which consists of two eggs and some minced meat. The repast over, he drives out for two or three hours. On his return he reads scientific and literary works, following with interest the recent proceedings of various scientific bodies and the accounts given of recent discoveries in many departments of science. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon he takes a bowl of milk with two biscuits. He lies down again for two hours, after which he has another plate of soup and goes to bed for the night.

THE STORY OF A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

The beautiful morning stepped down out of the Eastern sky and bent her lovely face, in silent benediction, over the slumbering earth. In her hand she held a bright young Day. "See!" she cried, pointing to the motionless trees, the closed folds, shut windows and quiet homes. "They are all at rest. And see," pointing to the heaving ocean, the proud mountains, the mysterious forests and broad placid plains, "how beautiful they are! They are all thine. Go forth; do with them as thou wilt, and the spirit of the evening shall crown thee or shroud thee, as thou shalt deserve when thy long journey is over." And the beautiful Morning stooped down and kissed the bright young Day.

"Mine!" cried the bright young Day. Oh, beautiful Earth! and he stretched forth his young arms in loving greeting and made a quick leap forward.

The Earth responsive stirred. The bleating of sheep and lowing of kine: the song of birds, and the voices of men and women filled the air, while the smoke curling up from a thousand chimneys lay in a blue mist along the valleys.

"Mine!" cried the bright young Day, laughing aloud in the joy of his youth and strength, and shaking his shining locks, till they lay along the little rosy clouds in golden streaming.

"Mine! I will make them fairer still. I will bathe them in a new and shining glory, till they will lift their hands and cry: 'Oh, glad, golden Day!'" And he shook again his shining locks, till they fell like a curtain of gold over the waking world. The breezes caught his spirit and rushed forth with a thousand tricks and dallies. The wild flowers shook the dew from their heavy bells and gave forth their songs of fragrance, keeping time to the silver chiming of the running brooks and fountains; while from countless sprays, and from the shelter of many a hidden nest, out of the full hearts of happy birds, poured forth a song of jubilation, filling the air with its full-throated cadence. Angels of pain, with veiled forms and silent lips stepping over the thresholds from the darkened homes within, were borne on the breath of that song away through the blue air to heaven, and faint voices thankfully asked: "Has the Day come? Open the windows and let us see this new and lovely Day." Children on their way to school shouted as they pelted each other with cowslip balls, crying: "What a glorious Day!" Lovers parting, kissed each other at the shady end of the lane, murmuring, "What a perfect Day"; and older people, content even amid their many cares, nodded brightly to one another on their busy way, saying: "Lovely Day, friend; lovely Day." And the heart of the bright young Day rejoiced as he hung smiling over his beautiful Earth.

But the heart of the Storm-King was cruel and filled with black envy. He looked out from his dark home in the north, measuring the slight form and fair, youthful face of the Day with hatred and contempt, till, gathering up his black robes about him, he rushed forth and gripped the stripling Day in a fierce and deadly conflict. Terrible and long was the strife. The Day was nearly choked with the sulphurous fumes that poured, hot and thick, from the curling clouds about him; his robes were torn and pierced by the jagged lightnings, and his eyes blinded by the thick hail that beat upon him. But he was brave; if needs be he could die; *never* would he yield.

"The Earth is mine, mine, mine!" he cried, loud above the noise of the thunders; and because his heart was full of love, and because he wanted the Earth for good things and happy lives, Heaven helped him, and he prevailed, and the Storm-King was crowded back to his home in the North, with his doors bolted and barred against him, and the Day, with his soft robes and shining locks, smiled once more upon the frightened Earth.

True, the Storm-King had done great and terrible harm. His wild winds had torn up great and mighty trees and left them to die, with their roots all quivering from the pain with which they

had been wrenched from the earth into which they had stuck down so deep and so firm. Houses had been thrown down, so that poor people were left homeless, and ships had been wrecked, so that even now the incoming tide bore in ashore upon its still throbbing bosom the pale forms of the dead.

The Day was grieved and sorrowful for this. He could not plant the noble trees again, nor build the fallen houses, nor bring back the dead to life, but he did his best to help, sending his warm sunlight to strengthen the trees that were left, stilling his breezes, that they might have perfect rest, and scattering seeds upon the trunks of the fallen trees, that bye-and-bye, when their leaves should become brown and withered, a soft robing of green and velvety moss might wrap them round and keep them beautiful still. The airs he made warm and pleasant till the homeless people should have time to build their houses again, and where the dead lay he dried the sands a soft and shining white, and sent messages upon his sunbeams to the dreaming buds to wake and bloom, that they might go and lay themselves in love and beauty upon the new-made graves, when these dear dead should be laid to sleep in the quiet churchyard. Then, again, the Earth rejoiced in the Day. The pain had become quite stilled now in the quivering roots. The younger trees stretched forth their branches in conscious growth. The houseless people made themselves a merry home in tents, and went to work briskly to build their houses again. Even the mourners of the dead were comforted when they saw the blooming flowers and the fairness of the returning day, remembering that their dear ones had gone to a land of sweeter flowers and even fairer days than these.

The bright young Day journeyed on. Fresh difficulties lay before him; it was a much harder journey than he had thought it to be when he stood in joyous anticipation, with his hand in the hand of the Morning. A dreadful spirit, with eyes of fire and robes all stained with crimson, had threateningly crossed his path. Plague was written on her forehead. She knew he would never let her descend upon his Earth, but as she passed him by she stooped and breathed upon it, and fast and far he had to hurry with his pure airs and never-tiring sunbeams to search out and to purge and heal the black spots that her scorching breath had burnt into his fair possession.

Still bravely he journeyed on, though his feet were growing tired and his strength sorely spent with the travel and the conflict. He could see the golden gates of the Evening shining in the western skies, and thankful feelings rose in his heart that his journey was almost done. His eyelids drooped and his heart beat with a slow and heavy throbbing. What matter now? At least he had done his best, and with that thought he turned again his drooping face to the precious Earth he had cherished so faithfully all his way.

"My Earth," he whispered, and the answer came: "Oh, glad golden Day!"

But he scarcely heard, for his heart beat slower still, and his bright head sank upon his breast even as the golden doors unfolded, and the great Spirit of the Evening stepped softly down and out of the western sky. In her hand she held a crown of gleaming stars. Stooping, she tenderly lifted the weary Day and gathered him up into her strong and loving arms, wrapping him round in a soft robe of silvery grey as she placed upon his pale brow the shining crown. His fainting strength revived, and ere he sank to rest, with his bright young head pillowed upon her sheltering bosom, he turned his happy face once more to his dear Earth with a parting smile of peace. It hushed the Earth into a holy and breathless quiet, and wrapped her in a dreaming beauty.

"Is the Day dead, mother?" whispered a little child, with tearful eyes.

"No, child, no," said the mother, in hushed response; "he has gone to be with the Angel Days in Heaven. How his radiance lingers still!"

"Yes," whispered many voices, breathlessly; "it has been a beautiful Day."

Montreal.

H. P.

HYPOCRISY.

"It is not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When discontent sits heavy at my heart."

—Addison.

It may be a startling revelation to hear that we are all hypocrites, and none the less startling to have the novel question as to whether "Hypocrisy is ever justifiable" propounded. The word hypocrisy is derived from the Greek, and literally signifies "to play upon the stage," and "hypocrite" is an actor—from this we have hypocrisy defined to be the "feigning to be what one is not," and "a concealment of true character." Shakespeare in less prosaic terms renders its meaning clear when he says:

"To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eyes, your
hand, your tongue;
Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

It is nigh impossible to determine the innumerable forms hypocrisy assumes and what niceties of distinction are made to evade classification under this abhorrent title, and yet with all the artificial construction human ingenuity can contrive, how short do they fall? There is hypocrisy active and hypocrisy negative—if I may be allowed the distinction—the wilful misrepresentation—and the concealment—the one is as reprehensible as the other. All departures from the truth, equivocations and prevarications, whatever be their degree, must be comprised under one of these two divisions, and can be properly classed as acts of hypocrisy. Yet how vigorously would many protest against the application of this term to them, whose offences are limited to the excuses of society—the fashionable white lie—the "not at home" species. Praed, under this title, humourously, yet clearly, portrays this falsehood in his essay commencing "Not at home, said her ladyship's footman," with the usual air of nonchalance, which says "You know I am lying, but *n'importe*," and he continues in a sarcastic vein to treat of its usefulness.

The greatest evil-doer is not necessarily the one who commits the gravest crime, so, although the least assuming, the society hypocrite can be ranked among the worst of the species. No palliation or excuse can be offered for his lying, backbiting or evil gossip. He is suffered because he panders to the reverse side of our nature, his appreciation and reward are however but short-lived, for they are tempered by the fear that his hearer of to-day may furnish cause for his object of attack of to-morrow. With equal aversion can be classed the individual who seizes every opportunity to decry, or what is equally bad, to publish broadcast his sympathy with an unfortunate neighbour, who has encountered some reverse, and has afforded him an occasion too delicious to allow to pass unnoticed, yet in the ordinary acceptance of the term *he* is not a hypocrite, for he neither misrepresents nor conceals what he means. What is hypocrisy after all but the attempt to pose for what we are not, but what we would like others to consider we are, and what consequently must be worth feigning; or, as Rochefoucauld in his 227th Maxim puts it, "Hypocrisy is a sort of homage that vice pays to virtue."

Of all hypocrites, the *religious* stands pre-eminent, and constitutes the butt and centre of contempt and detestation. Nearly all the writers upon the banes of hypocrisy lay bare his case. Fuller tersely says: "Trust not him that seems a saint." Yet did we ever stop to consider that hypocrisy is, as oft perhaps forced upon a man, as it is wilfully practiced by him. Sterne, in railing upon the hypocrite, implies that none but the merciful and compassionate have a title to wear the garb of religion, yet how long would human charity and generosity permit any, even possessing these qualities, to go unmolested and free from suspicions of hypocrisy. Be the individual at heart and soul as true, honest, and conscientious as he may, there are so many outside considerations, I speak not of mercenary matters, but of kindred, love and affection, that he is frequently rendered unable to practice or perhaps

even to avow his principles, and thus unwittingly and unwillingly brings himself within the pale of hypocrisy.

It is a difficult task, and one for which I would not be prepared to formulate a code or procedure. Among the most advanced, fearless and independent, it is but a question of debate to-day if it be proper to avow and impress one's principles upon others, despite the painful disenchantment which might follow in the dispersion of long and greatly cherished tenets, and the grief occasioned by the divergency of views. Bacon says: "No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth," but "the truth at any cost" is a more difficult problem to solve. The search for truth, whether in the arts, sciences, philosophy or religion, is being daily pressed with much vigour, and it appears absurd to suggest anything to obstruct its road. Yet there must be something wrong in a system which carries pain and distress in its progress, and which justifies us in stopping to consider, and when we do so, will we not find that the whole difficulty arises from the rate of speed adopted and the too rapid advances of thought. Any law which is beyond the average intellect and understanding will never be properly obeyed, and no matter what be the strength of the executive, will never be enforced. The great thinkers are comparatively few, the masses are slower to reason and comprehend, and cannot keep up with them; to enforce advanced views would give rise to friction, a state of affairs which history has frequently shown us to have developed into strife and bloodshed. This is equally applicable to all branches and spheres of human thought and action, but in religion is it specially prominent. Let us assume the case not of a nation, but of an individual. Man and woman brought up in the same religion marry. After a lapse of some years the wife continues to practice and maintain the religious tenets to which she has always been accustomed. The husband, in the exercise of his reasoning powers, conscientiously believes no longer in his former religious views, or perhaps in any religion at all. Their children are budding into boy and girlhood, the period of the greatest anxiety to parents. The wife and relatives, near and dear on both sides, are sorely grieved and pained at the husband's altered views. What should be his course? To avoid a semblance of hypocrisy he should openly avow and rejoice in his convictions, and attempt to convert his wife and relatives, and educate his children up to the same. But wife and relatives cannot and will not depart from their cherished faith and equally conscientious belief. These differences lead to all manner of unpleasantness, which may perchance be the means of further estrangement and marital difficulties. Should he, for the sake of peace, happiness and contentment, refrain from interfering with their, or even practising his own, convictions? And if he so did, could he be held amenable to the consequences of the vice of hypocrisy? Methinks "the truth-at-any-price" principle must be tempered with the words tolerance and forbearance. I cite the words of Tupper, whose Proverbial Philosophy abounds with lessons of this nature:—

"I say not compromise the right,
I would not have thee countenance the wrong,
But hear with charitable heart the reasons of an honest
judgment;
For thou also hast erred, and knowest not when thou art
most right,
Nor whether to-morrow's wisdom may not prove thee simple
to-day.
Perchance thou art chiding in another what once thou wast
thyself;
Perchance thou sharply reprovest what thou wilt be here-
after."

All progress, to be beneficial and lasting, must be gradual. A man may find himself in advance of his day. Is he not fulfilling his duty by contributing to that progress in such measure as not to inflict pain upon others? For this tolerance is too oft lost sight of, by those from whom it should be most forthcoming, and it should be remembered, as Tupper further says:—

"There is no similitude in nature that owneth not also to a
difference,
Yea, no two berries are alike, though twins upon one stem."

No drop in the ocean, no pebble on the beach, no leaf in
the forest hath its counterpart.
No mind in its dwelling of mortality, no spirit in the world
unseen.
And, therefore, since capacity and essence differ alike with
accident,
None but a bigot partisan will hope for impossible unity."

The old adage says: "The truth is mighty and will prevail." *Prevail* implies time, and were this couple to display a mutual forbearance, would either of them be guilty of hypocrisy, and if they were, would such hypocrisy not be justifiable?

Montreal.

NEM.



Green turtle soup, as preparatory to an elaborate dinner, is a mistake and an injustice.

There is a place in Pennsylvania which is called Economy, but it is not a summer resort.

The question whether brides should be required to obey, as well as to love and cherish, in the marriage ceremony, is not worth discussion. They won't do it.

Giving for missions is a tender subject to some people. "What I give," said a Hardshell, "is nothing to nobody." "I fully believe you," said his interlocutor.

Magnetist: Yes, waiter, I'm a magnetist. Would you like to see me tip the table? Waiter: No, sah; but if it is all the same to you, sah, yer might "tip de waiter," sah.

"Do you think I'm a simpleton, sir?" thundered a fiery Scotch laird to his new footman. "Ye see, sir," replied the canny Scot, "I'm n' lang here, and I dinna ken yet."

A clergyman met a man declaiming against foreign missions. "Why doesn't the church look after the heathen at home?" "We do," said the clergyman, quietly, and gave the man a tract.

The proper study of mankind—"What is man?" sighed Haroun Alraschid. "To-day," says an American paper, "he is here and to-morrow he is in Canada, and the next day nobody knows where in thunder he is."

Foreigners generally speak with a foreign accent, says a Texas paper. A carpenter with a broad-ax-sent. A writer of plays with a four or five acts-sent. An Indian with a little ax-sent (tomahawk). And a butcher with a meat-ax-sent.

Parson—I am astonished, sir, to hear a man with three married daughters say that "marriage is a failure."

Citizen—Well, sir, when you have three families beside your own to support, you will learn that marriage is positive bankruptcy.

Small Boy No. 1 (to small boy No. 2, who is strutting around with his hands in his pockets)—Come over and play with me, Johnny.

"Can't."

"Go ask your mother if you can't."

"Can't ask her; she is out somewhere looking for me."

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the Garden of Eden and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single, this wouldn't have happened."

Twenty-five cents for a bed marks the top notch of lodging house society. Houses that charge much put on all the airs of a hotel. A 7-cent lodging house clerk refers to his customers as "de bums;" at 10 cents they are spoken of as "the lodgers;" 15-cent houses refer to their "patrons;" the manager of a 25-cent house speaks of his "guests."

There was a man who had a clock,

His name was Matthew Meares,

He wound it nicely every day

For many, many years:

At last his precious timepiece proved

An eight-day clock to be,

And a madder man than Mr. Meares

I would not wish to see.

"Hasn't the baker sent any bread for supper, Elleda?" inquired Mr. Magruder, as he surveyed the table.

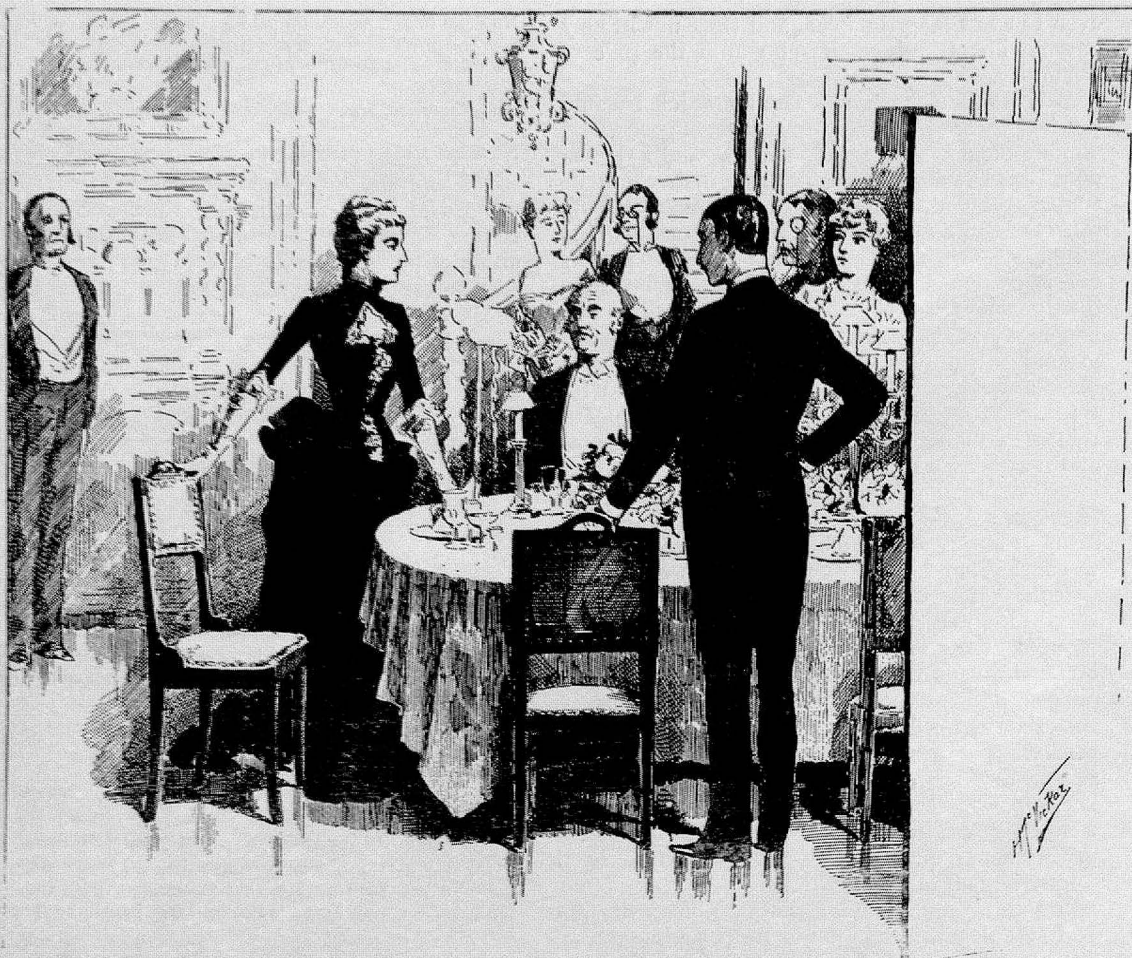
"I told him not to bring any this evening, Callithumpian," responded the young wife, sweetly. "I have baked a loaf myself. It will be brought on in a moment—what are you doing, Callithumpian?"

"I am putting a prop under the table leaf," said the young husband, with forced calmness.

"Smith is a mighty mean man, I say," exclaimed Blenkins, warmly.

"Why, what has Smith ever done to you?" asked Blenkins, surprised.

"Bet me \$10 I couldn't hit a barn door with a revolver at five paces," said Blenkins, angrily. "Taunted me into taking him up. Got me to put up the money. Measured off the five paces in presence of a lot of witnesses. Gave me a revolver loaded—and then set the barn door up edgewise."



NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

HOSTESS (excitedly, as guests are about to take their seats): Mercy! there are thirteen here!

CHORUS: Never mind! Don't be afraid? Don't be superstitious!

HOSTESS: Oh, it's not that. But there are only twelve plates laid. How awkward! But there is little harm done, as none of them know who was forgotten.

DISTICHES.

I.

Wisely a woman prefers to a lover a man who neglects her.
This one may love her some day, some day the lover will not.

II.

There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going.
When they seem going they come: Diplomats, women and crabs.

III.

Pleasures too hastily tasted grow sweeter in fond recollection,
As the pomegranate plucked green ripens far over the sea.

IV.

As the meek beasts in the garden came flocking for Adam to name them,
Men for a title to-day crawl to the feet of a king.

V.

What is a first love for, except to prepare for a second?
What does the second love bring? Only regret for the first.

Judge—Prisoner, the evidence shows that you brutally assaulted the plaintiff. Have you anything to offer in extenuation?

Prisoner—No, sir; my lawyer took all the money I had.

"Edward," asked the proprietor, "how are those \$7 watches selling?" "Not very well, sir." "How much do they cost us?" "They cost \$4.47 net." "Well, I guess you'd better mark them up to \$9 and put them in the window, with a card saying that they must be sold out regardless of cost."

He (on the brink of a proposal—I like your charming sex so much, you know; but really I don't know how to take woman. She (willing to help him on)—I think I can tell you.

"How?"

"For better or for worse."

"What will it cost me, Uncle Rastus, to have my coop whitewashed?"

"I kain't tell yet, sah, till I makes an estimate ob de size and dimenshuns."

That night the owner was disturbed by a loud noise in the hen-coop.

"Hi, there!" he shouted from an upper window, "what are you doing there?"

"Is's Unc Rastus," was the reply, "and he's figgerin' on de size and dimunshuns ob de coop."

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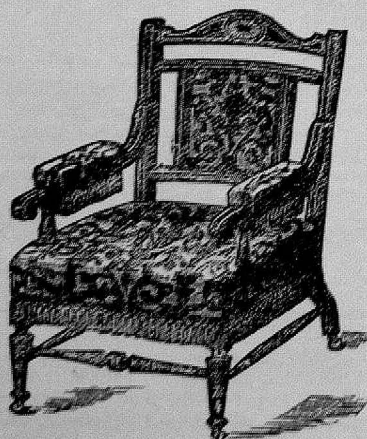
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Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

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To Banff and return. - \$90 00

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From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

The man with twins is deucedly happy.

Notwithstanding the discussion now going on to decide if marriage is a failure, the brakemen go right on coupling.

An old bachelor says that he rather likes a comical baby, but he objects when it becomes a screaming farce.

Even if the price of flour has advanced, the young housewife cannot possibly manage to get along without a little dab of it on the end of her nose.

Lawyer (to little boy)—"Where did you learn to tell such outrageous lies?" Boy—"I passed your office one day when the window was open."

If you want to get cold facts out of a woman contradict her and make her mad. It fetches the truth every time, but usually it isn't complimentary to you.

"Politician, ain't you?" he enquired, turning to the passenger immediately behind him.

"Yep; how did you know?"

"Breath."

He had passionately declared his love. "You are too late, George; too late," murmured the girl. "Too late?" he exclaimed, with an agonizing cry. "Is it possible that you love another?" "No, George; but it is nearly twelve o'clock, and I hear papa at the gate."

"Oh, yes," said the Western man, we like to have you fellows come out to grow up with the gul-orious West. But we draw the line at the men who are driven to settle with us because they are unable or unwilling to settle with their creditors in the East."

Little Ina, nearly 5 years of age, set out to visit school the other day as gay as a lark, but returned after the session with rather a careworn expression of countenance. When asked how she liked school, she said:

"I did not like it."

"Why not?"

"Oh! I had to work awful hard."

"What did you have to do?"

"I had to keep still like everything."

"Men," said the captain of the steamer to the frightened passengers huddling about him, "it is true that we are not gaining on the leak, but we are only fifty miles from land, and if necessary we can throw overboard 2,000 tons of freight to lighten the ship. There is no occasion for alarm. We have several hundred casks of rum in the cellar that we can—"

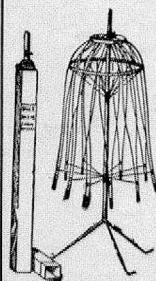
"No occasion for alarm!" exclaimed a tall Kentuckian, turning pale with apprehension. "Captain, do you intend to throw that rum overboard?"

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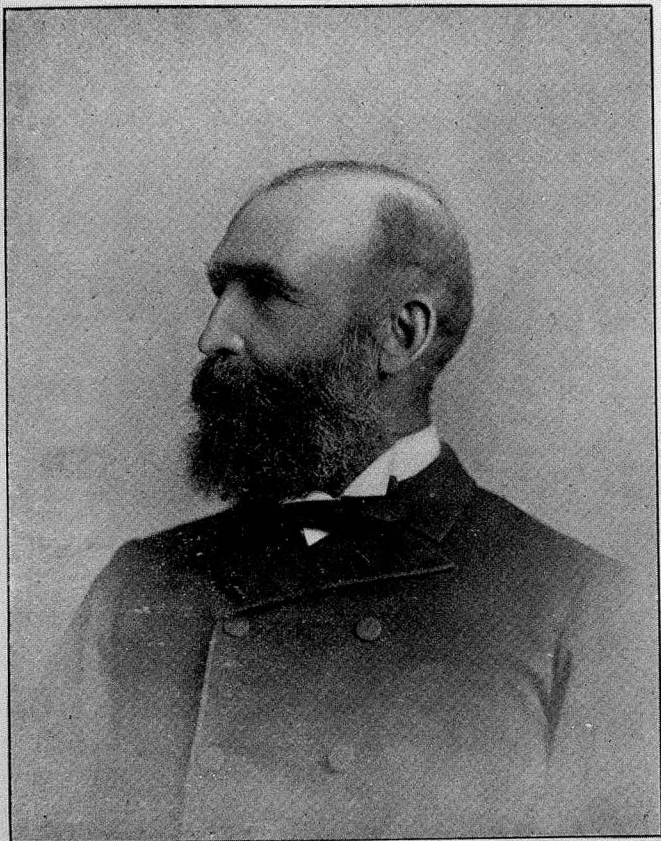
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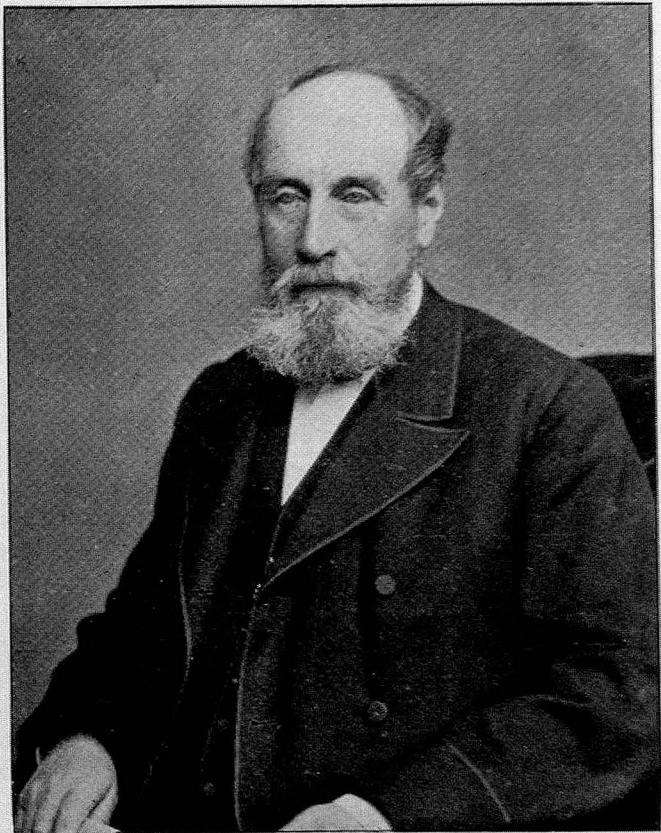
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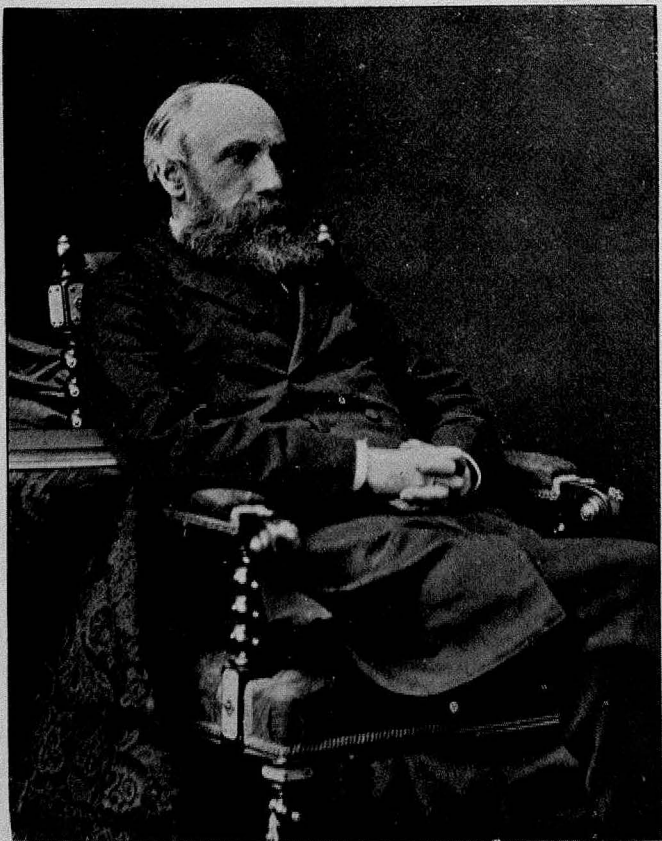
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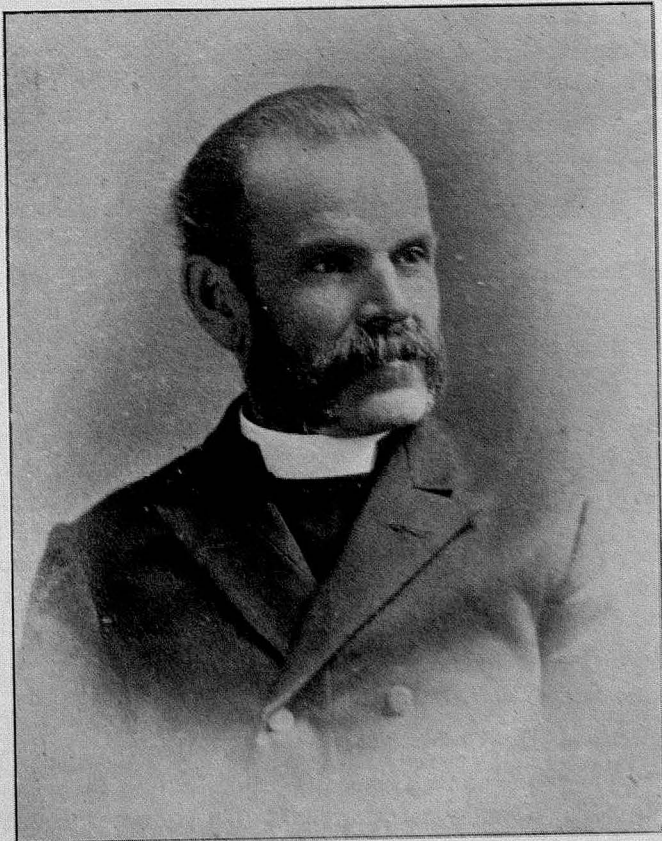
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24th NOVEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, *at the same time*, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of *four* subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of *early*, as our stock of back numbers is limited.

On the memorable occasion of the official inauguration of the 27½ feet channel in the St. Lawrence, between Montreal and Quebec, on Wednesday, 7th instant, we were enabled by the courtesy of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners to secure some valuable and interesting mementoes of the event, in the shape of photographic views and groups taken especially for THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED by Messrs. Wm. Notman & Son. These we expect to begin publishing in the next issue of this journal. The following is an incomplete list of the portraits, groups and views to appear:—

Portrait of the Hon. Sir Hector Langevin, C.B., K.C.M.G., Minister of Public Works.

Alexander Robertson, Esq., Chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners.

A group of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners present.

A group of the Quebec Harbour Commissioners present.

A group of Members of Parliament.

A group of the Acting-Mayor and Aldermen of Montreal.

A group of Civil Engineers.

A group of Forwarders.

A group of Members of the Press.

A group consisting of the Hon. A. W. Ogilvy, Senator; Andrew Allan, Esq., and L. J. Seargeant, Esq.; also,

Views of the SS. "Lake Ontario,"

Views of Montreal, Three Rivers, etc.

Persons wishing to secure a number of copies of the issues of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED that will contain these engravings should give timely notice to their news-dealer or to us direct.



It looked, some days ago, as if Victoria College, Cobourg, would be blended with the University of Toronto, and the new college, in Queen's Park, for which \$100,000 have been asked and \$60,000 promised, would be pushed forward at once. At a large meeting of the Conference it was resolved to raise that balance, and confidently set forth that Victoria was going to Toronto. One enthusiastic paper proclaimed that all loyal Methodists would rally to the plan.

As we write, the news is that another song is being sung at Cobourg. The University Senate and the Alumni, at a meeting, decided against all further steps indefinitely. Mayor Clarke, of Cobourg, announced that the city, in addition to a grant of \$25,000 and twenty acres of land, would give \$1,500 a year, for five years, for a new chair. A gentleman of Toronto declared that he would give \$100,000 to \$250,000 toward maintaining the University, provided a similar sum were raised. The students sang:—

On the old Ontario's strand
Victoria ever more shall stand.

A Leipzig firm wants to buy "old pianos, not less than 130 years of age." As a piano of that venerable age cannot be heard next door, even when the windows are open, an American paper gets funny over the advertisement, quite unmindful that in Germany, more especially, it is very widely the custom to practice the pianoforte on noiseless keys, whereby the fingering can be cultivated, without the annoyance of metallic sound on the ears of neighbours. There is no worse torture than that of piano tapping.

The Mormon settlement at Lee's Creek, N.W.T., deserves a word of notice. It is made up of 125 souls, but not confined to Mormons, and will do both ranching and farming. The elders have no thought of polygamy, and will conform to the laws of the country in that respect. Since the revelation of their faith to John Smith, in 1830, the Mormons number only half a million, in Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, Idaho, Colorado and Nevada. Confiscation of property drove this colony into the Northwest, but there is no intention to transfer the whole church to the protection of the British flag.

Principal Grant, of Kingston, is putting to good use his holiday in Australia, making his native country known. He believes in the benefits of closer commercial relations between Australia and Canada. He points out that there is a large opening for wool, wine and some other products, while Canada could send on fish in various forms, lumber, and even some descriptions of agricultural tools. He is also a warm advocate of the cable between Vancouver's Island and Australia, and supports the right of Canada and other colonies to make special trade arrangements with foreign countries.

Herr Cohen, who lately travelled in Canada, had this to say, in an interview, at Macclesfield, England:—"You must draw a distinction between Canadians and Americans. The Canadians repudiate the name 'American,' and are proud of their connection with the Old Country. They are a most intelligent, industrious and straightforward

class of people, a high moral tone pervading their whole lives. Wherever you meet them, in their homes or elsewhere, they are most genial and agreeable in their manners, and there is a total absence of that coolness and pretension which are too often characteristic of well-to-do English people."

A great soldierly figure has gone from the British Army. Lord Lucan was in the wild charge of the Light Brigade, not the Heavy Brigade, as one or two of the Toronto papers had it. The Earl of Lucan was an Irish landlord, and his titles in the peerage were wholly Irish, but his family—the Bingham—is English. Unto the end the octogenarian general looked like a man of forty, with his flat-brimmed hat, straggling whiskers and frock coat, tightly buttoned. His cavalry seat was perfection to the last. He took great care of his meals, eating only certain kinds of food, sharply weighed beforehand.

Lucan recalls Cardigan. The latter commanded the Light Brigade at Balaklava. When the order came, through Captain Nolan, to charge, the great dragoon sat up in his saddle, tightened his bridle around his left hand, drew his sabre to attention with his right, and, as the horses started, said to those about him: "Here goes the last of the Cardigans!" But it was not so to be. He and Lucan came out unscathed from the Valley of Death, from the Mouth of Hell, and both died in their beds.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honour the charge they made,
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble Six Hundred!

There are two bits of interesting news from Newfoundland. The first is the election of Bonavista, wherein the result, by the return of Mr. Morison, seems to point toward confederation with Canada. The second is the departure of the late governor, Sir Henry Arthur Blake—but not for Queensland, as was meant, the Imperial authorities being forced to back down before the objections of the colonists. The new governor of Newfoundland is Sir Terence O'Brien, a distinguished soldier and ruler, who has been governor of Heligoland since 1881.

The protest of the Australians against the appointment of their new governor and the acquiescence of Downing street, in the face of so much opposition, is the turning of a new leaf. Why Sir Henry Arthur Blake was not a *persona grata* to the southern colonists is a matter that concerns themselves, but the whole incident is an awkward one. Here, in Canada, we have been singularly fortunate in our Governors-General—as the names of the last four amply show—Lords Dufferin, Lorne, Lansdowne and Stanley.

The sum of \$6,000—to be halved—has been assigned for two new chairs in the Toronto University. This contribution is highly creditable to the Queen City, and its people are anxious to see that the two endowments should fall on native Canadians, instead of on outsiders, as seems to be the mind of the University authorities. Nothing could be better than this feeling. Let Ontario take after Nova Scotia. Two or three years ago the Chairs of English Language and Literature, at Kings', Windsor, and at Dalhousie, went to Professors C. G. D. Roberts, of New Brunswick, and W. J. Alexander, of Ontario, respectively.

And while on this subject of University Chairs, we beg to renew our appeal for professorships of Canadian History. We do not mean mere lessons subsidiary or supplementary to classes of history in general, but distinctly and solely to the history—the magnificent history of our country, for over two hundred and fifty years. The need of such a chair becomes more urgent every year, especially for the period of English rule, which is unknown, although abounding with most interesting and complicated events and measures. The constitutional history of Canada is perhaps alone of its kind, being composed of elements—heterogeneous and almost hostile of themselves—but which have been handled with so much foresight and insight, in the true spirit of statesmanship, that the whole has resulted in making Canadians to-day the freest and happiest people on the face of the earth.

A DOMINION JUBILEE.

One of the oldest and most influential bodies of this city, the Numismatic and Antiquarian Society of Montreal, has issued a circular suggesting a World's Fair in 1892, to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the founding of Montreal. The object is a bold one at first sight, but a careful reading of the paper shows that it is both quite timely and feasible. The date chosen is the happiest possible, as several events of the highest importance combine to make it worthy and easy of accomplishment:—

I. Montreal's position as the foremost city of the Dominion.

II. The 250 years, ending 1892, virtually embrace the whole history of Canada, from the beginning to our day.

III. The year 1892 will be the Fifth Jubilee of Montreal, and therefore five times more worthy of being celebrated.

IV. The same year is the 400th anniversary of the Discovery of America by Columbus.

By the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Canada has become the great highway between Europe and the East, and no scheme could be devised which would do more to make both Europe and Asia contribute to the prosperity and development of our country than bringing them together in Montreal. The Grand Trunk Railway and our other lines, with our steamship companies, would reap immediate and direct benefits from the increase in passenger traffic, and still more in freight. Moreover, the country would be magnificently advertised; new markets as well as new avenues of trade would be opened up for both agricultural and manufactured products; attention would be called to our great resources and natural advantages; immigration would be stimulated, and foreign capital would probably be attracted here for investment; for though our manufacturers may be in excess of present demands, there is a wide field for work in the development of our mineral resources.

The very circumstance of our different provinces being brought together in a friendly rivalry, in a way which would do credit to the whole country, would do much to cement their union, increase the pride and confidence of Canadians in the future of their country, and foster a self-reliant patriotism, founded on an intelligent understanding of the advance already made and the possibilities of the future.

In addition to the general benefits to the country at large, Montreal could not fail to benefit

immensely. Many thousands would be added to the population of the city for several months; this addition would consist of consumers; and all of those trades which minister to the daily wants and comforts of the community would receive a proportionate impetus.

The prospects of success are exceedingly good. There can be little doubt that the number of exhibits would be large. The United States would be sure to be well represented: their proximity, combined with a desire to extend their trade, would secure that. Mexico, we are assured, will enter into the idea heartily, the government being likely to send a very good exhibit. The South American countries, though not so enterprising as our neighbours, will probably be represented. The revived interest which France is taking is taking in Canada, in addition to the desire for new markets, should secure hearty co-operation from her. Besides France, no doubt Spain and Italy, as well as Belgium, Sweden and Norway, would be represented; and, judging from the present volume of their trade with Canada, the Germans would certainly not be behind the others. As for Great Britain, we may count on the most hearty sympathy and active co-operation there, both from the Government and from private enterprise. We might get a very fine Loan Art exhibition like that sent to Melbourne this year, which would prove a most valuable attraction. Then with good exhibits from India and our sister colonies, we would certainly have a more varied and probably a more extensive exhibition than that of the Colonies and India in London in the year 1886, which was an unquestioned success. We should remember that the governments or individuals who might not think the Canadian market worth troubling about, would be very glad to reach the United States through us.

But even if all this foreign co-operation did not come, there would still remain an alternative scheme, which could be carried out with perfect success at considerably less expense and with a minimum of risk: namely, that of a British and Colonial Exhibition, similar to that of the Colonies and India held in London in 1886, with the addition of a magnificent display from Great Britain and Ireland. It would be very important to have India extensively and thoroughly represented, and there need be no anxiety on this point, as Lord Lansdowne's active co-operation may be counted upon to make the Indian department complete and attractive. The Australian Colonies, in simple justice, could hardly do less than reciprocate the advances we have made in participating in their Jubilee and Centennial Exhibitions, and they, if they take up the idea at all, will do so heartily, we may be sure, and in such a way as to rival the Dominion itself. As for Great Britain, the desire or perhaps even the necessity of meeting American competition would tend to make the British Section all that could be desired in beauty, variety and extent. Canada has made immense strides in material progress of late years, and one great advantage of an International Exhibition on her own soil would be the opportunity for making a display commensurate with her advance in the industrial arts and the extent of her natural resources, without having to incur the trouble and expense unavoidable in sending a large number of exhibits to a great distance.

The expense should be moderate. So many exhibitions are going on simultaneously that in a

short time a number of excellent buildings will be for sale and obtainable at perhaps one-fourth or one-fifth of the cost of a new building. Then again we have a good site. The present Exhibition grounds are finely situated, and there is a considerable extent of vacant property adjoining which could be utilized for such a special occasion. The tract between Mount Royal avenue and Pine avenue, Park avenue and Upper St. Urbain is about 34 acres; there is a similar tract lying west of Park avenue, and another addition might be made to the northwest, so that 70 or 80 acres could be added for that year to the present Exhibition grounds. While these figures do not reach the proportions of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, there should be ample room, seeing that the extent of the Antwerp exhibition grounds of 1885 were only 54½ acres; that of Liverpool, 1886, only 35 acres; that of Glasgow, being held now, 60 acres.

Ways and means. No doubt, if Montreal desires the benefit of such an undertaking, the citizens of Montreal must be prepared to subscribe handsomely to a guarantee fund; and it promises well for success that our enterprising business men are already coming forward with offers of active support in that way. The Federal and Provincial Governments might fairly be called upon to aid, and the leading cities of the Dominion (following the precedent of similar occasions in other countries) might subscribe to the capital stock necessary to put such an undertaking on a sound footing.

As it seems advisable to have the opinion of as many influential men as possible on the desirability and practicability of this scheme of a World's Fair, correspondence can be had on the subject as early as possible with Mr. S. C. Stevenson, 76 St. Gabriel street, Montreal, P.Q. There is no time to be lost; for an enterprise of such magnitude requires careful preparation to ensure success.

LITERARY NOTES.

Nicholas Flood Davin, M.P., finds time, outside of his *Regina Leader*, to send some breezy papers to "Eastern Canada."

The Almafilian is the euphonious name of a pretty little paper published by and for the young ladies of Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.

Mr. William McLennan, author of "Songs of Old Canada," has gone, with his family, for a month, to Banff, for respite and physical recuperation.

There is question of a new Historical Society for the Simcoes. There is no more historic ground in Canada—the dark and bloody home of the Hurons.

Le Canada Français, a learned and literary quarterly, published by Laval University, has closed its first year, and is beginning the second under the best auspices.

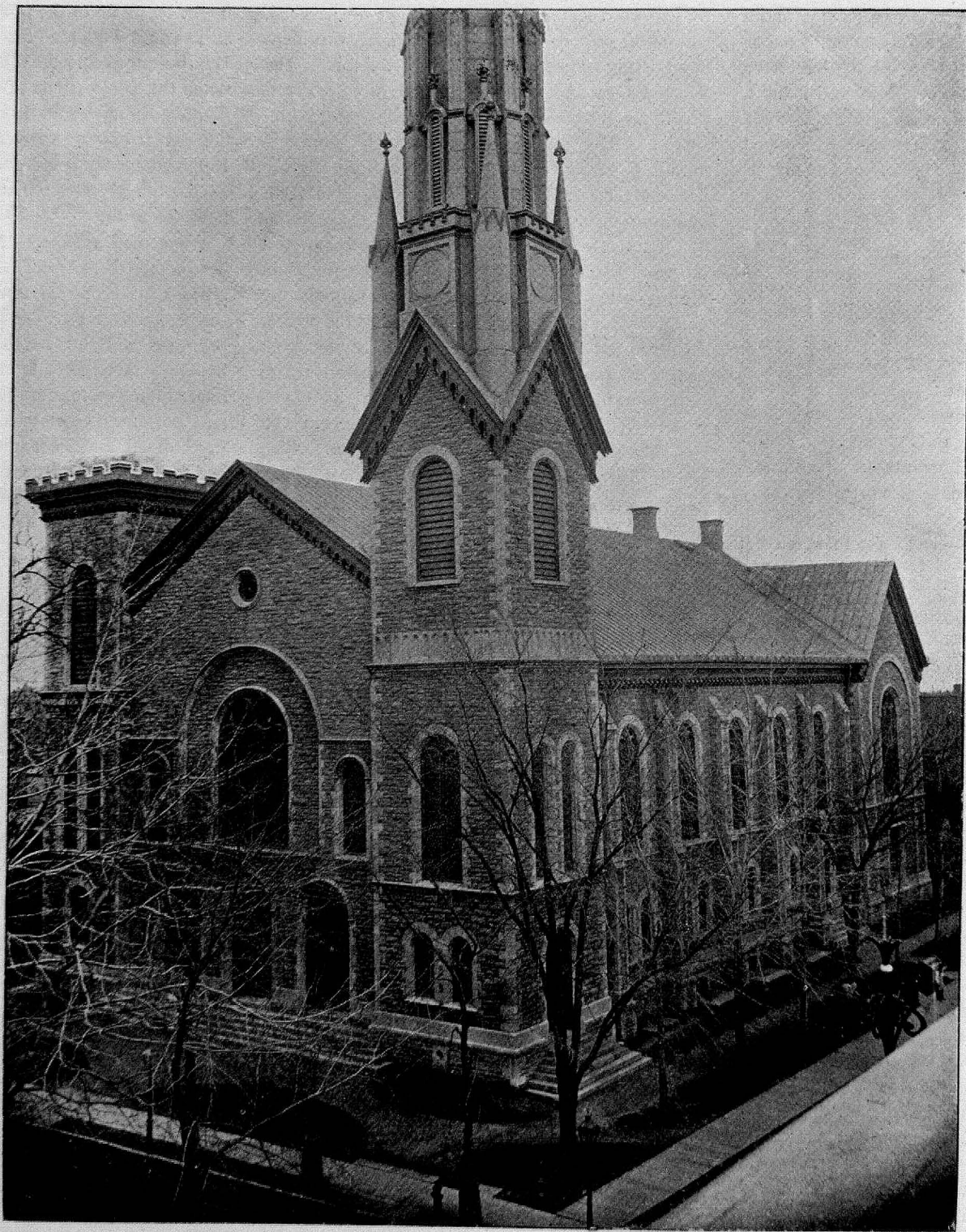
M. Pamphile Lemay, the translator of "Evangeline," and who had gone to France for a holiday, was suddenly summoned to Quebec by a family bereavement.

We shall have the pleasure, in our next issue, of reviewing "The Masque of Minstrels," by Arthur J. Lockhart. Here is another Nova Scotian who has made his mark.

St. Johns, on the Richelieu, is another of the oldest points in Canadian history—one of the four legendary forts, built before the De Courcelles expedition against the Iroquois. It is just the place for an historical society.

It is not generally known, and it is a curious thing, that the *News* and *Telegram* of Toronto are not sent from their respective offices to anybody in the Province of Quebec. The reason is to avoid the law's difficulties, as shown in the Sheppard case.

In a note to the editor, Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of King's College, N.S., exclaims of Prof. George Murray's "Incidents in Cupid's Life," published in these columns of the 10th November: "What a charming piece that of Mr. Murray's in your last."

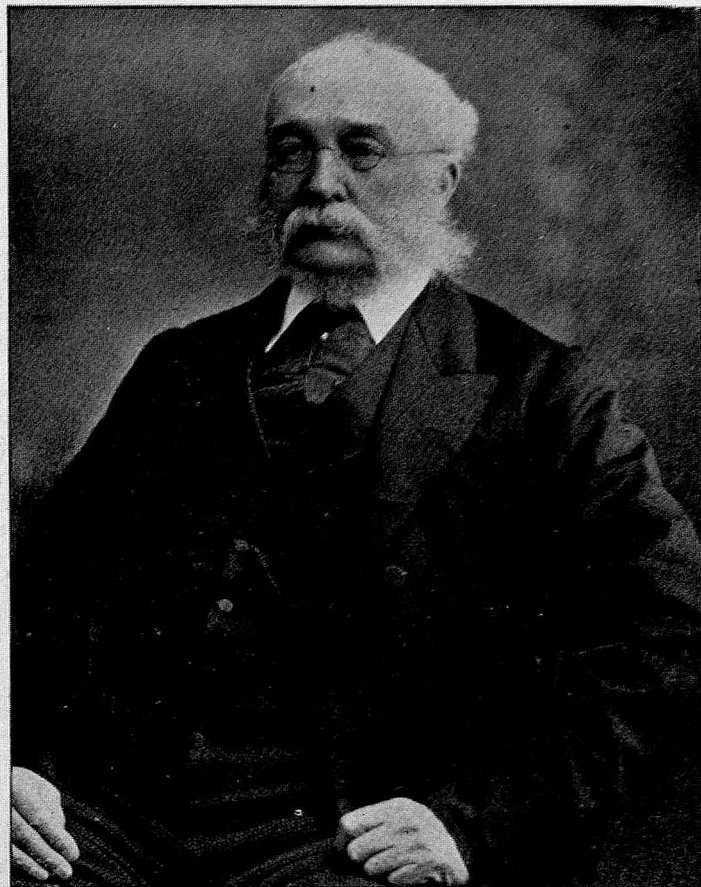


THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, DORCHESTER STREET, MONTREAL,
Where the Evangelical Alliance Meetings were held.

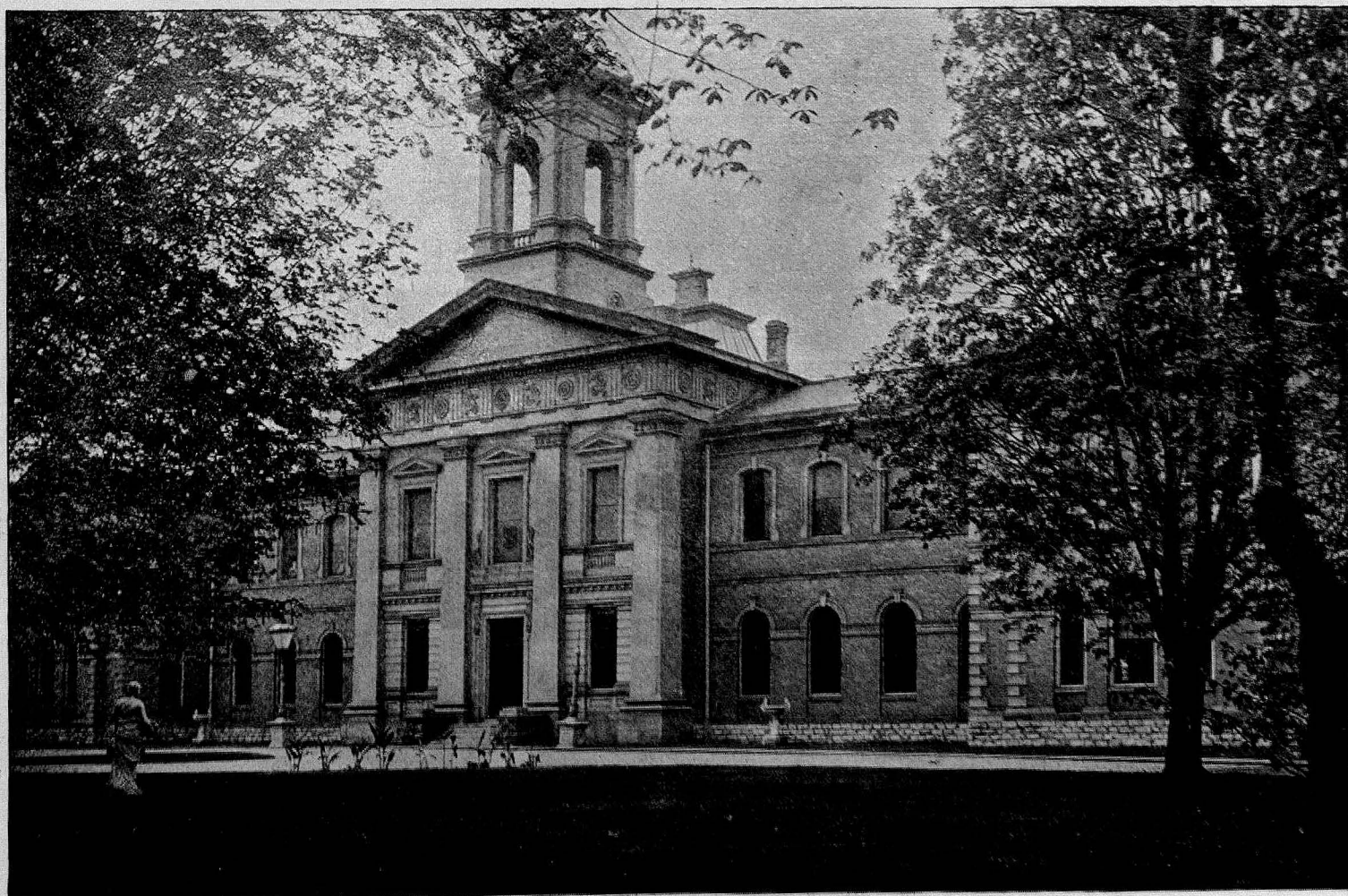
From a photograph by Martin.



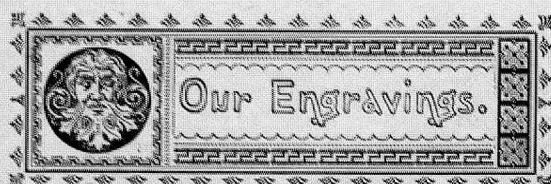
LT. COL. D. H. ALLAN, "QUEEN'S OWN RIFLES," TORONTO.
From a photograph by Dixon.



THE LATE HON. JAS. PATTON. COLLECTOR OF CUSTOMS,
TORONTO.



THE NORMAL SCHOOL, TORONTO.



HON. JOHN MACDONALD.—This merchant prince, who has now reached one of the highest honours within the gift of his countrymen—the Senate of Canada—was born at Perthshire in 1824 and came to Canada after an early training, going to school at Halifax for a while, and finishing his studies at Toronto, where he came forth as classic medal bearer. Having chosen business for his career, he served two years at Gananoque, when he returned to Toronto, and in 1847 went to Jamaica for his health, where he stopped one year. Returning to Toronto, he went in for himself, and in 1849 he began building up that importing trade which gradually grew the most extensive in the country. Mr. Macdonald began his Parliamentary life in the old Assembly of Canada. From 1872 to 1878 he sat for Toronto Centre in the Commons, but was defeated in the general elections of that memorable year, and remained in private life till November, 1887, when, at the nomination of his political adversary, but personal friend, Sir John Macdonald, he was raised to the Senate, where his wisdom and experience of affairs have made him a valuable member. Mr. Macdonald is a pillar of his church, the Methodist; has helped the cause of education and benevolence by his counsel and liberality, and among his other good works has been put at the head of the Evangelical Alliance, in which capacity he appears in our columns.

SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.—Our readers will scarcely be wanted to learn the history of this distinguished man of science and philanthropist. He is a native Canadian, born in Pictou, Nova Scotia, in 1820, and there educated, until he went to Edinburgh and was graduated at its University in 1842, when he returned to Canada, and when he entered upon those labours in geology which have since made his name world-wide. In 1850, however, his career was altered by his appointment as superintendent of education for his native province. There he wrought so well, and made so bright a record, that, in 1855, he was called to be Principal of McGill College, at a time when the fortunes of this institution were at a low ebb. From then till now Dr. Dawson has stood at his post with such success that McGill to-day is second to no other seat of learning in America. Bare mention only need be made of Sir William's standing in science; the reflected glory of his son, Dr. George Dawson, on his name; the number and value of his published works; his connection with the chief scientific bodies of the world, and his elevation to knighthood, in reward for his labours in the national cause of higher education. Not the least of his titles to public appreciation is his position in the Evangelical Alliance.

GEORGE HAGUE, ESQ.—Mr. Hague belongs to an old Yorkshire family who have lived in the neighbourhood of Rotherham, a manufacturing town in the West Riding, for some hundreds of years back. He comes of what may be termed a good Banking stock; three of his relatives during the last fifty years having been Managers in the principal Bank of the town where he was brought up. Mr. Hague entered Banking life at an early age, passing through a regular apprenticeship to the business as is usual in England. He left Banking to enter the service of a firm of railway contractors who had large undertakings in Canada. This brought him to Montreal in 1854. The death of the senior partner of the firm brought their enterprises to an end. Mr. Hague again sought Banking life, entering the service of the then recently organized Bank of Toronto. In its service he continued for about 20 years, first as Accountant, then as Branch Manager, and for the last twelve years as Cashier. After a brief interval, he was urgently pressed to take charge of the Merchants Bank of Canada, whose affairs had become somewhat disorganized. This was in 1877. In the position of General Manager of this Institution he has continued ever since. The standing of the Bank is now too well known to need further comment. Mr. Hague has always taken much interest in religious and philanthropic matters, and has devoted much time and energy to works of that character. He is Chairman of the Congregational College of Montreal and a Governor of McGill University. He has also been a very active contributor to the periodical press, principally on financial subjects.

REV. W. JACKSON.—The Reverend Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance was born in the City of Lincoln, England, in the year 1840. He has the reputation of being a hard student, having read widely, especially in metaphysics and theology. By those who know him best he is said to be one of the ablest preachers in the Montreal conference of the Methodist Church. His early commercial experiences have evidently qualified him for the post of secretary, and both within and without his own branch of the Church, he has done a great amount of work of this kind. The success of the late conference was very largely owing to his exertions. Mr. Jackson commenced his ministry in Canada in 1862, and has been stationed chiefly within the bounds of the Montreal conference. He is at present the pastor of Douglas Methodist Church, in this city, where he is very much esteemed.

THE AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—This stately and handsome temple of worship was begun in 1864, on the

pattern of the Lafayette Avenue Church, of Brooklyn, and on the 24th June, 1866, it was solemnly dedicated. The congregation, which bears the name of the "American Presbyterian Society of Montreal," was established in 1823, but the denomination it represented dated from 1790. In these past sixty-five years the congregation has been served by six pastors, almost every one of them remarkable for sterling qualities. The church was formally organized by Rev. Samuel W. Whelpley, on March 23, 1823, and on August 2, 1824, the first pastor was installed—Rev. Joseph Stibbs Christmas. The second was Rev. George W. Perkins, from 1830 to 1839; then Rev. Caleb Strong, from 1839 to 1847; Rev. John McLeod, from 1847 to 1857; Rev. James Bonar, from 1857 to 1869. There was then a vacancy till 1871, when the present well-known and well beloved incumbent, Rev. George H. Wells, D.D., accepted a call from Chicago, and began a pastorate which has been the longest and the most fruitful in the history of the American Presbyterian Church. It is from a valuable Historical Sermon of his, preached at the semi-centennial celebration of the Church, that we have gathered and necessarily condensed the interesting notes, which our readers have just perused.

LIEUT.-COL. DANIEL HUGH ALLAN.—This gallant officer is a Canadian by birth, and was born in the county of Perth on the 31st December, 1842. His connection with the Queen's Own dates from 1865, when he entered the Regiment as a private. He was promoted to Sergeant in 1866, and rose step by step to the command of the fine corps he had entered as private. During the late campaign in the North-West Col. Allan did good service as second in command of the contingent of his corps which formed part of the Battleford column. Col. Allan is still in the prime of life, and it is the general hope that he may long stay at the head of one of the best drilled bodies of militia in the Dominion.

HON. JAMES PATTON.—The late Collector of Customs, at Toronto, was born at Prescott, Ont., on the 10th June, 1824. He performed his studies at Upper Canada College, with distinction, and began the study of law in 1840. In 1843, on the opening of King's College (now the University of Toronto), he matriculated in Arts and graduated in law and, in 1858, took the degree of LL.D. In 1845, he opened a law office at Barrie, where he started the *Barrie Herald*, in 1852, the only paper published then north of Toronto, where there are now more than 100. He was also the author of legal works, and was closely connected with the *U. C. Law Journal*. In 1862 he reached the silk. In 1860 he opened a branch law office in Toronto, first with Judge Osler, and next with Chief Justice Moss, under the name of Patton, Osler & Moss. From 1864 to 1872 he was at Kingston attending to the large practice of Sir John Macdonald, and, from 1872 to 1878, on returning to Toronto, he carried on the Trust and Loan Company's business as Macdonald & Patton. He then withdrew from the active exercise of his profession, after a brilliant career of three and thirty years, and took charge of the English-Scottish Engagement Company of Canada until 1881, when he was appointed Collector of Customs for Toronto. In his younger days, 1856, Mr. Patton was a Legislative Councillor for the Saugeen division, where he distinguished himself, and, in 1862, he became a member of the Cartier-Macdonald Government, but soon retired. He was Vice-Chancellor of the University of Toronto from 1860 to 1864, and, in 1866, he occupied a seat in the Council of the Board of Trade of Toronto. Mr. Patton died on the 12th October, of this year, being called away suddenly.

TORONTO NORMAL SCHOOL.—Our sketch presents the front of the Normal School only, but the buildings and grounds surrounding include the Educational Office, and the Depositories, and Educational Museum with Girls' and Boys' Model School. The buildings are situated upon the centre of an open square, of about seven acres and a half of ground. The School was opened on November 1, 1847. The removal of the seat of Government to Toronto, in 1849, necessitated the adoption of measures for the immediate erection of the necessary permanent buildings. The corner-stone was laid July 2, 1851, by the Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, Governor-General; and in the month of November following the Normal and Model Schools were opened in the buildings which now ornament St. James' Square, and which are described in one of the provincial papers of that date as being "elegant in architectural appearance, commodious in their accommodation, and healthy in their situation." In the year 1858 the Normal School was transferred to the present building and the old apartments applied to the purposes of an Educational Museum and a projected School of Art and Design, which is now the Ontario School of Art. From the time that the Toronto Normal School was established, until the year 1871, all the Normal School Certificates for Teachers in the Province were granted by the Chief Superintendent of Education, upon Examination by the Teaching Staff of the Institute. During that time 3,150 Teachers received Certificates. Since the year 1871 several changes have been made in the character of the work done in the Normal Schools, and in the Examination for Certificate. Under the present system the work is in a large degree professional. Only those candidates who have passed the non-professional, or literary, examination, at the different High Schools of the Province, are entitled to enter the Normal Schools. The Principal of the Normal School is Thomas Kirkwood, M.A. We hope shortly to be able to give views of the Education Office, the Depositories and Educational Museum, and the Model Schools, on which occasion we shall publish a

paper on the whole School System of Ontario, drawn from the Report of the Education Department, which has been kindly sent us.

THE DANCING LESSON.—This picture is by Leopold Schmutzler. A budding beauty rehearses her dancing lesson in the presence of her sisters and friends. Not far off, to one side, is sitting her grandfather, who follows with delight the movements of his favourite, which, though not firm, are full of grace. One of the young girl's companions plays on the piano a soft minuet, this being during the reigns of Louis the XIV, XV and XVI, a very fashionable dance in France. People enjoyed this graceful and not fatiguing dance for about 150 years, till, little by little, it was replaced by more lively gavottes.

SHARPSHOOTER'S MEMORIAL, OTTAWA.—We have already alluded to the unveiling of this monument, from personal attendance; gave our own views of its design and workmanship; cited the inscription, and described the inauguration. In the present number the reader will find two other articles on the subject—one on the works of the sculptor, Mr. Percy Wood, and the other, a beautiful tribute, entitled "In Memoriam." This much may be added to accompany our sketch to-day. The unveiling took place on the 1st November, on Major's Hill Park. Among those present were Sir Adolphe, Lady and Miss Caron, Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. John Carling, Hon. Edgar and Mrs. Dewdney, Hon. C. H. and Mrs. Tupper, Hon. John Haggart, Chief Justice Sir Wm. and Lady Ritchie, Hon. Justice and Mrs. Gwynne, Hon. Justice and Mrs. Ross, Sir Fred. and Lady Middleton, Col. Walter Powell, Mrs. and Miss Powell, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. John Macpherson, Lieut.-Col. Irwin, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Bacon, Lieut.-Col., Mrs. and Miss White, E. H. Bronson, M.P.P., and Mrs. Bronson, Sheriff Sweetland, Acting-Mayor Erratt and members of the City Council. The four corps of the Capital turned out, the Dragoon Guards, 35, Capt. Gourdeau; Field Battery, 30, Major Stewart; Governor-General's Foot Guards, 150, Major Tilton; 43rd Rifles, 100, Capt. Sherwood, the brigade commanded by Lieut.-Colonel Pennington Macpherson, Lieut.-Col. White, serving on the staff. The Governor-General arrived sharp on time, and was led to the platform, where were the Rt.-Rev. Bishop of Ontario and Rev. Messrs. Pollard and Bogert, Sir Adolphe Caron, Major-General Sir Fred. Middleton, Mr. Percy Wood, the sculptor, and several members of the press. Prayer was offered by Bishop Lewis. The Benediction followed, and the Guards' Band played a verse of the hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell." We have already given an account of the speeches made, and the enumeration of the monuments of Canada mentioned by the Minister of Militia—to which we added several others—and there remains only to record here the services of the sub-committee of citizens to whom, after three years of hard work, the success of the celebration is mainly due. The names are: Colonel Walker Powell, chairman; Messrs. Frank McDougall and Charles Magee; Mr. W. H. Rowley treasurer, and Major Todd and Mr. Frank Newby joint secretaries.

THE OTTAWA TENNIS CLUB RECEPTION.—On Monday, October 15th, the Ottawa Lawn Tennis Club gave an afternoon "At Home" at their grounds in honour of their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston. At 4 o'clock the Governor-General and Lady Stanley, accompanied by Capt. and Mrs. Colville, Miss Lister, Hon. Arthur Stanley and Capt. MacMahon, drove up to the tennis grounds, and were received by Lady Caron and the officers of the club. Play was started on the bowling green and the tennis courts, Capt. Colville and Lieut. MacMahon taking part in a bowling contest, and the Hon. Arthur Stanley playing a game of tennis, with Miss L. Bacon as partner, against Mr. G. J. Desbarats and Mrs. Sidney Smith. The Governor-General chatted with the members of the club and the ladies present, and showed great interest in the games, leaving with his party a little after 5 o'clock. Among those present at the "at home," and whose portraits appear in the engraving, are: Lady and Miss Caron, Mrs. Chapleau, Mrs. Irwin, Lady Ritchie, Madame Taché, Mrs. Bacon, Miss L. Powell, Miss L. Smith, Miss M. Scott, Miss B. Ritchie, Miss Taschereau, Miss Mackie, Miss Richardson, Miss O'Meara, Miss Schreiber, Miss Gordon, Miss Bogert, Miss Clarke, Messrs. Clayton, O'Grady, H. Gray, Grant, G. J. Desbarats, Rev. T. Owen Jones, Shannon, Stanton and Hodgins. The Ottawa Tennis Club was organized in 1876 and moved into its present grounds last spring. It has a membership of 85, among whom are a number of good players. The club ground, situated on the bank of the Rideau canal, is one of the largest in Canada, comprising six double tennis courts, a bowling green, and two heads for quoits. The pretty clubhouse, partly shown in the engraving, was built this spring, and contains reception rooms and ladies' and gentlemen's dressing rooms. The officers of the club this year are: Patron, His Excellency the Governor-General; Vice-Patron, Hon. Sir Adolphe Caron; President, Lieut.-Col. Irwin; Vice-President, Mr. C. R. Hall; Secretary, Mr. C. Stanton; Treasurer, Mr. W. E. Hodgins; Committee, Messrs. Bacon, G. J. Desbarats, L. Fortescue, W. Hims-worth, and J. F. Shaw.

THE MORNING CALL.—It sometimes happens that we have, on the cover of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, engravings as fine as any embodied in the paper. "The Morning Call" is an instance. What prettier scene could be fancied than that of Miss Pussie, warmly tucked in bed, and waiting just a *little* longer before getting up. "Spot," the handsome fox-terrier, with his clubbed tail

and clipped ears, suspecting that his young mistress is a trifle lazy, creeps through the door, leaps lightly on the bed, and, with outstretched paw, tugs at the woollen coverlet. Pussie has heard him, and seen him from the corner of her eye, but pretends to be fast asleep, while "Spot" gazes hard at her, not quite certain whether Pussie is shamming, in which case he will pull off the counterpane outright.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

In a brief, but searching paper on Cardinal Newman, as a teacher and poet, as well as a master of English, Augustine Birrell has one or two new insights. He says that Scott and Coleridge led the way for the Neo-Catholicism of the Oxford movement by making the old times and writers interesting. Dr Newman has not forgotten to pay tribute to Sir Walter and, in his own way, so has George Borrow.

On Dr. Newman's standing as a poet, Birrell has some keen sayings. He holds that the Verses, in their intense sincerity, reduce all human feelings, whether fed on dogmas and holy rites, or on man's own heart, to a common denominator.

The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.

The Believer can often not say more. The Unbeliever will never willingly say less. Then he adds: "That we have two such religious poets as Cardinal Newman and Miss Christina Rossetti, is, or ought to be, matter for sincere rejoicing."

My readers will be delighted to know—what, it may be, they did not know before—that, recalling the death of Lord Lucan, and the battle of Balaklava, both Captain Nolan, who carried the fateful order to the Six Hundred, and Lieutenant Dunn, who was declared the "bravest of the brave," in that fearful charge, and decorated by the Queen's own hands for deeds of gallantry, were Toronto boys.

This valuable information was furnished the *Ottawa Citizen*, by "Mufti," a writer whose own name is known far and wide by the historical, biographical, and statistical books which he has written or compiled. He it is also who, a week ago, wrote a short review of the honourable and bright career of the late William Alexander Foster, whose name is forever linked with "Canada First," but whose death has been strangely overlooked outside of Ontario.

While yet a student, William Foster began his public life, with the late Chief Justice Moss, W. J. Rattray, the historian of the "Scot in Canada," and others, by contributing to a humorous weekly called the *Grumbler*, published in Toronto by the now famous Erastus Wiman. In 1869 he issued his pamphlet, "Canada First or the New Nationality," which led to the establishment of the "Canada First" party, that lasted until 1878.

I had set aside three short poems from my reading, signed Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts. Upon inquiry I find that she is a young sister of her brother, that is a poet himself—the author of "Orion" and "In Divers Tones." The titles of these three pieces of verse are "First Snow," "Meadow Lilies" and "A Secret Song." My readers will have the pleasure of reading them, one by one, beginning right here with the last, from the November *Century* :—

A SECRET SONG.

O snowbird ! snowbird !
Welcome thy notes when maples are bare ;
Thy merry twitter, thy emphatic call,
Like silver trumpets pierce the freezing air,
What time the radiant flakes begin to fall,
We know thy secret. When the day grows dim,
Far from the homes that thou hast cheered so long,
Thy chirping changes to a twilight hymn !
O snowbird ! snowbird, wherefore hide thy song !

O snowbird ! snowbird !
Is it a song of sorrow none may know,
An aching memory ? Nay, too glad the note !
Untouched by knowledge of our human woe,
Clearly the crystal flutings fall and float,
We hear thy tender ecstasy and cry,
"Lend us thy gladness that can brave the chill"
Under the splendours of the winter sky,
O snowbird, snowbird, carol to us still.

In reply to a query, Charles Dana, of the *N. Y. Sun*, himself a skilful writer, says that, by common consent, Dr. Newman is the great living master of a pure, idiomatic, luminous, elegant English style. He next names Thackeray, Hawthorne, George Ripley, Dr. Channing, Matthew Arnold, John Fiske, and only a few others. I do not agree with him about Bancroft, whose style is stilted, and wonder that he left out Dr. Brownson, the best writer of English prose in the United States.

On the cover of our last number there is a pretty picture called "The Favourite," the subject being drawn from falconry. I have often wondered why that sport has not been introduced in America, where that of carrier pigeons is so successful and popular. In England the training of these birds is almost as general as in the Middle Ages, and there are frequent references to it in our modern literature, and, chiefly, the two pets, the goshawk and peregrine. No image, however, can surpass that of Juliet, on parting from Romeo, in the garden of the Capulets. Waving her hand from the high balcony, as her lover crosses the garden, she exclaims :—

O, for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again !

TALON.

DAY DREAMS.

By ACUS.

Of hopes, none more lovely to lure us
Than they that but blossom to die ;
And of fears, none more dread in the distance
Than they that are bubbles when by.

Of tunes, there are none like the old tunes
That live in the spirit, though dead !
And of places, none fair as the far ones,—
The near no enchantment can shed.

Of loves,—Ah ! there's none like the first love,
Like the glory of spring-time, that glows ;
But what comrade can yield the communion
The soul with itself only knows.

Of laughter, there's none like the laughter
That shrinks ne'er to pass the lips' bound ;
And of sighs, there are none like the silent
That lie in the heart without sound.

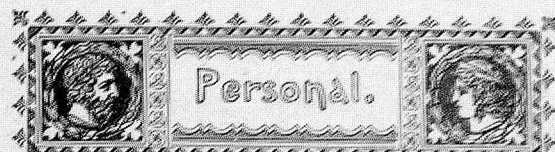
Of words, the most freighted are spoken
To ears that are lifeless and cold ;
But when silence would veil the emotion,
More deep it appears than when told.

Of dreams, there are none like the day-dreams,
What might be beclouds things that be ;
And a light, far more radiant than daylight,
Is a light "ne'er on land nor on sea."

A MOTHER'S TEARS.

It may be only a Barlow knife with a rusty blade and a broken point, or it may be a peg top half split down the middle, or only half a dozen battered spools on a knotted string. But there it lies, whatever it is, stowed carefully away in the far off corner of the bureau drawer, under a yellow pile of little linen and stockings, patched and darned at heel and at knee, but all the gems of Golconda can not buy them ; no, nor the gold of all the wide world size their preciousness. For they are the holy of the holies.

It is not often she looks upon the treasure there, but once in a while, sometimes, the time when a knock comes to the heart, that comes to mothers' hearts alone, like the famished and thirsty, she goes to the nest of her jewels. Slowly, with soft hands, the little linens are laid aside, and slowly, with trembling hands, the knife, the top, or the string of dingy spools are drawn forth. Ah, how gently they are pressed to the hearts and lips ? What words are they saying, what sad, sweet songs are they singing ! Kissed and cried on, and cried on and kissed. Then yearningly, reluctantly clinging, back they go to their nest in the far off corner, and the yellowing little linens are put back one by one. All alone, jealous that mortal eyes should see her worship at the shrine, the drawer is closed, and she who knelt before it, comes to earth once more.



E. J. Price is likely to succeed the late Mr. Ross as Senator.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson have started on a trip to England.

Sir Charles Tupper has been chosen by the British Government to negotiate a treaty with Spain.

The Hudson's Bay Company have chosen Sir Donald Smith to succeed the late Sir John Rose as deputy governor.

Commander Smith will once more take the "Parisian" to England before settling in Canada as chairman of the Dominion Board of Masters and Mates.

Capt. Miles Standish, who came over in the "Mayflower" in 1620, has a direct descendant in Waldeboro', Mexico. His name is Miles W. Standish and he has a son who is also named Miles.

Mr. Macfarlane, Dominion analyst, attended a meeting of the International Geological Congress in London, lately, where he advocated the appointment of a National Canadian Committee separate from that of the United States. The proposal was agreed to, and Dr. Robert Bell was appointed as chairman.

WELCOME TOOTS,

Yes, the dinner-horn surely, then the rush for outer garments, laid aside on account of the heat, by the boy and men folk ; then the rush to the stone basin just below the mountain spring, by the girl and woman folk, there to take off the wide hats, smooth down the hair, and wash the dust and "Adamic dews," from the warm and blooming faces. All ready ; now we are off to dinner. Not home, that would be too far, nor would it be a healthy exercise, just after a good dinner, to climb the "high hill," to the plateau where our work lies. No, but just at a little distance, is a spacious hall, which, with its surroundings, would have pleased Semiramis herself. A beautiful level space, then a romantic valley, both well wooded with maple, birch and beech, the sweetest and cleanest of all trees. Across the valley rises a pile of dark grey rocks ; here and there all up its rugged front, are spots of foliage where the autumn winds have repeatedly hidden their spoil which, like the hidden secret, has sprung up to wave in grasses, and bloom in flowers fair as those on the plain, and in the valley below ; and over all the song of birds finishes up the list of enchantments. They say that we have no singing birds in Canada. I would just like to have those who have said so dine with us to-day. But we are hungry, where is the dinner ? Just here ; a long table, covered with a longer white cloth, home-made benches on either side, a rustic chair, at the head ; at the foot, stand the mother and elder sister, the one setting out plates, etc., the other uncovering steaming dishes brought from the home. Tea or coffee ? Yes, for the elders ; for the boy and girl, milk, cooled, if so desired, in the aforesaid spring where the peppermint and spearmint, brought from the garden, and dropped there, taking root, grew all around, and where our old acquaintance, the great green frog, sat on the flat stone, ready to jump into the cool water, in which he could by no means hide himself, but has to be content with blinking at the faces down beside him, or darting about and mixing up faces and sunbeams generally.

But dinner is getting cold. All in our places, blessing asked, and good things dispensed. Pleasant conversation goes round. No black bull's head on that table, neither are farm implements, fence-rails, or depredating cattle laid before us ; no, we have perfect rest and enjoyment ; some incident from the old home over the sea, the story in the *Montreal Transcript*, the latest poem by Longfellow, or some other such topic, filled up the time, while whisking around, and over our feet, enjoying our gifts, are the bright little chipmunks, a constant source of pleasure and amusement, while high up in the trees above, their more distant and lofty kinsfolk, the wood squirrels, are chattering at, and soundly rating, their more humble minded, and so more fortunate relatives.

Kindergarten.

ZENOBIA.



THE DANCING LESSON.

From the painting by Leopold Schmutzler.

Something in the Wild West.

A WEIRDITY.

BY WALTER BLACKBURN HARTE.

I.

It was a dark, miserable night. The wind was howling round the "Golden Eagle," a shanty established for the despoliation of benighted travellers, and situated somewhere upon the road between Los Angeles and New York City, and the old sign, which hung over the entrance, was tossed furiously from side to side. The rain descended in torrents, and, in fact, to lapse into quotation: "The rain it came down in such sheets as would stagger a Bard for simile short of Niagara."

The poor eagle, so mercilessly kept awake, moaned on its hinges, as if grumbling at such treatment; the inexorable wind, however, with no respect for old age and infirmity, and determined that she should soar, continued to fling her remorselessly up to a height that threatened completely somersaulting her, a performance wholly beneath the dignity of any respectable eagle. Ever and anon the distant rumble of thunder was audible, and the darkness was rendered more sombre by a vivid flash of lightning. Altogether it was just such a night as should usher into the world a story like this, in which startling incidents are continually being totally eclipsed by events still more exciting, till the entranced reader becomes absolutely bewildered and horror-stricken.

In the parlour of the "Golden Eagle" three men were seated at a table drinking, smoking and playing euchre. The reader may note that when three villains are thus discovered met together in solemn conclave, they are always engaged in the three things enumerated above. Three desperate-looking individuals they were; beetled-browed, every one of them; top-booted; hatted in the usual low-slouching hats, which all genuine villains affect, and armed to the teeth, or, rather, each had a fairly decent armoury about his middle.

Suddenly a horse was heard galloping down the road. The villains started to their feet, threw down their cards, gave each other some dreadfully significant winks, and shook hands across the table in ratification of some unspoken but terrible vow. They then reseated themselves and resumed their game in silence. A few minutes afterward a figure, habited in a long black cloak, plentifully bespattered with mud, and somewhat the worse for wear, entered the room. His features were entirely concealed by the broad rim of his sombrero, which was drawn over his face, and the upturned collar of his cloak. His spurs jingled ominously, and, as he strode to the table, he made noise enough in his progress for a whole regiment of dragoons, all booted and spurred. He gave the usual quick glance of suspicion at the card party, and then whispered, hoarsely, "Hush!" at the same moment bringing his riding whip heavily down upon the table, as if to emphasize the remark. This action made the glasses rattle again, and had quite a contrary effect from that which might reasonably have been expected. Instead of producing a death-like stillness, it caused quite a disturbance. The three players started to their feet, and in an instant the intruder was covered with three revolvers, and became also the target of a volley of caustic humour, of a Rabelaisian flavour.

"Pray, be seated, gentlemen," said the stranger, waving his hand, upon the third finger of which, in massive setting, sparkled a gem, rivalling the Kooh-in-noor in size and brilliancy, in the direction of the vacant chairs. "Do not allow me to disturb the dove-like calm which reigned in your bosoms a few moments ago. I have no desire to break up this meeting. I merely want to let the landlord know that I have arrived, so make yourselves easy. I have no wish to diminish your number—therefore be calm."

"You want the landlord, do yer?" cried one of the trio, stepping half a pace forward, and vainly endeavouring to obtain a glimpse of the stranger's face. "Well, I guess I'm the boss here, and next

time yer request to honour me with yer delightful company, don't knock as if I lived in Hong-Kong. What d'ye want, anyway?"

"Oh! you're the boss, eh? Happy to make your acquaintance. But come, my dearest friend, is this the way you generally receive your guests? Put down those firearms; they interrupt the free interchange of civilities. By my broad acres in"—the stranger paused, and the villains exchanged mysterious glances—"in—in—somewhere," he added, parenthetically, the exact situation of his estate having momentarily slipped his memory, "I think you show extremely bad taste in this matter, my worthy host. 'Pon my soul I do. You ask me what I want. This establishment, I presume, dispenses refreshment for man and beast? I thought so. I'm dreadfully thirsty and would feel obliged to you for a brandy and soda."

The inn-keeper grinned. This unsophisticated traveller amused him.

In the interests of the story, the villains now invited the stranger to join them in a game of euchre. He readily complied, and, divesting himself of his hat and cloak, stood revealed, unarmed, before them. He then seated himself, and laid upon the table at his elbow an enormous pocket-book, bursting with bills for considerable amounts. Poor lamb! The hawks fell upon him almost immediately. He won for a short time and then kept on losing heavily, but was as blithe as a lark, and seemed to positively relish parting with his green-backs. He had no small change, and was continually being extremely obliged with change for a \$20 bill. At last the other players were quite cleaned out of small change, but elated with their evening's amusement. Then the stranger rose to proceed on his journey, having a particular appointment to keep at some distant town.

What! Was their pigeon to depart half plucked? Were they so inhospitable as to permit him to leave them on such a night as this?—and take with him the remainder of those bills? No, a thousand times, no! But our hero had anticipated them, and stood, hatted and cloaked, with his back to the entrance, with folded arms, like the brave he was, glaring defiance into the hungry faces looking into his. Why did they not immediately despatch him? Why?—because all melodramatic villains have so much to say; because they are strictly conservative in their ideas, and stick to the old traditions. He was perfectly defenceless, but he had the courage of a lion. To say he gave back oath for oath would be but giving a very inadequate idea of his rhetorical powers and freckledness of ideas in any emergency. He was simply a past master, a transcendentalist in the art of using bad language. His originality was astounding. He never repeated any of his adjectival phrases, and his manner of delivering himself was perfectly unique.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

What's that? A woman at the window, with a smoking pistol in each hand. She has shattered every article on the mantel shelf. In another moment she is in the room and at the side of our hero.

The reader may be curious to know from whence we have produced this Amazon, who appears so opportunely at this stage of our proceedings. We have not the slightest idea. She is the heroine. We have got our hero into a very perilous position, for it is not likely that these villains would argue forever, and it is our duty to extricate him therefrom. This lady is the *deus ex machina*, and is necessary to the action of the story. Where she was before making her sudden appearance at the window we cannot tell. Possibly in the rain.

It is her rôle to strike a noble attitude, utter some noble sentiments in the blank verse of the Wild West, cock her revolver at the villains, link her arm in our hero's, and waltz out, all of which she does.

II.

A few minutes later our hero and heroine were upon the back of his black charger galloping through the night. She was swung upon the

saddle before him. He had flung the reins upon his horse's back, and clasped her slight form in his strong arms.

Poor, nervous little fairy! She fainted after her exertions. The sustaining influence of intense horror evaporated and left her weak and sobbing—in a word, limp. The motion of the horse did not tend to decrease her distress, and, having placed a good distance between himself and his late companions, our hero slackened his pace.

"Darling!" she whispered (these familiarities are always permissible between hero and heroine) when she had partially recovered her breath, "give me a nip—" The effort of speech was too much for exhausted frame, and she sank, panting, again into his arms.

He squeezed the fleshy part of her arm gently in answer. The effect was electrical. Her soft, small palm smote him across his cheek with a force that somewhat surprised him.

"No, not that, stupid. But just ever such a wee nip—of brandy!" This was quite articulate. She was rapidly "coming to."

He handed her his pocket-flask, which held about three pints, and was full to the neck with undiluted spirit. A few minutes afterward a sharp exclamation rang out upon the startled air. It was a cry like that of a man in most acute agony, and echoed and re-echoed among the adjacent woods. It was "Whoa, Emma!" and was jerked from the agonized soul of our hero. He was addressing his fair preserver, not his faithful steed, and the remark was accompanied by a convulsive grasp of the flask. She released it with a deep-drawn sigh. A rift in the clouds shed just light enough to enable him to see that half the contents of the flask had been absorbed by his fair companion.

"Great Scott!" he cried in astonishment. The deeds of this unprotected female within the short period of their acquaintance had impressed him as being altogether phenomenal. He had conceived the idea that she must be a person of some notoriety in that district, and her last exploit convinced him it was no mere fallacy. It was with some warmth, therefore, that he asked: "Who are you, pray?"

Our heroine, although a child of the West and denied the opportunities afforded to her sex in the crowded centres of civilization, where books on etiquette are to be had for a nominal sum, still had some vague notions of the proprieties, for she replied, evasively: "The heroine of this story, bet yer life. And who may you be?"

"Something in the Wild West," he replied, mournfully. "That is all I can tell you. Although naturally of a confiding disposition, there are certain family reasons which oblige me to travel *incog*. I cannot say definitely who or what I am. My liberty—possibly my life—is in danger. I am hunted down by desperate, remorseless blackguards. Of course, all will soon be cleared up satisfactorily, and the world will see me in my true character; but till then, for further particulars of me, see police notices and handbills."

She was silent for some time, and then exclaimed, breathlessly: "Is this correct to be flying from our foes? Do heroes in dime novels generally think discretion the better part of valour and bolt, or do they face their enemies and calmly slaughter them, whilst the bullets whizz harmlessly around their own heads, as if they bore charmed lives? Speak, or I faint!"

The latter threat instantaneously dissolved any hesitation he might have displayed, and, in a hoarse whisper, he replied: "Do you—can you—mistrust me, sweet one? Can you mistake me for aught but the hero of this story? I know I don't twirl my moustache savagely; if I had one I would. But I am confident my eyes glare defiance. Do you think my attitude requires a shade more of cynical indifference? If so, I'll have it altered at the next inn we come to, but I positively cannot turn back."

"Why?" she cried, almost fiercely.

"Wal, you see, I guess they've found out by this time that those bills are no good."

She started back from him, and cried, with a

huskiness born of excitement: "And you are—you are?"

"Don't say a counterfeiter," he pleaded, his fine eyes moistening, divining that this imputation, which he feared might, under the circumstances, appear almost justifiable, trembled on her lips.

"I won't! You are a brick, that's what you are! But come; are you not blue-eyed Major Raker, the prince of forgers?"

"No, I am a mystery; one of the peculiar products of the Wild West."

"All right. I don't care much what you are. I must, I suppose, to delude the author, sustain my role and abhor and shrink from you, but, between ourselves, we'll share the 'swag,' eh?"

"You're a wide-awake 'un," he whispered, as he imprinted on her alabaster brow a salute that awoke the echoes of the night and startled his horse into a wild gallop. Then they flew on in silence, save the clatter of the horse's hoofs and the cry of the whip-poor-will.

(To be continued.)

THE GOLDEN DREAM.

FROM THE FRENCH.

She sleeps; her head is pillowed where,
On the green turf, with blossoms fair,

The hawthorn blows:
Strange angel maid, for whom this earth
Hath found no dowry from her birth
Save only woes.

But faintly on her youthful face
A sunny smile we still may trace.
Then, lightly tread: she sleeps—'tis well,
Break not her golden vision's spell!

It may be that some gentle strain,
Whose tones the prisoned soul enchain,
Bids her rejoice;

E'en while she sleepeth, she may hear
Fond love-words murmured in her ear,
Sweet memory's voice.
And then the poor deserted child
Seems loved and blest, by dreams beguiled.
Oh! lightly tread: she sleeps—'tis well,
Break not her golden vision's spell!

Alas! that vision must be brief,
And her young heart's o'erwhelming grief
Will be more deep;
Yet on each feature there is peace,—
Ye woodland birds, your warbling cease,
Still let her sleep.

And pray we that our Angel's care
May love and guard that maiden fair.
Oh! lightly tread: she sleeps—'tis well,
Break not her golden vision's spell!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

THE ENVY.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF EUGENE SUE.)

A tourist who had through run the *Blaisois* in the running of the year 1828, in himself rendering from Blois to the little city of *Pont-Brillant*, for there to visit, according the ways of voyagers, the castle of this name, sumptuous and feudal residence of ancient marquis of Pont Brillant, must necessarily have passed a farm situate upon the border of road propinquate, and one league around of the castle.

This battlement completely isolated to the middle of woods and fallows could, by hazard, to attract the attention of the voyager; one had without doubt contemplated with an admixture of sadness and disgust as one of numerous specimens of shabby of habitations rural of the country, when even they appertained to of persons enjoying of a grand easiness. In effect the farm itself composed of a battlement of exploitation, of which the dependencies formed two long wings in return; the interior of this species of parallelogram trunked, itself served of court and was fitted of muck-hill stagnating in waters infected; for the cowerly, the stable and the sheepery themselves opened upon this complement of unclean, where themselves made merry in the dirt all sorts of animal domestics since of hens unto porks.

[It is not till you try it, as our contributor has done, by word-for-word version, that one can understand the thorough difference there is between the structural syntax of Latin French and the Saxon English.—Editor DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]



We have in Montreal a German scholar who devotes himself to theological studies, and is the author of several works on different phases of that important study. We have to thank him for the copy of a handsome volume on the Correspondence of M. Cyriacus Spangenberg,* one of the lights of the Lutheran Church, in the middle of the 16th century. The bulk of these letters are in German, but there are many in Latin, and such distinguished names as Melancthon, Manzel, Joachim Morlin, Beyer, the Duke of Mecklenburg, Catharine, Countess of Schwarzburg, and several others. The first part contains from 1570 to 1573, and the second from 1573 to 1584. In these latter, more especially, Spangenberg lets us into the secret of the hostility which he has incurred on account of his opinions and writings. The spirit of the man is found in the letter to Beier, 1562, which the editor gives as a supplement: *Conservet Deus omnipotens pusillum secum gregem * * * addat is calcar et robur, ut confidenter omnibus non recte in fidei incenditibus via resistamus; donec carne soluti ad beatiora loca migremus.*

We are glad to see our friend, J. Theo. Robinson, with whose business ability and literary taste we are well acquainted, go into the publication of cheap reprints of popular works, and putting them within reach of the most modest purse. The list of those on our table, as we write, will show that the Montreal publisher knows what choice to make, at nominal prices ranging from 25 to 30 cents, a larger work such as the latest published, "John Ward, Preacher," by Margaret Deland, being low at 40 cents. The books are: "A Strange Manuscript Found in a Copper Cylinder," a book of original power; "The Quick or the Dead," by Amélie Rives, a very brilliant novel; "From 18 to 20," in which the problem of the tender passion is summed up in these lines, in the last page of all:—

I never thought to know what I have known,—
The rapture, dear, of being loved by you;
I never thought, within my heart, to own
One wish so blest that you should share it too.

Then we have the almost classic adventure in "The Adventures of Captain John Mackra," and the popular "Letters from Heaven."

We have already called attention, in these columns, to the pamphlet entitled "An Irish Evolution,"† by Watson Griffin, author of "Twok." Like all the writings of this author, the present is original and the conclusions he comes to are reasoned with logical force. The title applies only in the second half to Ireland, as the first half is devoted to the study of Home Rule as brought about by confederation in Canada. Mr. Griffin's views on the solution of the Irish problem are wise and feasible, and we fully expect to hear of his work being quoted in high quarters, even in the British House of Commons.

There is nothing we like better than the sight of a school book, well edited, well printed and well bound. The pleasure is enhanced when the books are home made and meant for our schools. If people only knew of the existence of such helps they would use them more widely and encourage authors and publishers to continue in their good work. We have on our table a little collection of seven books to whom these remarks apply in their full meaning, published by Dawson Brothers. One is the "Dominion Phrase Book," a good good students' companion for practically acquiring the French and English languages, by P. J. Darey, M.A., professor of French language and literature at McGill. The manual is graduated in four parts—vocabulary, dialogues, idiomatic phrases and proverbs, and this is a new edition of 1888.

*Die Briefwechsel des M. Cyriacus Spangenberg. Gesammelt und bearbeitet von Heinrich Rembe, ev. luth. Pastor zu Montreal. Dresden. 1888.

†An Irish Evolution, Home Rule from an American standpoint. By Watson Griffin, 8vo, pp. 19.

Another work is the "Principles of French Grammar," wherein the same author uses his long experience in a lucid and simple exposition of French grammar. The material appearance of the volume is quite handsome, and so is that of a larger work, from Professor Darey, "Cours de Lectures Françaises," where the choice and tasteful variety are maintained throughout. We have caught ourselves reading the masterpieces of French prose and verse out of it with all a student's zest. Dawson Brothers have likewise an "Elementary French Grammar" and a selection of "Readings," in two pretty volumes, by N. Duval, B.A., teacher of French in the schools of the Protestant Commissioners. These are very useful books, the fruit of successful teaching. Professor Duval has a couple more juvenile French courses. It is to be hoped that the Messrs. Dawson will be encouraged to multiply periodical editions of these useful helps to language.

A book in shorthand. In these days, when so many are interested in shorthand and its literature, we feel sure that the announcement that there will shortly be published a volume entitled "The Idylls of the Kings," by Lord Alfred Tennyson, in shorthand, by Arthur G. Doughty, will be hailed with no ordinary pleasure by a large number of students and devotees of the art. We have seen an advanced copy, which is a very handsome and artistic volume, the shorthand characters being admirably formed throughout, the illustrations contributed by Miss E. Warren, of Montreal, reflecting great credit on that lady's talent. The volume is decidedly an *édition de luxe*. There seems nothing more certain than that "the unexpected" is always happening, and we certainly never anticipated, when reading and rejoicing over the great poem on its first appearance, that we should one day be called upon to re-read it in shorthand. We think all lovers of the art will feel much indebted to Mr. Doughty for the labour he has evidently expended on this work, and for associating shorthand with such a noble poem, we have no doubt the book will be much sought after.

MILITIA NOTES.

The Royal Grenadiers, of Toronto, were formed in 1863, when they got their colours from the ladies of that city. They saw service in the Fenian raid of 1866, and the N.W. revolt of 1885, where they were foremost at Batoche.

The Imperial War Office have really adopted the Martini magazine attachment invented by Capt. Greville Harston, of the 10th Royal Grenadiers, Toronto. The statement is semi-officially made in the *United Service Gazette* and other papers.

The ladies of Toronto, on the 13th inst., presented the Royal Grenadiers their old colours redecored, and with the word "Batoche" wrought on the silk. It is the only Ontario regiment having that privilege. General Middleton was present and made a neat little speech.

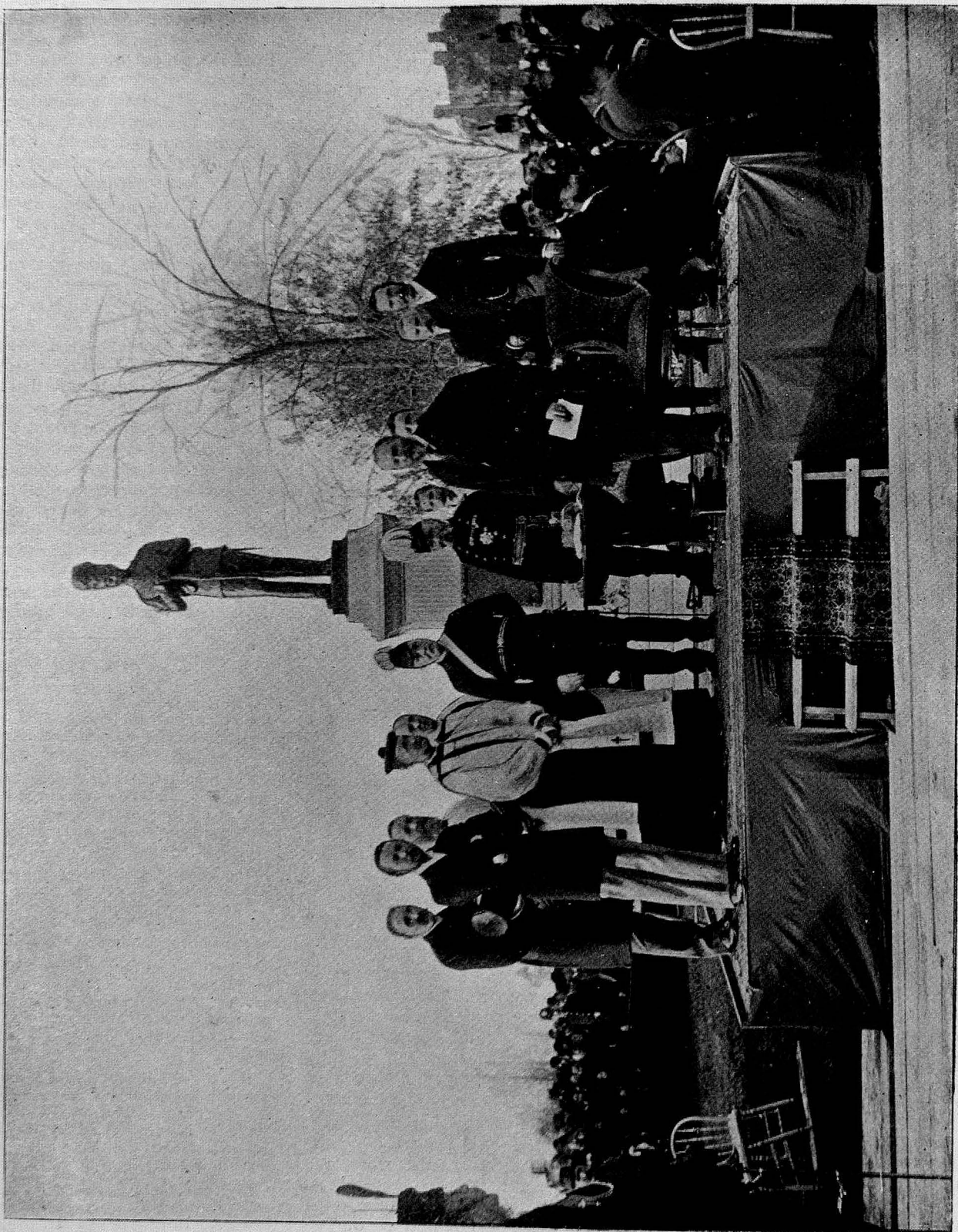
Lieut.-Colonel Oswald, who for many years commanded the Montreal Brigade of Garrison Artillery, was, on the occasion of his retirement, presented with a handsome oil painting of himself as a mark of the regard and affection entertained toward him by the officers and men of the corps.

It is the intention of the Government to establish a permanent Mounted Police post at Batoche, N.W.T. Plans and specifications for buildings to accommodate twenty men are now being prepared by the Department of Public Works. Fifteen men have been stationed at Batoche for some time past.

Lieut.-Colonel Ross, ex-M.P., is dead. He represented Prince Edward county in the Federal Parliament from 1863 to 1878. In 1863 he and Mr. Bog, now Lieut.-Col. Bog, organized the 16th Batt., and he was at once appointed Colonel, and retained the command up to 1883, when he resigned.

Lieut.-Colonel Bond, of the Prince of Wales Rifles, has received the following reply to the congratulations sent by his regiment to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his birthday:—"Sandringham, November 9. I thank the regiment sincerely for kind congratulations. PRINCE OF WALES."

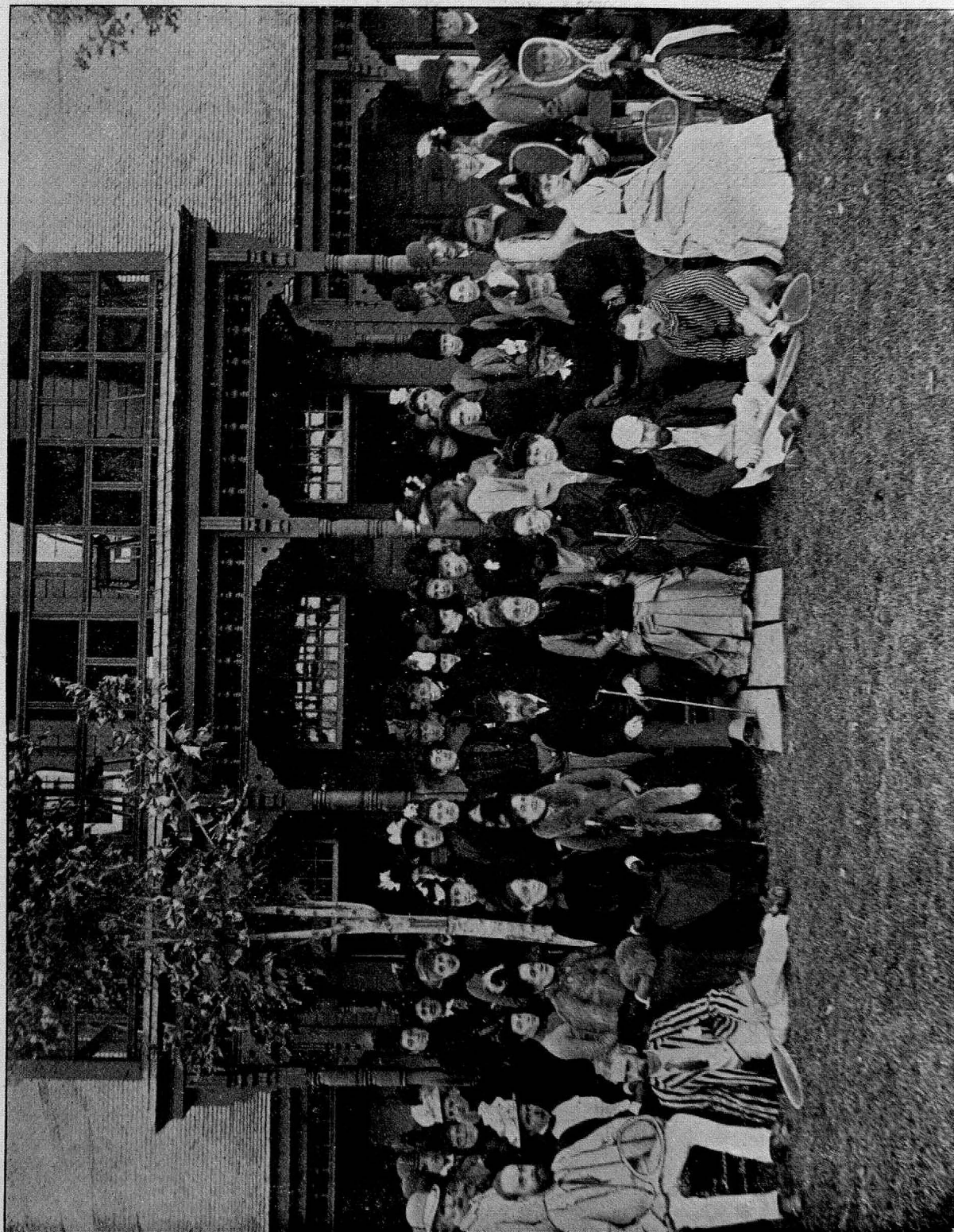
We agree with the *Canadian Militia Gazette*, in regard to Capt. Harston's success with his new rifle, that: "His Canadian friends will, we are sure, be glad to hear of his success in securing its adoption by the War Office, a circumstance not only creditable to him but to the Canadian militia, concerning the interests of which he yields to none in enthusiasm. It is reversing the usual order for Great Britain to be taking pattern from Canada."



JACOB ERRATT, ACTING MAYOR. BISHOP LEWIS.
 PERCY WOODY, SCULP. REV. H. POLLARD.
 REV. J. BOZART. LT.-COL. W. POWELL, ADJT. GEN.
 GEN. MIDDLETON. SIR A. P. CARON, M. OF MIL.
 W. H. ROWLEY, TREAS. OF COM. F. NEWBY, SEC. OF COM.
 LORD STANLEY. CHAS. MAGEE, PRES. OF COM.

INAUGURATION OF THE SHARPshootERS MONUMENT, OTTAWA, By His Excellency Lord Stanley of Preston, on the 1st instant.

From a photograph by Topley.



RECEPTION GIVEN TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES LORD AND LADY STANLEY,

By the Ottawa Tennis Club.

From a photograph by Topley.



BURKE'S WIFE.—Burke was sustained amid the anxiety and agitation of public life by domestic felicity. "Every care vanishes," he said, "the moment I enter under my own roof!" His description of his wife is too long to quote. Of her beauty he said that it did not arise from features, from complexion, or from shape, but from an union of all perfect gifts.

THE SHOPPING PARTY.—The shopping party is the latest amusement in Paris. Under the guidance of a fashionable conductor, parties of ladies meet and go hunting for bargains through out-of-the-way bric-a-brac shops. Shopping parties might be adopted generally as a holiday sport, though they might be a source of inconvenience to the single shopper.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.—There is a complaint that the new movement among women has produced a dearth of the maiden aunt. Instead of devoting her time and strength to the need of her relatives, she is writing, or clerking, or teaching, or in any other direction devoted to the enlargement of her sphere: all of which is pleasant for the maiden aunt, but inconvenient for her relatives, who feel an affectionate claim upon her services without pay.

A PAPER HOUSE.—Atlanta, Ga., has a paper house. No wood, brick, iron or other material is used about the building. It is a neat little store, painted sky-blue, and was erected by a Frenchman who is agent for the paper of which it is constructed. The rafters, the weather boarding, the roof and the flooring are all made of thick, compressed paper boards, impervious to water and as durable as wood. The house cannot catch fire as easily as a wooden building, because the surface of the paper is smooth and hard.

COLOURS.—Brown and blue are decidedly the popular colours of the season in woman's dress and house decoration. Leaving out the sky there is less blue in nature than in any other colour. It is peculiarly a "heavenly" colour and Madonnas are always robed in it. In the Roman Catholic Church blue is "the Blessed Virgin's colour," and every young lady attending a convent school is required to have at least one blue dress. In many of the old countries when a child dies a blue forget-me-not is placed in its hand, emblematic of its heavenward flight.

WOMEN CAN ECONOMIZE.—Economy indeed! Why, most women have forgotten more about the subject than any man, except a miser, ever knew. The miser makes economy a profession and practices until he is perfect, but among unprofessionals, that is amateurs, the wife can reduce expenses so pleasantly and gracefully that the husband thinks his salary has been increased. If he attempts to do it, he fills the house with smoke from cheap coal, gives the children watered milk until they can no more stand on end than a piece of rubber, and makes the household feel that the best thing they can do is to starve to death.

THE WEATHER PLANT.—That remarkable specimen of the vegetable world, the "weather plant," continues to excite considerable interest in London. Men of science now agree that the shrub is prophetic. Thirty-two thousand trials made during the last three years tend to prove its infallibility. The plant itself is a vegetable called the "Paternoster-pea," or *Arbutus Peregrinus*. It is a native of Corsica and Tunis. Its leaf and twig strongly resemble those of the acacia. The more delicate leaves of its upper branches foretell the state of the weather forty-eight hours in advance, while its lower and harder leaves indicate all atmospheric changes three days beforehand. The indications consist in a change in the position of the leaves, and in the rise and fall of the twigs and branchlets.

SCULPTURE AND STATUARY.

Mr. Percy Wood, after his father, Marshall Wood, is half a Canadian, through his works, and therefore deserves more than a passing notice, in connection with the unveiling of the Sharpshooters' Memorial, at Ottawa, a representation of which is given in our present issue. The following notes were furnished the editor by the artist himself, and have the merit of accuracy. They will also be found interesting.

Mr. Percy Wood has identified himself with the Indians of North America for many years, having become an adopted chief of the turtle clan of the Upper Mohawks under the sounding title of Rah-rih-wa-pas-de (The Lasting One). The national memorial to Brant and Six Nations at Brantford, Ont., was executed by Mr. Wood, after winning a competition open to the world. It is the largest work of its kind on this side of the Atlantic. All of the statues were cast from bronze cannon.

Mr. Wood was in Buffalo lately in connection with the Red Jacket Memorial, which is soon to be raised under the auspices of the Buffalo Historical Society. This society has been in communication with Mr. Wood concerning the matter for four years, and a fortnight ago two very elaborate models for the proposed monument were placed in the Historical rooms. One design shows a column of marble rising from a square base. Surmounting the column, seated in his council chair and dressed in his robes of state, is the renowned chief. In one hand he holds the pipe of peace. The medal presented him by General Washington is worn on his breast. Although in a small model of this kind the fine touches are omitted, this statue evinces a correctness of form and artistic finish which characterize all of Mr. Wood's work. A frieze at the top of the column is a design of crossed pipes, tomahawks, spears and totems of the Six Nations, the wolf, bear, deer, turtle, etc. The inscription appears on one side of the column. The sub base is pyramidal in form. At each of the corners stands a statue in bronze of a prominent chief of the Six Nations. One each side is a bas-relief executed in bronze, representing an important episode in the life of Red Jacket.

The other model is, to say the least, single of its kind. Whatever else may be said regarding it, it certainly possesses the great charm of originality. It is a wigwam wholly of bronze. The poles supporting it appear at the top. The bark and skins are carried out in detail, and it is a most realistic piece of work. Through the large opening is seen a group of the old Indian chiefs. Red Jacket stands in the centre looking out of the wigwam. Sitting about him are five chiefs of the other tribes; all in picturesque attitudes. Some of the poses are life-like to a remarkable degree.

The first model has the advantage of being appreciated from a distance, being equally beautiful from all sides. The design last mentioned would perhaps attract more attention in the end, and would be preferred by many as something entirely uncommon and original.

The works at present at Mr. Percy Wood's study include a colossal group of Her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, to be erected in commemoration of the jubilee, the model of which Mr. Wood has had the honour of submitting to the Queen. It is one block of the finest Crevezza marble, and will be unveiled at Lancaster, Eng., by the Prince of Wales. Another public memorial of much historic interest is the Crawford statue to commemorate the noble acts of Jack Crawford in saving the British fleet at the battle of Camperdown in 1797, by nailing Admiral Duncan's colours to the mast after they had been shot away. Crawford is represented as standing on the mast nailing his colours to it with his old flint-lock pistol.

Among the busts executed by Mr. Wood are those of the Bishop of Adelaide (Dr. Short); Joseph Livesey ("Father of Total Abstinence"); William MacMaster, the Baptist millionaire of Toronto, who founded MacMaster University; Sir Richard Owen, K.C.B., the great anatomist

and palæontologist; and many others, including portrait busts of Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales.

Mr. Wood has presented a cast of his bust of Sir Richard Owen to the Buffalo Historical Society, and it is now being set up in the main room.

Another work of Mr. Percy Wood's is a marble bust of "Psyche," a highly idealized subject treated in a most delicate and exquisite manner. Mr. Wood spends a good deal of time on this side each year, and is making arrangements to locate a studio in New York, in which city he intends spending some months in each year. His London study is one of the few really artistic studios in the world.



The last square timber raft of the season was measured by the Cullers' office last week.

Notwithstanding the extremely wet season, the harvest in Nova Scotia has turned out remarkably well.

The new canal at the Canadian Sault will cost from two and a half to three million dollars. The contract calls for its completion by May, 1892.

In future connection between trains of the Grand Trunk and Intercolonial Railways is to be made at Levis instead of at South Quebec as heretofore.

The oldest incorporated business concern in the world is the Hudson's Bay Company, which has had an existence for 225 years. The headquarters of the company are at Winnipeg, Man., and the bulk of the stock is held in England.

The inauguration of the new Canadian College at Rome took place on the 11th inst. The ceremony was imposing. Cardinal Vicar Panocchi presided, and among others present were the British Ambassador, Sir Saville Lumley, Archbishop Fabre, Archbishop Duhamel, Bishop Moreau, Bishop Lorrain, the rectors of the foreign colleges at Rome, the heads of religious orders, a number of the Roman nobility, the Rev. Abbé Colin and the other Canadian priests now at Rome.

Dominion Chief Analyst, Mr. Macfarlane, states that while in Europe he visited the principal food, health and other laboratories in London, Berlin, Freiburg, Munich and Paris. Those of Berlin and Munich struck him as especially well appointed and showing much that is worthy of imitation with regard to apparatus and methods of analysis. In the examination of milk, butter and cheese, he thinks that the Inland Revenue laboratory at Ottawa excels the foreign institutions, both as regards methods and apparatus.

THE FLIRT.

If Time, the god of pleasure,
If Time, the god of tears,
My moments would remeasure,
And give me back my years:
Life's cup I would brim over,
And all old pleasures drain;
But the draught that made me lover
I would not drink again.

Like birds in summer bowers,
That trill their melody,
Hope sang, amid the hours,
Its joyous songs for me;
Till, with her heartless beauty,
She shared my thoughtless feet,
And love transcended duty,
And life grew incomplete.

The bee that sips the flowers,
Leaves golden pollen there,
And soon in sunny hours,
Ripe fruit the blossoms bear.
From her might words have fallen
My life's soul-bud upon,
And borne fruit like the pollen,
Ere was youth's summer done.

But, like the moth that settles
Upon the red rose spray,
And shines its velvet petals,
And eats its heart away,
She fastened on my weakness,
And made my soul her prize,
And slimed my life with bleakness,
And ate my love with lies.

She filled my life with sorrow,
And, laughing, flew away;
Mine was the woeful morrow,
And hers the glad to-day.
The soul within her keeping
Beneath her feet she trod,
But shall some day, with weeping,
Account for it to God!

Montreal,

ARTHUR WEIR.

IN MEMORIAM.

Genial sunshine under a cloudless sky, after weeks of rain and gloom, fell like a benediction upon our First of November. Obedient to the musical summons of the church bells, our Roman Catholic brethren, their hearts filled with tender memories, flocked to their intercessory services for the dead, for—

"There is no fireside, howsoever defended,
But has one vacant chair."

Fondly the human heart clings to the memory of its dead, who, perchance, amid all the alleviation that loving service could render, were forced to encounter that dread mystery, Death. But, when the messengers of the King of Terrors are the shot and shell of the battle field, falling like pitiless rain amid the roar of artillery, the clouds of smoke, the incessant flash of discharging musketry, the groans of the wounded, and, perhaps more terrible than all in its grim incongruity, the profanity of the desperate dying; how immortalized in our very heart of hearts should be the remembrance of those who, in the height of youthful vigour, voluntarily risked and laid down their lives in the maintenance of our laws and the protection of our homes.

A few feet beyond the entrance to our beautiful Major's Hill Park now stands a noble statue in bronze, first introduced to the gaze of our citizens in this bright November afternoon, when the giant Guardsman, with folded hands above his reversed rifle, seemed to bow his head in sad and reverent attention, as our Governor-General, Lord Stanley, with many dignitaries of Church and State, a strong representation of the volunteer militia, and all ages and classes of the inhabitants of Ottawa, gathered to do honour to the memory of "Osgoode and Rogers."

With reviving talk of the rebellion, its cause, and its suppression, our thoughts are carried back to that lovely spring morning, when, amid the gay strains of martial music, our little company of Ottawa Sharpshooters, perhaps scarcely suppressing the manly tear, turned a resolute face from home and friends, and with the outgoing train entered upon an experience that would enrich an ordinary lifetime.

Not without a realization of the solemnity of their position,—though, in laughing chat with lady friends, they spoke of the "grand chance to see the country," and the prospect of a "glorious picnic,"—they admitted, "Some of us, of course, will never come back." Who they were who then turned their backs upon home and friends forever, none might guess. But early one sweet summer morning, when few save the birds and the sunshine were abroad, all that was left of two of that bright band, the silent, coffined clay, was returned for committal to the friendly dust. We speak of them as dead, and yet, when from our aged, nerveless hands the tools of earth's interests shall have dropped; when, one by one, in the words of a brilliant young Canadian, we "lie down and beg our mother to take back the dust she gave," the old Guardsman, still bowing in reverent attention, shall receive, on behalf of the dead heroes he represents, the adulation of the oncoming generations. Osgoode and Rogers have won for themselves an historic name, undying fame, while lives this Canada of ours.

Nor is the noble monument silent toward those who remain. To many it speaks of the Hearer and Answerer of Prayer. To those restored from battle's danger, of the golden opportunities of life, opportunities to erect in the hearts of living millions monuments of gratitude to their Saviour and their God.

Ottawa.

A. C. T.

FLO'S LETTER.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

A sweet little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo,
And she wanted it brought to the table,
That it might eat and grow.
"It must wait awhile," said Grandma,
In answer to her plea,
"For a little thing that hasn't teeth
Can't eat like you and me."

"Why hasn't it got teeth, Grandma?"
Asked Flo, in great surprise.
"O my, but isn't it funny?—
No teeth, but nose and eyes,
I guess," after thinking gravely,
"They must have been forgot.
Can't we buy him some like grandpa?
I'd like to know why not."

That afternoon to the corner,
With paper, pen and ink,
Went Flo, saying, "Don't talk to me;
If you do, it'll sturb my think.
I'm writing a letter, Grandma,
To send away to-night,
An' 'cause it's very 'portant,
I want to get it right."

At last the letter was finished,
A wonderful thing to see,
And directed to "God in heaven."
"Please read it over to me."
Said little Flo to her Grandma,
"To see if it's right, you know."
And here is the letter written
To God by little Flo:

"Dear God: The baby you brought us
Is awful nice and sweet,
But 'cause you forgot his toothes
The poor little thing can't eat.
That's why I'm writing this letter,
A purpose to let you know.
Please come and finish the baby.
That's all. From

"LITTLE FLO."

PEPITA.

FROM ALFRED DE MURSET.

Your mother, at the hour of rest,
Has kissed your cheek so fair,
And, by the lamp-light, half-undrest,
You bow your head in prayer:

But ere the restless soul in sleep
Finds solace for the night,
When, with your hair unbound, you peep
Beneath the bed in fright:

When, by sweet slumber's spell beguiled,
The house to rest is sinking,
O Pépita, my charming child,
Of what, dear, are you thinking?

Who knows? perhaps of some romance
Perfumed with love and youth—
Of Hope's gay visions that entrance,
Until dispelled by Truth;

Perchance of mountains in the moon,
That oft give birth to mice—
Of hearts you mean to conquer soon—
Of bon bons and of spice.

Perhaps, of school-girl friends whose chat
With sentiment is fraught—
Of waltzing and your last new hat—
Perhaps, of me—or night!

Montreal.

GEORGE MURRAY.

VACCINE VIRUS SAUNDERS.—A happy father out on Massachusetts street, Buffalo, had his first child, a girl three months old, vaccinated the other day. "By George, isn't that great!" he exclaimed as he saw the doctor at work. "By Jove, why, I guess I'll call her by that name! Vaccine? Why, that is a girl's name, ain't it? Vaccine Virus Saunders! Capital! People will think we are descended from some old Roman family. Dear little Vaccine!" The mother strongly objected to this appellation for her first born. She wanted it named Imogene; but the father was determined, and Vaccine Virus Saunders she will go through life. Her diminutive will probably be "Vacksy."

Humorous.

The shrewd member of the church choir is the one who, while he says little, always watches his chants.

THE SACKER SACKED.—To British subjects Mr. Cleveland will be known as the man who sacked Sackville. But Mr. Cleveland has himself been sacked.

"Mr. Gladstone is at work on his own autobiography," says a Chicago newspaper. Gladstone is a great man, but he could hardly write another man's autobiography.

Coal and bread are going up; in fact the only things that seem to be coming down are thermometers and cousins who reside up in the country until winter time.

About as useless a thing as there is in this world is the word "obey" in the marriage service. The bad wives won't obey, and the good ones never give their husbands occasion to command them.

Mother (severely)—Willie, you naughty boy! What have you been doing to your cousin Johnny?

Willie (defiantly)—I heard papa say that he hadn't any sand, so I've been filling his mouth with it. Cry-baby!

Local dignitary (addressing the prisoner)—"This, sir, is a serious case, and must be taken to—to—let me see now. Yes, sir, to aveezandum." Prisoner (excitedly)—"Na, na, sir, ye needna tak' it to him. He kens naething aboot it!"

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the garden of Eden, and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had remained single this wouldn't have happened."

An astral-echo—"My! what a wet night it is!" said Venus to Minerva, "and how feint the Milky Way is!" "Yes," replied the Goddess of Wisdom, "That clumsy Big Bear has upset the Little Dipper, and a good deal of the water has dropped into the Via Lactea."

Editor—Uncle Rastus, we want another man at the office to help keep things in shape. Do you think you would like the job?

Uncle Rastus—I reckon I wud, Mistah Shears; but I dun know. No man kin tell how he wud like editin' till he tries, sah.

Mr. Dunning was at one of Moody's meetings, when a baby cried. The mother tried in vain to hush the child, and seemed much annoyed.

"Never mind, madam," said Moody. "The baby doesn't disturb me."

"That may be," the woman answered, "but you disturb the baby!"

The maid expects
Her beau to-night,
And fills the stove
With anthracite;
Because the air
Is raw and damp,
But quite forgets
To fill the lamp.

Tourist, to Highland seaman on board steamer passing through Rothesay Bay: "I suppose there is good fishing to be got here at times?" Seaman: "Ferry coot fishing indeed at times. If you'll not get them at wan time you're sure to get them the sametime again." Tourist, who thinks he will change the conversation: "How fast does this boat travel?" Seaman: "She can go half an hour in five minutes."

Dullard—Can a man get damages when he is kicked out of a house?

Brightly—I guess so; I did.

Dullard—How much did it amount to?

Brightly—Well, I had a busted pair of pants, a battered hat, a lame spine, a doctor's bill and a few other trifles I don't recall. Oh, you can get damages enough if you are only kicked enough.

Under a walnut tree they sat;
He held her hand, she held his hat.
I held my breath and lay quite flat—
They kissed—I saw them do it!

He held that kissing was no crime,
She held her head up every time;
I held my peace and wrote this rhyme.
They never knew I knew it.

THE KIDS GREW WEARY.—Laughing over the story recently told about the old Chatham theatre, W. B. Gregg recalls that in 1846 or 1847 an old actor named Kirby was the favourite there. Kirby was strong on melodrama and could die so pathetically that he always captivated the house in that scene. Once he was going through a particularly dull play and a kid in the pit grew weary. Stretching himself for a nap he requested his nearest neighbour in a tone clearly audible, "Wake me up when Kirby dies." The expression raised a hurrah. The curtain was rung down and Kirby was obliged to make a speech. "Wake me up when Kirby dies" was a Bowery expression from that time down to a very short time ago.

BANANAS AS FOOD.—It has been found that the banana supplies, in a cheap and convenient form, the nutriment needed for the support of a healthy existence. It has, in a larger degree than almost any other natural product, the elements needed to make good the waste of tissue, and furnish the body with the fuel that it needs. It is said that among working people it is found that a meal made largely of bananas is more sustaining than could be obtained by the expenditure of the same amount of money for other kinds of food.



My kingdom! what a gus'ob win' dis is! Spec' dar am a slycone gwine ter strike.



Dar! Dat was a slycone, shuah! I nebber sposed dey struck all in one spot like dat yer.

DON'T USE THESE WORDS.

Cute, for acute.
 Party, for person.
 Depot, for station.
 Promise, for assure.
 Posted, for informed.
 Stopping, for staying.
 Like I do, for as I do.
 Feel badly, for feel bad.
 First-rate, as an adverb.
 Healthy, for wholesome.
 Try and do, for try to do.
 These kind, for this kind.
 Cunning, for small, dainty.
 Funny, for odd or unusual.
 Guess, for suppose or think.
 Fix, for arrange or prepare.
 Just as soon, for just as lief.
 Had rather, for would rather.
 Had better, for would better.
 Right away, for immediately.
 Between seven, for among seven.
 Not as good as, for not so good as.
 Some ten days, for about ten days.
 The matter of, for the matter with.
 Not as I know, for not that I know.
 Somebody else's, for somebody's else.
 Kind of, to indicate a moderate degree.
 Storms, for it rains or snows moderately.
 Above, for foregoing, more than, or beyond.
 Try an experiment, for make an experiment.
 More than you think for, for more than you think.

A Boston woman, when writing to invite a friend to dine with her, does not dare to affix "N. B." to her letter, lest it be interpreted "no beans."

An austere-looking lady walked into a furrier's recently and said to the yellow-headed clerk: "I would like to get a muff." "What fur?" demanded the clerk. "To keep my hands warm," exclaimed the lady.

"That man who has just passed us," remarked Brown to Robinson, "I have met several times, and, if he notices you at all, he looks you square in the face. I like that style of man." "Yes," replied Robinson, "he is a barber and probably wants to see if you don't want a shave."

We walked together side by side
 One perfect autumn night;
 This dull world seemed like paradise
 Bathed in the soft moonlight.

Upon my arm her little hand
 Lay lightly, and a thrill
 Of keen delight sent through me, as
 A soft touch sometimes will.

I drew her closer to my side;
 For why should I disguise
 The love I felt since first I looked
 Into her deep gray eyes.

I saw the moon's rays softly kiss
 Her lovely upturned face.
 And I,—well what would you have done
 If you'd been in my place?

ALEX-AND-HER.

There was a chap who kept a store,
 And though there might be grander,
 He sold his goods to all who came,
 And his name was Alexander.

He mixed his goods with cunning hand—
 He was a skillful brander;
 And, since his sugar was half sand,
 They called him Alex-Sander.

He had his dear one, to her came,
 Then lovingly he scanned her:
 He asked her would she change her name,
 Then a ring did Alex-hand-her.

"Oh, yes," she said with smiling lip,
 "If I can be commander!"
 And so they framed a partnership
 And called it Alex-and-her.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore. and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

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 SHE—"Now, don't scold any more. It's all your own fault. You will have to stand while I drape my dresses over you until you provide me with Hall's Portable and Adjustable Form, which EVERY lady should have."

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OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL IN THE ST. LAWRENCE.

TRIP TO QUEBEC ON BOARD THE ALIAN LINE ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIP "SARDINIAN," 7th NOVEMBER, 1888.

Views and groups from photographs taken for THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED by Messrs. Notman & Son.



SOME VIEWS ON THE WAY DOWN.

1. 6.45 A.M. Leaving the Harbour; The Hochelaga Cotton Mills. 2. A steam dredge at work; The St. Lawrence Sugar Refinery. 3. Longue Pointe; St. Benoit Asylum; The Insane Asylum. 4. Three Rivers. 5. Beaver Line SS. "Lake Ontario" conveying the "Sardinian."

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PUBLISHERS' NOTICES.

SPECIAL.

During the month of December we will give to new subscribers the current first six months, twenty-six numbers, of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, making a volume of 416 pages, containing over 250 beautiful engravings, and a great amount of interesting and instructive reading, ALL FOR ONE DOLLAR, the conditions being that the subscriber remits, at the same time, \$4.00 for a full year's subscription, beginning 1st January, 1889. In other words, we offer eighteen months' subscription for \$5.00, or again, we give away three months' subscription gratis. Persons wishing to form clubs can obtain their own subscription FREE, by sending us the price of four subscriptions, as now offered.

This offer is open for December only, and should be taken advantage of early, as our stock of back numbers is limited.

We may be allowed to draw special attention to this and the following number of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED as samples of the completeness and accuracy with which by our process we can illustrate current events of interest. We hope shortly to be in a position to do this even more promptly; but as it is, to have produced, in such a short space of time, the twelve large engravings which illustrate the inauguration of the 27½ foot channel, including over a hundred perfect portraits, and forming a complete record of the celebration, is a performance worthy of note.



Further research into the matter shows that of the two heroes of Balaklava Lord Lucan commanded the cavalry, and Lord Cardigan a division thereof. It was the latter that led the charge of the Light Brigade, and the former that charged at the head of the Heavy Brigade, with no less danger and bravery, and covered the retreat of the Earl of Cardigan. Lucan was slightly wounded, and Cardigan was thrust through his clothes with a lance.

Quakers are unknown, except by name, in Canada. At least, we never heard of any settlement of them this side the boundary line. Even out of Pennsylvania, they are quite scarce in the United States. But in their first haunts, on the banks of the Monongahela and Susquehanna, "the old-time, broad-brimmed, sugar-scoop Quakers" still flourish in all their glory, and keeping all the tenets given them by George Fox in 1634.

The St. John *Evening Gazette* and the *Critic* of Halifax are speaking out against text books used in Canadian schools, which set forth historical events garbled by American writers, and, among others, "Lossing's Field Book of 1812." This work, however, is not to be found in schools surely, and there can be no objection to it in our libraries, as all of that author's illustrated books, chiefly "The Field Book of the Revolution," a great space of which is devoted to the Maritime Prov-

inces and Quebec, are very valuable indeed for reference. What we have to guard against jealously is the distortion of Canadian and British history in American text books.

The time does not seem to have come as yet when Canadians shall be independent of outsiders, British or American, in the supply of all manner of scholastic literature, but for elementary books in grammar, history, geography, arithmetic, the rudiments of mathematics, manuals of the several natural and exact sciences, it were desirable that they should be home made. There are publishers in Toronto and Montreal who have the capital, the business connections and the professional men to put forth such series of school-books as would not be surpassed anywhere, and would instil into Canadian youth, from the earliest age, the rightful love of country and faith in its future.

Last week we gave the return to the Newfoundland Legislature for Bonavista of Mr. Morison, as a "pointer" looking toward the confederation of that island with Canada. We have another good indication from the Rev. Dr. Howley, Prefect Apostolic of the western coast of Newfoundland. He says that the question of union is a living, active issue, on which the next fall elections of 1889 will likely hinge. It will depend a good deal on the fish catch at the time. If bad, union will be carried; if good, it may be staved off a little longer; but it must come sooner or later.

We are informed by telegraph of the general feeling in England to the effect that three of its most renowned men are not likely to live through the coming winter. The eldest of these is Dr. Newman, who is allowed to be the greatest master of English speech in our day; Alfred Lord Tennyson, by all odds the first poet of the Victorian reign; and plain John Bright—thus he wishes to be called, after the Quaker way—who stands at the head of British orators since the time of Fox and Pitt. These three men have each run a long and glorious career, but their loss will be keenly felt all the same.

The force of mind always asserts itself. After two years of silence Mr. Blake comes back renewed in health and strength, and within the past fortnight has made two public utterances, one in speech and the other by the pen. In the first he laid down in luminous evidence, before the Supreme Court, the law and the right in regard to Northwest railway question. In the second he writes a letter to the Ingersoll Branch of the Imperial Federation League that, as between Annexation and Reorganization (a clumsy word), he goes in for the latter, because this country, not from material considerations only, but because we are proud of being a part of the Empire, is prepared to submit to the legitimate sacrifices that may be entailed upon her in any scheme of Reorganization.

The Pacific Cable scheme is making headway in English public opinion, and the public steps already taken in its behalf will go far toward pushing the Imperial authorities in the path of encouragement thereto. A conference on the subject held last week was largely attended, those present including many leading Australian merchants. The Earl of Winchester acted as chairman. Sir Donald Smith proposed a motion approving the company's proposal, which Australians and others warmly supported. The admission was universal that the existing telegraph is quite inadequate. The resolution was passed

unanimously. It is hoped the meeting will induce the Government to expedite the survey.

A few papers have taken to giving the Governor-General more suggestions, and something in the shape of a lecture, for insisting, in reply to addresses, on the need of blending all narrow questions of race into one broad national spirit. Lord Stanley has displayed both wisdom and patriotism in his public utterances, and he may rest assured that he is backed by the overwhelming opinion of the best people throughout all the provinces, who are and want to be Canadians before and above every thing else.

The Dalhousie College *Gazette* asks when the students will get back their gowns, and descants on the merits and uses of the distinctive garb, which tradition has made sacred in their eyes. "How was it that the heart of the honest Scots beat quicker at the sight of a tartan or the blast of the slogan; or the eye of the Greek kindled as it looked on the trophies of Milhiadu." It is hinted farther that, because of the absence of the old gown, Dalhousie is perhaps losing valuable men, who, called upon to choose between two colleges equal in other respects, but one having the robes, would not hesitate to choose the latter.

As was to be foreseen, that clumsy story of the New York news mongers that President-elect Harrison was already hatching a scheme for the purchase of Canada, at so many millions, out of the surplus of the United States Treasury, is flatly denied by that gentleman himself. Mr. Harrison may not be a brilliant man, but he has a balanced character, common sense, and that happy knack of letting well alone, which has served him in the several phases of his public life, and which will likely bestead him in his higher career as incumbent of the White House.

A sentimental opposition to the new Mormon settlers at Lee's Creek, in the Northwest, is shown in some quarters. There surely is no ground for that. Polygamy was left out of the calculations from the start, and, while the intending immigrants presumed overmuch in going to Ottawa for special relief from customs duties for their household goods, they professed their intention of submitting altogether to the laws of the country. They have means, with experience in farming, and ought to be welcomed as brothers.

CURIOSITIES OF MEASUREMENT.

In our last number we inserted a very interesting engraving of the Eiffel Tower, now being erected at Paris, as one of the attractions of the great exhibition to be held there in 1889, the highest building in the world, the Washington monument at Washington coming next. We also added on the plate the heights of some of the other lofty structures for comparison, which may be carried a little further by comparing the tower with some of nature's structures, the mountains of the world. This would show the height of the tower to be one-eighth of that of Mount Washington (8,000 feet); about one-fifteenth of that of some of the highest of the Alps and one twenty-ninth of that of the highest of the Himalayas, so that nature beats Mr. Eiffel very considerably, wonderful as his work will be. But a comparison of the mountains with the size of the earth itself throws them into the shade, and shows what small excrescences they are on this great globe we inhabit. We see by the papers that the Paris exhibition is to contain something that will facili-

tate this latter comparison. Every day there is to be a terrestrial globe of thirty metres in diameter, about 100 feet high, and we suppose that on this the mountains will be shown in relief, and on a scale which will serve for comparison with each other, but will probably be much larger than the scale of the diameter, just as an engineer shows the true elevations and depressions of a line of railway on a larger scale than the horizontal distance. Some years ago there was exhibited, in London, a globe of 60 feet diameter, but turned inside out, the spectators being inside it, and the countries, seas and other geographical divisions being shown on the inside, elevations and depressions included, the latter being shown on a greatly enlarged scale, but even then being very small, indeed, as compared with the size of the globe. The comparison was very interesting and instructive. We cannot all see either the said Paris or London globe; let us try whether we can use a globe of no very formidable size, and yet get some idea of the comparison which we have mentioned. Suppose we have one of forty inches diameter (thirty-six inches is not uncommon, but forty will work more easily into our competition), then, taking the diameter of the earth at eight thousand miles, each inch of our globe will represent two hundred miles, and one mile will be represented by the two-hundredth part of an inch. Now, to get a tangible exhibition of this small quantity, let us take any printed book of which the edges of four hundred pages, when the book is close shut, will make one inch in thickness, that of each leaf (two pages) will then be the two-hundredth of an inch; and a scrap of such paper as the leaf is made of, pasted on the earth, will represent a mountain one mile high (5280 feet), or two-thirds of the height of Mount Washington, or more than five times that of the Eiffel tower, and less than six thicknesses of such paper will represent that of the highest mountain in the world, and not far from the greatest depth of the ocean, which is now considered to be rather more than the height of the loftiest mountain. We shall thus have a fair idea of the comparatively small elevations and depressions in the earth's surface, and of the very slight increase in them respectively, which would drown whole continents, or leave the bottom of the ocean bare, and we shall have some idea of the comparative size of man and that of the world he inhabits, for a thickness of our supposed paper will represent more than eight hundred times his average station, and yet man's stature and powers are admirably adapted to the world he has to live in, and neither giants nor pigmies would be so well suited to it as he is.

The election of officers of the Press Association of the Province of Quebec was held last week. The financial position of the association is very satisfactory. The treasurer's account shows a balance on hand of \$305.

At the last meeting of the Montreal Numismatic and Antiquarian Society Mr. de Lery Macdonald exhibited the original manuscript of the first poem ever written by a Canadian. The poem refers to Courcelles' famous mid-winter expedition against the Five-Nation Indians in 1666. The author was the future lieutenant-general of the Prévoité of Quebec, René Louis de Lotbinière, then a young man and who had accompanied Governor Courcelles as a volunteer in that campaign.

Mr. J. H. de Ricci is the author of a new work on the Fisheries Dispute and Annexation of Canada, dealing with the whole question since the Declaration of Independence. The work, it is stated, has its *raison d'être* in a remark of Sir Charles Tupper in his recent Sheffield speech, commenting upon the evident want of information among a considerable section of the press of this country upon the exact bearings of the dispute. An appendix gives the respective cases of the United States and Canada.



Gaily clad in scarlet, printed in long primer and on good paper, is the "Hand Book for the Dominion of Canada,"* containing, besides, four maps—one of the G. T. Railway, the other of the C.P.R.; and that of the Dominion, and of the Geology of Montreal. The chief and only responsible writer is Mr. S. E. Dawson, author and publisher, but articles are furnished by such specialists as Mr. A. T. Drummond, Thos. McDougall, Joseph Gould, D. A. P. Watt, Sir William Dawson and Doctors Harrington and George M. Dawson. The reader, after perusing a comprehensive introduction on the history of the country, is led, step by step, from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia. As the work was originally prepared in 1884, for the meeting of the British Association, at Montreal, a little more space is given to the older parts of Canada, but nothing of importance is overlooked in any part. If there is any class of work that may be called handy and useful, it is a manual of this kind, where, in a small compass, in a limp-covered book, that is easily carried in the pocket, you have all that you seek and all that you need about every place in Canada which you may be interested in. But it is not the traveller alone to whom this book may come in aid. The business man, the student, the statistician, and the general reader who wants his information supplied, at first hand, and authoritatively, also will find it indispensable when once they come to use it. And the price is nominal.

We have lying before us four good-sized volumes, in paper, being the fyle of the first year of the new Laval quarterly, *Le Canada Français*, issued at Quebec, under the management of Mgr. Thomas E. Hamel, F.R.S.C., and with the co-operation of a committee of professors. The work is devoted to Religion, Philosophy, History, the Fine Arts, Science and Letters, and those who would see for themselves how thoroughly these high subjects are treated—with what scholarship and grace of style—cannot do better than procure this periodical, which is issued at the extraordinarily low price of \$2.00 a year, or 50 cents a number, forming a bound volume of 500 pages of text and 200 pages of appendix, containing historical documents, published for the first time and here only, from the archives of the Quebec Seminary, Laval University, and the collections of such indefatigable searchers as the Abbé Casgrain. A list of the names of contributors will still further enlighten our readers who are acquainted with the chief writers of French Canada—P. J. O. Chauveau, Judge Routhier, Mgr. Méthot, Abbé Gosselin, E. Marceau, M. de Foville, T. Chapais, Abbé Casgrain, Abbé Laflamme, N. Legendre, Abbé Bruchesi, A. Poisson, P. LeMay, J. Desrosiers, A. D. DeCelles, A. Valée, L. Fréchette, Gérin Lajoie, Abbés Many, Paquet and Beaudoin. Address Mgr. T. E. Hamel, Manager, Quebec Seminary, for subscriptions and other business.

Every one interested in growing fruits, flowers or in forestry will find it to his advantage to take the *Canadian Horticulturist*, a beautiful monthly journal of high standing, devoted entirely to these subjects, and containing articles written by the leading fruit growers, florists and foresters in Ontario. The journal is to be enlarged in the month of January; the paintings and engravings of fruits and flowers continued and used even more liberally. Altogether, it is to be made as interesting and attractive as possible. It is published by "THE FRUIT GROWERS' ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO," at \$1 per annum, which also entitles the subscriber to the privileges of membership of the Association, including a copy of the annual report of the meetings and discussions, given *verbatim*, and a share in the distribution of trees and plants for testing in various parts of Ontario. Subscrip-

* Hand-book for the Dominion of Canada, etc. By S. E. Dawson. Second edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 12th St., pp. 325.

tions should be sent to L. Woolverton, M.A., Grimsby, Ont., Secretary of the F. G. A. of Ontario.

We have several other reviews in hand, but lack of space forces us to put them off till next week.

HISTORICAL MONUMENTS.

Allow me to add to the list of historical monuments, given in your last issue of the 10th inst., that of Private Watson, who fell in the Riel rebellion of 1885. The monument was erected by the people of the pretty city of St. Catharines, where Watson and his family were long resident and highly esteemed. It stands on the City Hall green, is about fifteen feet high, as near as I can judge, and consists of a soldier, in full uniform, of the 90th Winnipeg Rifles, standing on a pedestal, each face of which is adorned with trophies. The front bears the words:

Erected to the memory of
ALEXANDER WATSON,
90th (Winnipeg) Battalion Rifles
Canadian Volunteers,
And his companions in arms who fell in
Battle during the Rebellion in the
Northwest Territories, A. D., 1885.

On the opposing side stand:

Duck Lake.
Fish Creek.
Cut Knife.
Batoche.

On the left side are given the names of those who fell during the rebellion, and on the right the regiments engaged, the whole forming a handsome and inspiring monument and one of which St. Catharines may be justly proud.

I also observe that your list does not contain the monument in the Queen's Park, Toronto, to the memory of the heroes of Ridgeway, the Toronto volunteers who fell in the Fenian raid of 1866. This is a most admirable monument, and one deserving the attention of the visitor to Toronto, who will also find a corresponding memorial of great beauty in the chancel windows of the Convocation Hall of Toronto University.

May I also avail myself of this opportunity of informing your readers that there is a plain and simple memorial standing to the memory of those who fought at that wonderful engagement at Beaver Dams, when thirty took five hundred prisoners. Without going into the story, which may be found in Col. Coffin's *Chronicle of the War of 1812*, I will merely state that the stone, a plain but sufficiently imposing pyramidal structure, of Queenston limestone—the hardest stone known—stands a few yards from the Welland Canal and near to the magnificent swing-bridge, erected lately by the Niagara Central Railway near to Thorold, a pretty town not far from the village of Beaver Dams itself. The stone covers the bones of soldiers who fell in the fight—both British and American—and which were exhumed when the new Welland Canal was being excavated. Some say the contractor for the stone-work erected the memorial at his own cost, and some that one of our historical societies assisted in the pious work. However that may be, the monument is worthy of the attention of the patriot and the historian, and ought to be cared for by having a plateau of green sward, enclosed by iron palings of a sufficient height to prevent climbing, set around it, and some one appointed to look after it to keep it neat and whole. The position of the stone, historically, could not be truer. The main struggle of the short and sharp fight took place, says Col. Coffin, "in David Millar's apple orchard"; and the topography of the place, as preserved in the local maps, shows that the stone stands on that very ground. The only inscription the monument bears is:

Beaver Dams,
24th June, 1813.

The whole ground is historic, but into this I must not enter for very obvious reasons.

Toronto.

S. A. C.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.



A. BOYER, M.P. R. PREFONTAINE, M.P. J. G. H. BERGERON, M.P. CAPT. LABELLE, M.P.
 F. VANASSE, M.P. A. DESJARDINS, M.P. HON. SIR HECTOR LANGEVIN, M.P., HON. CHS. TUPPER M.P. J. J. CURRAN, M.P. A. TAILLON, M.P.P.
 MINISTER OF PUBLIC WORKS. MINISTER OF MARINE.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT PRESENT.



ALEX. ROBERTSON, SEC'Y. CHS. H. GOULD, Esq. CAPT. THOS. HOWARD, HARBOUR MASTER. JOHN KENNEDY, CHIEF ENGINEER.
 HUGH MCLENNAN, Esq. HENRY SULMER, Esq. ANDREW ROBERTSON, CHAIRMAN. ANDREW ALLAN, Esq. J. O. VILLERUEVE, Esq.

MONTREAL HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.



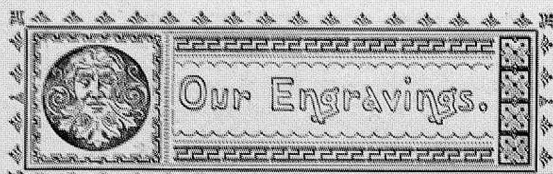
ST. GEORGE K. BOSWELL, R 3rd ENGINEER. H. F. PERLEY, CHIEF ENGINEER PUBLIC WORKS. JOS. FORTIN, PRES. OF PILOTS.
R. R. DOBELL, Esq. P. B. VALIN, Esq., CHAIRMAN. LT.-COL. FORSYTH. EDM. GIROUX, Esq.

QUEBEC HARBOUR COMMISSIONERS PRESENT.



DR. LEPROHON, F. VANAËSE, M.P. A. DEJARDINS, M.P. CHR. P. HEBERT. A. A. TAILLON, MAYOR, SOREL.
SPANISH VICE-CON. ALD. JEANNOTTE. A. DE MARTIGNY. J. M. DUPRESNE. M. LEFEBVRE. J. J. CURRAN, M.P.
J. G. H. BERGERON, M.P. CHAIRMAN. G. E. DESBARATS. WM. SMITH.

MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF MONTREAL, AND OTHERS.



THE OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.—The 7th of November, a bright, crisp morning, at 6.30 sharp the splendid Allan Line steamship *Sardinian* is unmoored, towed into the stream, and glides down the broad St. Lawrence, to test the depth of the channel. The method adopted for this purpose is simple and conclusive. A huge piece of timber, about 18 inches square and 50 feet long, has been firmly lashed to the side of the ship with ropes and chains, 27½ feet of its length being submerged in an upright position. If its lower end do not strike or scrape the bed of the river (and if it should, the vessel would tremble from stem to stern), then the feat is accomplished; the Montreal Harbour Commissioners have made the St. Lawrence safe for vessels drawing 27½ feet of water. The deck was well crowded, and when the sun came out with genial warmth, the *Sardinian's* passengers settled down to enjoy themselves. Among those present were:—Sir Hector Langevin, Minister of Public Works; Hon. C. H. Tupper, Minister of Marine and Fisheries; Messrs. Andrew Robertson, (chairman), Henry Bulmer, J. O. Villeneuve, Hugh McLennan, Charles H. Gould, Andrew Allan, Harbour Commissioners; and Alex. Robertson, secretary; Acting-Mayor Clendinning, Alphonse Desjardins, M.P.; J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P.; Senator Ogilvie, Thomas C. Keefer, C.E.; John Sirois, C. Herchell, C.E., of Holyoke, Mass.; Wm. Smith, deputy minister of marine; D. O'Brien, R. Prefontaine, M.P.; G. Balcer, secretary of the Three Rivers Harbour Commission; Charles Gariepy, G. M. Kinghorn, M. Lefebvre, Hon. B. D. Babcock, Mayor of Cleveland; W. B. Anderson, engineer of the Marine Department; P. B. Valin, chairman Quebec Harbour Commissioners; A. Trudel, editor *L'Etendard*; Henry F. Perley, chief engineer Department of Public Works; D. H. Henderson, Ald. J. D. Rolland, A. A. Ayer, W. R. Elmenhorst, Jas. Williamson, G. E. Jaques, Capt. Labelle, M.P., Professor Bovey, E. B. Hannaford, chief engineer of the Grand Trunk; R. M. Esdaile, A. F. Riddell, R. W. Shepherd, W. M. Stewart, F. A. Routh, H. Wallis, mechanical superintendent Grand Trunk Railway; City Surveyor St. George, T. D. Hood, James Slessor, A. B. Lavigne, J. Kennedy, chief engineer Montreal Harbour Commissioners; D. McCarthy, Sorel; H. Buchanan, A. A. Taillon, Mayor of Sorel; H. Harvey, editor *Trade Review*; W. G. Sproule, G. R. W. Notman, G. Baird, W. W. L. Chipman, Ontario Bank; G. E. Desbarats, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED; H. Archibald, J. H. R. Molson, B. Beaudet, Capt. Douglas, R.N.R.; W. L. Scott, Capt. R. W. Shepherd, W. S. Kennedy, J. R. Dougall, editor *Witness*; Daniel Wilson, A. D. Milloy, E. Schultz, Austro-Hungarian Consul; Ald. Richard White, J. O'Neil, J. C. Sinton, G. Lessard, L. Bruille, deputy harbour master, St. Louis; Ald. M. Malone, G. A. Robertson, Thos. Long, Calcutta; Lieut. Col. Forsyth, Quebec Harbour Commission; E. L. Bond, A. Demartigny, R. R. Dobell, G. M. Dufresne, City Clerk Glackmeyer, Harbour Master Thos. Howard, Jos. Howden, C. B. Leprohon, M.D., Spanish Vice-Consul; Alexander Murray, Wm. Muir, Chas. McLean, C. Cantin, Collector of Customs Ryan, City Comptroller Robb, E. Roy, L. J. Seargeant, Jas. G. Shaw, Ald. Stevenson, Hon. L. O. Taillon, Ald. Villeneuve, Molyneux St. John, editor *Herald*; Geo. Hadrill, secretary Board of Trade; W. D. Master, Alex. Milloy, F. Gardner, W. P. Woonham, E. D. Pease, Bank of Halifax; Lieut. W. H. Smith, R.N.R., steamship *Parisian*. The party consisted altogether of about 120 persons. The steamer's masts were gaily decorated with flags and bunting, and everybody was in the highest spirits. A more successful outing it would be hard to imagine. Off Longueuil breakfast was announced and was done full justice to. The deck, after breakfast, was the favourite parade. During the early part of the trip Mr. Desbarats, of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, utilized the time in obtaining several groups for the next issue of the paper. The Board of Harbour Commissioners, the M.P.'s, with the two ministers, the aldermen and the Press were honoured. As we slip down the river, past the miles of wharfage, the early morning is beginning to glow with promising brilliancy. The smoke is rising from thousands of homes; as we pass the great Hudson Cotton Mills, their twin chimneys are belching forth a murky cloud. Here we risk a plate, and photograph the waking city, still enshrouded in the morning's mists. A little further down, as we pass one of the Harbour Commissioners' steam dredges, we take a shot at her, and secure, at the same time, a view of the fast receding Mount Royal, and of the huge buildings of the St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Company. These two views, taken from mid-stream, before 7 o'clock, and bespread with the glory of early morn, serve well to give people at a distance an idea of the ample width of our St. Lawrence, away up in the heart of the continent, a thousand miles from sea. Six miles below Montreal, we pass the pretty church of Longue Pointe, of which we get a picture, together with the *St. Benoit*, or *St. Benedict*, asylum for infirm, epileptic and aged men, and we are told, for inebriates also, kept by the Brothers of Charity. In the background is the *Asile St. Jean de Dieu*, commonly known as the Long Point Insane Asylum. Later on we get several beautiful photographs of the Canada Shipping Company's steamer

Lake Ontario, of the Beaver Line, which, on her way to the ocean, convoys the excursion, hovering sometimes on the starboard, sometimes on the larboard quarter, and, again, dropping dead astern, as we see her in the picture taken as we pass Three Rivers. Here the tooting of a score of steamers and tugs, saluting our passage, makes diversion. Few of us had ever seen Three Rivers by daylight, and the impression made by the shimmering of substantial buildings and shining roofs, through the lace-like veil of trees, was very pleasant. The shipping men viewed, with an eye of envy, the great piles of lumber stacked along the shore. But the feature of the morning was, undoubtedly, the photographing of the groups. There was an amount of enthusiasm and good humour displayed by those subjected to the process that spoke volumes for the excellence of the breakfast they had on board. Volunteers were found to muster and convene the members of the several bodies, and, at the signal, all came forward with alacrity, although they had, for the most part, to sit in the sharp north wind, on the shady side of the ship. Thus the genial Captain Labelle convened the ministers and members of Parliament, who all look happy and comfortable in the picture we give of the group. As the names are all given beneath the engraving, it is not necessary to repeat them here. Sir Hector and Mr. Taillon look rather chilly. They were chilly; but they bore up like men. We next record, with photographic accuracy, the Montreal Harbour Commissioners present on this occasion. The legend under the picture gives the names. We wish we could have had the Commission complete. We miss Mr. Edward Murphy and Mr. Victor Hudon, unavoidably absent, and Hon. Mr. Abbott, away in England. We hope to have an opportunity of giving their portraits later on. Mr. Alex. Robertson, secretary of the Board, was the convener. Next come the Quebec Harbour Commissioners, kindly marshalled by Mr. Edmond Giroux. Their presence on board was a source of great satisfaction to the guests, as betokening a friendly and liberal interest in the great work. Mr. J. M. Dufresne, president of the French Chamber of Commerce, of Montreal, mustered his own men, and to show he was not exclusive, managed to get an Irishman, an Englishman and a German into his group. The shippers, forwarders and merchants naturally formed a numerous body on this occasion. Mr. Wm. Stewart, of the Montreal and Kingston Forwarding Company, took charge of them and gathered a representative group of shipowners, shipbuilders, ship captains, forwarders, bankers, manufacturers, sugar men and vinegar men, Customs officers and Post officers, to share his immortality. And every one of the twenty-four is a perfect likeness. Now comes the Press gang. They all speak for themselves, generally and frequently, and often, as on this occasion, all together, but not, as on this occasion, un-animously. Here they were all of one opinion—that they were having a fine time. Excellent engravings of the members and officials of the City Council of Montreal, of the Civil Engineers present, of Senator Ogilvie, Mr. Seargeant and Mr. Allan, and a very artistic picture of the Steamship Lake Ontario, will be published next week, together, probably, with large portraits of the Minister of Public Works and of the chairman of the Montreal Harbour Commissioners, accompanied by the continuation of our narrative and commentary.

HISTORY OF THE WORK.

Previous to the date of Confederation, July 1st, 1867, the ship channel had been improved at various times, until at that time there was, throughout the whole distance between Montreal and Quebec, a minimum width of 300 feet, with a depth of 200 feet at ordinary low-water. Shortly after that the growing trade of the St. Lawrence, and the increasing size of vessels, demanded that the ship channel should be further deepened, and an act was passed by Parliament in May, 1873, authorizing the Government to contract a loan of \$1,500,000 to defray the expenses of completing the ship channel from Montreal to tide-water, above Quebec, to a depth of not less than 22 feet at low water, and a width of not less than 300 feet, the work to be performed under the superintendence of the Department of Public Works, either by the Harbour Commissioners or in such other manner as the Governor-in-Council might determine. It was further provided that the interest on the loan fixed at 5 per cent. should be paid by the Harbour Commissioners out of the revenue of the port of Montreal. Operations were commenced in the spring of 1874 with one dredge and a stone-lifter, and contracts were entered into for the building of six large elevators or ladder dredges, and also for the purchase of tugs, scows and other plant required. The new plant was finished and set to work in the spring of 1875 and was kept steadily at work during the season of navigation of each year, until the close of 1878, when a minimum depth of 22 feet had been attained at all points, except between Cap Levant and Cap Charles, where it was necessary to take advantage of the tide. Up to that time there had been spent for new plant \$523,997, and for working expenses \$628,610, or in all \$1,153,312. It was then decided, in view of the rapid increase in the size of vessels engaged in the Atlantic trade, and the moderate cost of carrying on the dredging with the plant already on hand, to continue the deepening of the ship channel to 25 feet at low water. Work was, therefore, continued until the fall of 1882, when a depth of 25 was attained at all places, except Cap la Roche and Cap Charles, where it was necessary to take advantage of high water of an average tide. In the straight part of the channel, between No. 1 lightship and the white buoy, Lake St. Peter, the dredging was 325 feet wide; in the straight parts elsewhere it was generally 300 feet; but in the bends, and all important places, it was widened out to 450 feet or more. The quantities of dredging done in deepening from 20 to 25 feet were: Shale rock, 239,600 cubic yards; earth of all sorts, including boulders lifted by dredges, 8,200,000 cubic yards; large boulders, lifted by stone-lifting barges, 16,700 cubic yards; making in all 8,508,400 cubic yards. The channel in Lake St. Peter, the largest piece of dredging in any one place, is in all 17½ miles in length, 300 to 450 feet in width, and involving the removal, since the beginning of dredging in the present channel in 1851 to 1882, of about 8,000,000 cubic yards. The outlay for the deepening from 20 to 25 feet was for dredging plant \$534,809, and for working and other expenses \$1,245,321, or a total of \$1,780,130. No sooner, however, had a depth of 25 feet been reached than the Harbour Commissioners decided to prosecute the work still further, and in the following year, 1883, application was made to the Government and Parliament for a loan of \$500,000 for the further deepening of the channel to 27½ feet. This was granted, and for the past six seasons of navigation the work has been actively carried on. The Chief Engineer, in his report at the close of 1887, said:—"It was hoped

that all except Cap Charles and Cap la Roche would have been practically finished by the close of navigation, and to accomplish it the greater part of the dredging fleet was worked night and day. Its accomplishment was, however, found impossible, owing mainly to unusually great interruptions by storms and for repairs, and to the dredging in several places having proved harder than was anticipated. Above Cap la Roche several small pieces of dredging remain to be done, but there are no considerable sections, except about 2½ miles of very soft clay in Lake St. Peter, and about ¼ of a mile, mostly detached jumps, at Point aux Trembles, *en haut*, all of which can be finished by the time of low water next summer." The work has this season been prosecuted to a successful completion at all points, and the 27½ foot channel from Montreal to Quebec has been formally opened. The following statement shows the growth of the sea-going shipping trade at Montreal since the work of deepening from 20 feet at low water to 27½ feet was begun:

	No.	Tons.	No.	Tons.
Steamships	242	245,237	600	807,471
Ships	72	65,823	6	8,684
Barques	164	75,594	68	43,275
Brigs	18	4,060	2	1,116
Brigantines	59	8,581	7	2,031
Schooners	149	12,583	83	8,194
Totals	794	412,478	767	870,773

VIOLA.—This is one of the sweet visions of Sir Frederick Leighton, President of the Royal Academy of Art. The shapely head stands well balanced on the shoulders, and is crowned with a wealth of straight hair, as black as the raven's wing. The broad side-face, relieved by the Grecian nose and nostril, full lip and large eye, combine to make a face that arrests the gaze of the beholder. The necklace of pearls, large as apricots, the graceful sweep of the white sleeve, bound by the embroidered bodice or corsage of black velvet, bring out the figure gracefully, as far as the bust goes. Who is this Viola, and what countrywoman is she? Every one of our readers may guess as he lists, but we have a fancy of linking her with the arch and fair heroine of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night, or What You Will." Viola was an Illyrian maid, and she won her suit—the hand of Orsino, the Duke of Illyria—by personating a page, under the name of Cesario. Who knows but that the demure girl whom we have before us, thoughtful and ingenuous as she seems, is now planning her plot with the coast captain and his sailors:

I prythee (and I'll pay thee bounteously),
Conceal what I am; and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke.
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.

And the Duke was taken in at once, and he fed his soul on the music of love:

That strain again: it had a dying fall;
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour!

COLERIDGE is at the head of the Lake of Bays, Muskoka, and is the end of the free grant road known as Bobcaygeon Road. It is the place where hunting parties hire canoes to start on their fishing and shooting excursions to Hollow, Bear, Round and Kimball's Lakes, where deer and bear have been very plentiful, sad inroads upon which have been made by insatiate hunters. Zach. Cole, the first settler, after whom the place was named, is a characteristic specimen of the Canadian pioneer. He died last winter, after a chequered career of twenty-five years in this spot. The drawing which we reproduce is a pen and ink sketch by Mr. Thos. Mower Martin, R.C.A., from which this artist intends to paint a large water-colour picture of the scene.

CALGARY.—Here is another of the wonders of the Northwest. Five years since there would have been nothing of Calgary to show in a photograph. To-day it is spread before us, within sight of the Foot Hills, within easy distance of the great Rancho territory, with all the appliances of a modern town—a railway, a river, churches, schools, newspapers, public buildings. The people have unbounded faith in their growing town, saying that Alberta is the sirlain of Canada and Calgary the tenderloin of Alberta.

A SKETCH IN MONTREAL HARBOUR.—The engraving on our cover is a fitting accompaniment to the main features of this number. A tug is towing into midstream a heavily laden steamer about to sail for Europe. The photograph was evidently taken in the spring, at high water.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Rameau, the French Publicist, has received a diploma from the Laval University conferring on him the title of Doctor of Letters.

The Abbé Bois, curate of Maskinongé, and one of the most learned collectors of Canadian antiquities in the Province, is lying dangerously ill.

The *Progress* is the name of a bright and able literary weekly published at St. John, N.B. Among the contributors are C. G. D. Roberts, M.A.

The *Almafilian* is a neat little monthly paper, of quarto shape, published at Alma College, St. Thomas, Ontario. It is edited mainly in the interests of the young ladies of the institution, but has also a considerable subscription list outside.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Gerald E. Hart has in mind to put forth a second edition of his important work on "The Fall of New France," with notes and additions suggested by the wide range of review which the volume has received.

The Montreal Society for Historical Studies opened its winter session last week with two interesting papers, one on "The Family Compact," by Mr. John Fair, jr., N.P., and the other on "Marquette," by the President, Mr. John Talon-Lesperance.

The call on the University of Toronto to give its new chair of English Language and Literature to a native Canadian is getting general throughout the country. The two names that are chiefly in view are those of Professors Roberts, of King's, N.S., and Alexander, of Dalhousie.

A writer in the *Montreal Gazette* draws attention to the fact that there is not a single chair of Canadian history in the whole range of the seven Provinces of the Dominion, and in the three or four dozens of colleges and universities. It is remarked that the point is one which might well be considered by some of the wealthy gentlemen interested in the seats of learning in Canada.

The Haliburton Society, of King's College, Windsor, N.S., will shortly issue its first volume of Proceedings, which will consist of a biographical and critical study of "Sam Slick," by Mr. F. Blake Crofton, author of the Major's Big Talk Stories, and a brief introduction by the President, C. G. D. Roberts. The work can be had of the secretary, Mr. George F. Thomson, King's College.

Messrs. Durie & Son, publishers, of Ottawa, are about to undertake the publication of an English edition of the "Life and Speeches of the Hon. J. A. Chapleau." A French edition was given to the public a year ago, and English speaking Canadians will, no doubt, hear with pleasure that the public utterances of the Secretary of State, from Confederation to the present time, will be made accessible to them.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

In a sketch of the present issue, entitled "Sam Slick and Old King's," the reader will find an account of "The Devil's Punch Bowl," in a clump of wood surrounding King's College buildings, a geological curiosity which is found in many parts of Canada. A friend invites me to write to Mr. Heneker, of Sherbrooke, for a photograph and description of the falls and the "pot"—the same phenomenon as at Windsor—of the Magog, under the cliff in his garden.

My friend adds that the place he refers to is the most beautiful in Canada which he has seen, except the view of the church which he got built at Milby. Sherbrooke is truly one of the most pleasantly situated towns, with remarkably scenic land and water-scapes, of the Dominion, and if Mr. Heneker, or any other gentleman there, sent us photographs of such views, we should be happy to place them before our readers.

An American paper, speaking of the statue lately raised by Scottish men to the memory of Gordon, and described in this paper lately, finds it strange that such a soldier should be made to carry, instead of a general officer's sword, a rattan or cane under his arm. The writer forgets that the hero of Khartoum never drew his sword and seldom bore it, and that throughout his singular career in China, his rod of command and power was the very wand which has been retained as a reminder of his singular ways.

A gentleman of Quebec, bearing a well-known name, sends me the following note: "The Triplets, in your paper, have tempted me to try my hand at them, and I have turned out some, which I send you for approval, hoping you will not find them very weak for first attempts. Wishing you continued success and ever-increasing circulation, I am, etc. Please suppress my signature." I shall do so, but begin this day by giving the first of the neat pieces which were enclosed in the letter:—

VANITAS VANITATUM.

I declare 'tis a shame,
What a time she has taken!
Thy sweet satin crème,
I declare 'tis a shame,
She is greatly to blame,
And deserves to be shaken!
I declare 'tis a shame,
What a time she has taken!
I suppose I must go,
But will feel like a fool,
There'll be crowds that I know,
So I guess I must go,
Though I'll look but so-so,
If I wore my old tulle;
I suppose I must go,
But I'll feel like a fool.
I should not have gone
I feel so diminished,
My train got all torn,
I should not have gone;
If I could have but worn
The dress that's not finished!
I should not have gone
I feel so diminished.

It is a pity that the last verses should be weakened by the limp rhyme of "gone" with "torn" and worn."

H. J. writes that he has a very curious old engraved portrait of a tall slim man—*habitant* cast of features—long hair flowing over his back, clothes all patched. The curious part is his coat, which shows five tails hanging near his heels, in each of which seems to be a weight or something else to keep them down. He holds one up in his left hand. Underneath are the simple words: "Cholera Doctor." It is said by some of our old residents to have been published in cholera times, about 1834 or 1837, in Montreal, but exactly for what purpose? Will some correspondent enlighten us?

My readers will be pleased with the following from one of the brightest pens in England:—

WHO WAS IT?

(The very latest thing in drawing-room ballads, with apologies to Mr. F. E. Weatherly.)

The flowers were bright, the fields were gay,
And every lambkin was a skipper,
Who was it sought those fields to play?

Why Jack —

Who found him looking glum and grey,
And thought his accent gruff and foreign,
Then raised his hat and went away?

Sir Charley —

Who was it leapt across the stile,
His eye ablaze with wrath and frenzy,
And made old Bismarck green with bile?

Morrell —

Who was it, when Vox Populi
Did every oath the language hath use,
Refused to budge, but winked his eye?

Why, Henry —

Who is it lets me year by year
Still keep my worn-out liver gag on,
In spite of cynic's jest and jeer?

Good old Pen —

Who is it has for bread to jest,
Though oft with aches and pain beset, sir,
And pulls a face, but does his best?

Why, patient, gentle Dagonet, sir.

The first four blanks can be safely filled by "Jack the Ripper," Sir Charles Warren (Chief of Police), Morell Mackenzie, and Henry Matthews (Home Secretary); the fifth is "Pendragon" (Harry Sampson, editor of the *Referee*), and "Dagonet" is the *nom de guerre* of George Sims, the writer of the above lines, in the *Referee*.

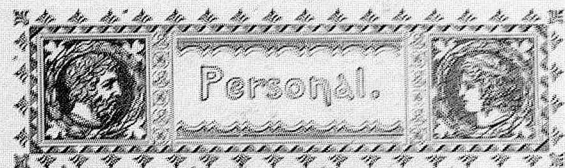
Professor Roberts writes that the name of the beautiful verses "Tout de L'Amour," published in this column, on the 10th November, is Sophie M. Almon, daughter of the Honourable Senator William Johnson Almon, one of the distinguished men of Nova Scotia. Miss Almon, although young, has done some charming work, as I am told by one who writes from knowledge, and I have no hesitation in thinking the same, from the single example which I refer to above. My readers will be glad to learn that the young lady is getting ready a volume of poems for the press.

As I have already said, Miss Elizabeth Gostwycke Roberts, with whom we became acquainted last week, is a young sister of the poet-professor. Her mother was a Miss Bliss, grand-daughter of Judge Bliss, nephew of Emerson's mother. Bliss Carman is a cousin of the Roberts' on the Bliss side. Barry Straton, author of a small volume of very musical verse, and who will appear in Lighthall's Anthology, is also a first cousin of the same family, through the Blisses. Professor Roberts says that, on both sides, they have the *cacoethes scribendi*. Nay, not so.

Ingenium cui sit, cui mens diviniore atque os
Magna sonaturum

To such as these we give the meed of the poet,
since the days of Flaccus. TALON.

TRYING TO CATCH A HUSBAND.—We must give all the nice, modest girls we know credit for not consciously endeavouring to catch husbands. If men fall in love with them and desire to marry them, and they are the right sort of men, and the girls can love in return, well and good—they marry and hope to be happy ever after, but they will not run after men, or think in everything they do or say. "Can I catch a fish with this bait?"



Chief Justice Sir Andrew Stuart and family are going to spend their winter in Florida.

Robert Alder Strong, assistant commissioner of public lands in Prince Edward Island, is dead.

Sir Donald A. Smith has been, since his arrival in England, confined to the house with a slight cold for a short time, but is now strong and well again.

The death of Sir John Macdonald's maiden sister at Kingston has caused profound sorrow among her large circle of friends. The deceased was a most estimable woman.

Lucius R. O'Brien, the well known Canadian artist, and Mrs. Parker, sister of Mr. C. Brough, local manager of the Bank of Montreal, were married at Toronto last week.

The Young Men's Association of St. Andrew's church, Montreal, have published Dr. W. George Beers' speech on "Professional Annexation" in pamphlet form for their bazaar.

Richard Carr, who shipped the first load of grain to England from California, by the ship "Great Republic," died at Victoria, B.C., aged 71. He arrived in California in 1848 from England.

Hon. Edward Blake, in reply to a correspondent who asked him to speak at a meeting in favour of Imperial federation, declined to do so, or to have any connection with public advocacy of the movement.

The Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston will spend the first three days of next month in Hamilton, and will hold a reception on Saturday, Dec. 1st, and open the Arts exhibit on Monday, Dec. 3rd.

It is estimated that the settlers in Manitoba and the North-West this season will be double the number for 1887. The total amount of foreign arrivals there since last spring is approximately given as exceeding 9,400.

Mr. W. J. MacDonell, the aged Vice-Consul of France, who is best known in Toronto by his connection with many public charities, has been honoured with the distinction of being created a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour of France.

The fame of the Canadian Pacific Railway has spread to Africa, and J. E. Thompson, of Toronto, who is Consul-General for Liberia, has received a despatch from the Liberian Government asking for particulars as to the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Mr. Wm. Mussen, a very old resident and man of worth, died at his residence last week. He had been for many years a justice of the peace and clerk of the Division court. He was universally respected and was most highly respected. The deceased was a captain of the 37th Battalion.

The pupils of the Industrial School at Fort Qu'Appelle, N.W.T., presented Major McCibbon with an address on the occasion of his recent inspection. The address referred in touching terms to the death of the Inspector's son, the news of which reached Major McCibbon during his inspection.

Sister Joseph, one of the Grey nuns at St. Boniface, Manitoba, is about to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of her assuming the habit of a religious. This event will be the more interesting as the lady is the last survivor of the four nuns who were sent as the pioneers in the present North-West missions.

The chiefs of that section of the Oka Indians, which removed to Gibson Township, Muskoka, some years ago, were in Ottawa on business with the Indian Department, after transacting which they proceeded to Oka for the purpose of endeavouring to persuade the remainder of the Indians to join their brethren in Muskoka.

Mr. James Cook, who was for several years reeve of Rawdon, died at his home in that township, aged about 70 years. Mr. Cook, who was an Irishman, had lived about forty-five years in the township. He was perhaps the best political organizer in this part of the country. Mr. Cook leaves a name which will long be held in honour.

John A. Cameron, better known as "Cariboo Cameron," died at Baker's last week. He left Toronto two months ago. He was an old pioneer of the province, and arrived in Toronto in the year 1860. He was one of the first men to enter the gold fields of Cariboo and secured a large fortune in the mines. He then left for Eastern Canada and lost nearly the whole of his fortune in commercial speculation.

Colonel Francis Duncan, C.B., Conservative member of Parliament for the Halton division of Finsbury, is dead. Colonel Duncan was an M.A. and LL.D. of Aberdeen University, an honorary D.C.L. of Durham, and also bore an honorary degree from King's College, N.S. He was well known in Canada as the author of pamphlets on colonial subjects, but was principally famous as re-organizer of the Egyptian artillery.

Sir John Lester Kaye, who has arrived at Winnipeg, reports all buildings, cattle sheds, &c., on his eleven farms are finished. Crops at Balgonie were excellent. Samples of flax were sent to England by Sir John and tested as to the quality of fibre, with the result that it was better than fibre used in Ireland, which brings \$350 per ton. Machinery has been sent out for the purpose of scutching straw and producing fibre. Sir John says the fibre will produce the finest linen. He intends making binding cord from the coarser quality of fibre, and soon will supply the whole of Manitoba and the Territories. Thirty-three thousand sheep now in Oregon will be brought to the Kaye farms next summer.

MINDFUL OF THE MEN.—A correspondent of a ladies' paper has hit upon a real want of civilization. She proposes to come to the aid of the desolate bachelor by establishing a mending-shop where all sorts of repairs, from darning socks to relining a dressing-gown, could be undertaken. Bachelors living in chambers or in college find great difficulty in getting their linen repaired. It is proposed to take two rooms in a central position, where articles needing repair might be sent, and where menders could undertake the work. But the project is a dangerous one, since it can only result in bachelors becoming even more contented with their lot than they have been hitherto.

OFFICIAL INAUGURATION OF THE 27½ FOOT CHANNEL.



W. F. WONHAM. F. W. HENSHAW, ESQ. M. LEFEBVRE. CAPT. SHEPHERD. ALEX. MURRAY, ESQ. ALEX. MILLOY. W. CHILMAN, ESQ. J. G. SHAW, PORT WARDEN. C. F. BEAUCHEMIN, SOREL. GEO. M. KINGHORN. WM. STEWART, K. & M. F. CO. J. L. PEASE. JOHN L. LEWIS, SURVEYOR. PROF. BOVEY. WM. SMITH. JOHN O'NEILL, COL'R. W. R. ELMENHORST. G. E. JACQUES. R. W. SHEPHERD, JR. C. CANTIN.

A GROUP OF FORWARDERS AND MERCHANTS.



AUG. TRUDEL, "L'ETENDARD." G. E. DEBBARATS, "THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED." JAS. HARPER, "WITNESS." H. BERTHELOT, "LE MONDE." H. J. HARVEY, "TRADE REVIEW." W. F. RITCHIE, "HERALD." F. VANASSE, M.P., "LE MONDE." R. WHITE, "GAZETTE." M. ST. JOHN, "HERALD." J. R. DOUGALL, "WITNESS."

MEMBERS OF "THE PRESS."



VIOLA.

By Sir Frederick Leighton.

Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.